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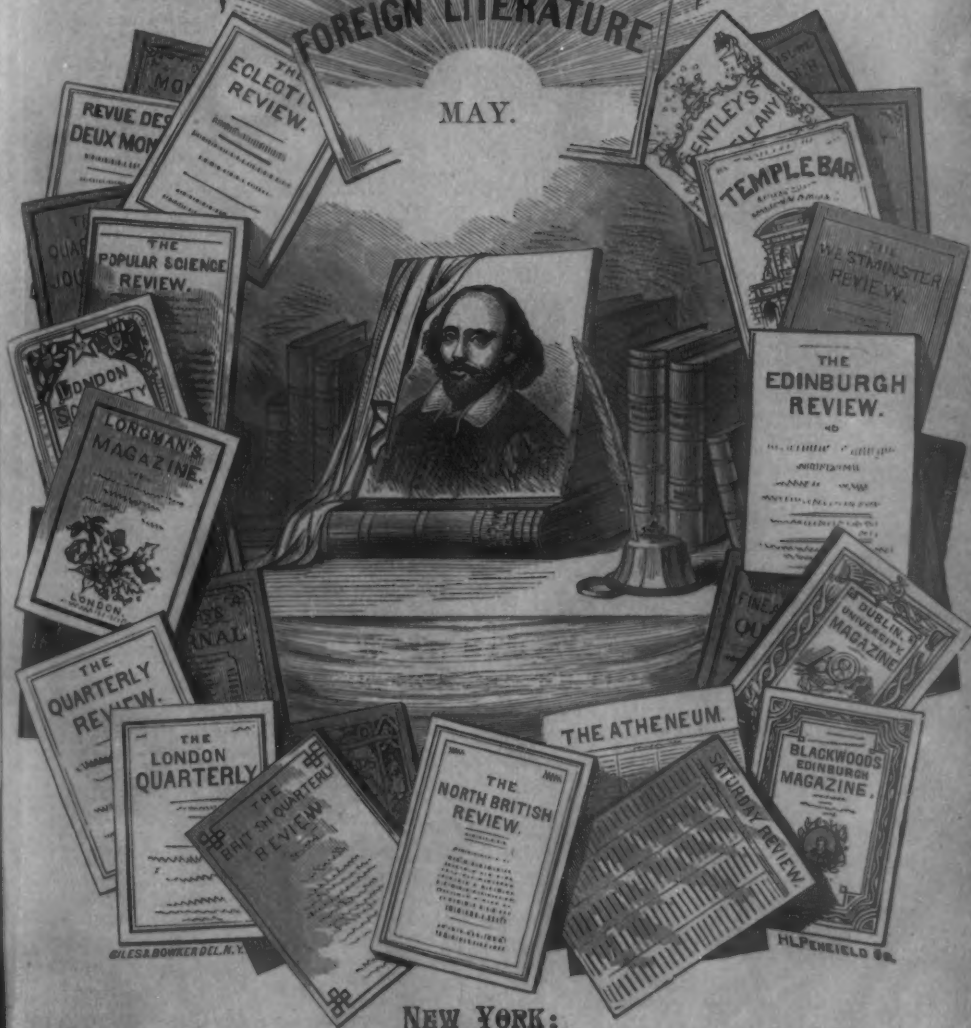
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CONTENTS OF THE MAY NUMBER.

	PAGE.
I. WEALTH AND THE WORKING CLASSES. By W. H. MALLOCK.....	Fortnightly Review..... 577
II. THE EFFECTS OF CIVILIZATION UPON WOMEN.....	National Review..... 591
III. CYRIL TOURNEUR. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWIN-BURNE.....	Nineteenth Century..... 599
IV. HOME RULE AND IMPERIAL UNITY. By LORD THWING.....	Contemporary Review..... 607
V. EMIN PASHA. By FREDERICK A. EDWARDS.....	Gentleman's Magazine..... 621
VI. LÉON GOZLAN. By EVELYN JEHROLD.....	Temple Bar..... 630
VII. LOVE THAT LASTS FOREVER. By the EARL OF ROSSLYN.....	Blackwood's Magazine..... 634
VIII. THE JOY OF LIVING. By GRANT ALLEN.....	Murray's Magazine..... 638
IX. THE DREAM-LOVERS. By ALFRED CHURCH.....	Spectator..... 645
X. THE GENESIS OF THE ELEMENTS.....	Saturday Review..... 646
XI. THE CONDUCT OF AGE.....	Spectator..... 649
XII. A TERRIBLE NIGHT. By ANDRÉE HOPE.....	Murray's Magazine..... 651
XIII. THE TRUE STORY OF "PICKWICK." By F. G. K.....	Temple Bar..... 664
XIV. TRANSYLVANIAN PEOPLES. By E. GÉRARD.....	Contemporary Review..... 671
XV. GENERAL LEE. By GENERAL LORD WOLSELEY.....	Macmillan's Magazine..... 683
XVI. THE CANADIAN FISHERIES DISPUTE. By the MAR-quis OF LORNE.....	Fortnightly Review..... 693
XVII. THE MINDS OF SAVAGES.....	Spectator..... 700
XVIII. ROSSETTI IN PROSE AND VERSE. By WILLIAM SHARP.....	National Review..... 702
XIX. LITERARY NOTICES Margaret of Angoulême, Queen of Navarre—The Historical Atlas and General History. Village Photographs—A History of Modern Europe.	710
XX. FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.....	713
XXI. MISCELLANY.....	715
Rural Life in Russia—Hailstones as Large as Cricket Balls—Wild Electrical Projects—A "Free Lance" on His Leader—What is Literature?—Lord George Gordon's Conversion to Judaism—English Officers at Potsdam—Athletes Past and Present—The "Stars and Stripes"—The Two Temperaments.	

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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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plete in 63 vols.

WEALTH AND THE WORKING CLASSES.

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

I.—THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

A FEW years ago there was published in this country a volume by an American writer which, in one way at least, was most remarkable. It dealt with a subject of almost proverbial dryness, which, as usually treated, the common mind revolts from; it dealt with this subject not only at length, but with prolixity; and yet it so roused for a time the interest of the general public that its yellow back was a feature at every bookstall; poor mechanics brooded over its pages after work-hours, and frivolous women explored them curiously in drawing-rooms. The volume I allude to is Mr. George's *Progress and Poverty* and, whatever its faults or merits, it has had at least this signal success. While the volumes of Mill and Fawcett, to all but a small section, are nothing but the stalest and most butterless bread of lit-

erature, this book, though dealing with precisely the same subject, was read with as much avidity, and discussed with as much excitement, as the most sensational novel in England or the most sensual novel in France.

Now how did the writer achieve this unique success? To some degree it was due no doubt to the ingenuity, the plausibility, and the seeming novelty of his theories; but it was due to this in a small degree only. It was mainly due to the fact that his theories, such as they were, were shown with admirable force to touch the interests of every one. He stated them, he restated them, he moaned, he whispered, he shouted them, not as a professor addressing a world of students, whose principal care it was to understand a "subject" rightly, but as a practical man addressing common practical men, to whom economics as a subject was of no interest whatever, and

who would as soon be induced to study it as a subject as a Socialist mob in Trafalgar Square would be induced to listen to a lecture on the Greek particle. Mr. George addressed such men, and he made such men his readers; and his secret was, that when arguing about economics it was not economics about which he set them thinking—not economics, but their own pockets and prospects. Malthus and Ricardo may seem dull authors to criticise, but Mr. George criticised them to such good and such immediate purpose that his criticisms made the mouth of the poor man water, and the rich man start at visions of coming ruin and revolution.

As an economic authority Mr. George's reputation was brief. His principal doctrine—at least in the form in which he stated it—glittered for a moment and then burst like a bubble. But though he may have added nothing to the science of political economy, he gave the public a sufficiently startling lesson as to how practical a science political economy may be, and how much will depend on the views with which the masses in this country are imbued about it. The lesson was startling; and yet, strange to say, the ordinary reading public seem by this time to have forgotten it. They seem to think, because Mr. George's sensational treatise has failed to produce even so much as an organized agitation, that the kind of speculation to which it gave such a stimulus has ceased to bear appreciably on any practical questions. What is needful to know in economics, they think, is known already. The old economists continue to hold their own, except when occasionally they are sent on an excursion to Saturn; they continue to hold their own; we have read them at school or college; and there is no more reason why we should now read them anew, examine, defend, and very likely amend them, than there is why we should reconsider the theory of the solar system.

Never was indifference more misplaced; never did it imply a more curious kind of blindness. The age we live in, and the immediate future that is being prepared for us, are viewed by various men with very opposite feelings; by some with eager hope, by others with

terror or despondency; but all agree at least about one point; there is no room, indeed, for two opinions about it. The age is an age of change, or of a struggle for change, and the change in question is of one particular kind. It is a change of some sort in the social condition of the masses—in the number of hours they work, in the way in which their work is remunerated, and, above all, in their certainty of having regular work supplied them. From Vienna to London, from London to San Francisco, the same signs repeat themselves, the same thoughts are fermenting. More meat, better houses, less work, longer time for amusement—the politics of the people everywhere are turning into a cry for these. Now and again some great national question may divert their attention for a time from what is really next their hearts, for the majority of them are as yet but half conscious of what they are aiming at; but the moment this question is settled the social want reasserts itself, and there is an active minority which never for a moment forgets it. Every political party, with greater or less clearness, sees somehow that this is really the case. Conservative speakers and Radical speakers equally, whether conducting a canvas or addressing a public meeting, are compelled, in order to put themselves in touch with their hearers, to hint at, or promise, or hold out as an end to aim at, a general change of the particular kind I speak of.

Nor is this, indeed, to be wondered at. The situation results naturally from the four great products of the modern industrial system—from the kind of wealth produced by it, and the kind of poverty; the kind of knowledge, and the kind of ignorance. Wealth was once "hedged," as it were, "by a divinity;" it belonged to a sacred caste; and the envy directed against it "dared but peep at what it would." But this divinity it has now utterly lost. New classes have made it and been made by it; it is daily changing hands; it has become common and vulgar; and as the awe of it has dwindled among the masses, their desire for it has proportionately developed. Whenever they turn their eyes from the bare benches of life they see before them a moving panorama of comfort, enjoyed by men so exceedingly

like themselves that they cannot but compare these men's lot with their own ; and their own lot, even when not one of privation, becomes by comparison sordid, and a constant source of resentment. They long to change it ; this is their dominant longing, and it smoulders when it does not blaze. Such is the temper among those even who are fairly and normally prosperous ; and this temper gains yet additional strength from the growing publicity, if not the actual growth, of the squalor and destitution that prevail among classes even more unfortunate. The cry of the desperate stimulates the demands of the discontented.

It is impossible, then, to mistake the kind of aim which is gradually shaping itself in the minds of the voting multitude, or not to see that, regard it how we will, this is the chief factor with which statesmen will have to reckon. There is no use in being indignant at the popular temper ; there is no excuse for being so. The classes who are discontented cannot help themselves ; their temper is the natural result of their circumstances. They are discontented, not because they are bad men or rebellious men, but simply because they are men ; and any one placed as they are would feel just as they do. For the same reason, in proportion as they think they can better themselves, we may be perfectly certain that they will doggedly try to do so. It is certain also that they will not want for leaders, and these leaders in urging the cause of the many will have no compunction in attacking the rights of the few, and, to some greater or less degree, will think themselves forced to do so.

This is not the estimate of an alarmist, excited by riots and demonstrations. No doubt forces exist which might, under given conditions, explode like dynamite and produce some marked catastrophe ; and many events have taught us in sober earnest that such forces actually have to be reckoned with. But I am not thinking of these. Armed Socialists, drilled by doctrinaires, inflamed each week by a kind of " revival " service, and pledged to the propagation of some special social doctrine, are never likely to be anything more than a sect, though they may easily

prove a dangerous sect. What is really forcing the question of property into the foremost place in the field of practical politics is a desire for material change, which, unlike that of the Socialists, has as yet found for itself no theoretical basis, and which differs widely among different types of men in the intensity with which it is felt, and the particular points on which it fixes. It is this very fact that gives it its great force. It is not embodied in any authorized programme, so it cannot be discredited as impracticable or perilous. Its vagueness allows it to adapt itself to every temperament—the bold, the timid, the genial, the sinister, and the determined. It stimulates without alarming, and in one shape or another it is permeating the whole body of the industrial classes, not excepting the most moderate and orderly part of them.

Nor does its vagueness prevent its force being immediate as well as prospective. This desire for social change is finding constant, though incoherent expression, in countless legislative proposals, some of which are as yet but " planks " of various " platforms," while others have actually taken the shape of bills, and a few, probably fore-runners of others, have become law. But even more instructive is the spirit which animates political speeches, and to which I have already alluded. Every speaker, no matter what his party, feels bound to touch on the contrast between the castle and the cottage ; and even if he does not insinuate that anything should be taken from the rich, to imply that at all events the first aim of legislation is to somehow give something in the nature of property to the poor. This is seen more plainly in the case of the Trades Union delegates. These men at their meetings are generally far from violent. There may, perhaps, be a certain grimness in their temper, but they are personally honest in their views and anxious to reason soundly. We may think them mistaken, but we can hardly blame them, or be surprised at them, if they agree with their president, who said last autumn at Hull that what he protested against was the existing distribution of wealth ; and there is something significant in the opinion of another speaker, that their aim should be to se-

cure social arrangements "which would enable all of them to live like ladies and gentlemen."

Nor is such a feeling confined to the industrial classes; nor do rich politicians who profess to share it do so only for the sake of securing influence. No doubt among the rich, when property seems threatened, the feeling that comes first to the surface is one of alarm and anger; but certainly now there is mixed with this another feeling of a very different kind. Together with the question, "How much will be taken from us?" comes the question, equally importunate, "How much ought we to give up?" This may not as yet indicate any widespread, or even serious resolve in them to make, if they can help it, any real surrender; but still it is a fact, and we every day see signs of it, that the conscience of wealth is uneasy, as well as its calculations. Who has not at times, in the securest homes of luxury, seemed to see the walls become transparent, and strange, ambiguous faces staring in through them—faces with the impress on them of some new social order?

Here, then, is the great central problem which is preoccupying the minds of all classes—the future distribution of material wealth; and yet, strangely enough, there is no general, no popular interest shown in the one branch of science which can reduce our bewilderment to comprehension and give any definite shape to our hopes or our apprehensions, or disturbed ideas of duty. This science—the science of Political Economy—is still proverbial as the most dismal of all sciences, instead of being recognized for what it is, the science of most instant concern to us. The religious world could see quickly enough how a theory of Evolution, or a scholar's views on the Pentateuch, bore on our most cherished convictions; but society in general does not see at present that the theories of Ricardo bear on our future in this world here as clearly as those of Darwin or Colenso bear on our future in another.

I am indulging in no exaggeration when I say that there is no important subject about which ignorance is so dense, so general, and so effective as it is about Political Economy. Even its most undisputed and most familiar doc-

trines are practically quite unknown to the great body of the public. It may seem a "bull" to say this, but it is not so. The leading doctrines of the so-called orthodox economists are familiar enough to a limited body of men, and for a short time of their lives they have been familiar to many more—indeed, I should hardly quarrel with any one who said that they were familiar to every schoolboy. Only the unfortunate fact is that we are not governed by schoolboys, and there are many things which any schoolboy knows, and nobody but schoolboys, and schoolboys' masters. For all practical purposes, the subject I speak of is one of these; and if any critic is inclined to differ from me, I can only say that he must be very fortunate in his acquaintance, and also very limited.

But this is not a point as to which any one's private experience teaches him anything in any way worth knowing. What we have to look to is the mass of the public, and their leaders, and there we shall see in the kind of proposals made, in the differences of opinion possible, in the hopes held out, in the language taken up and applauded, the real index of how great is the general ignorance in the only quarters in which knowledge is of practical value. What I say applies equally to the "classes" and the "masses." Neither of these bodies has, as a body, looked the economic question carefully and fully in the face.

I must explain my meaning, however, more distinctly and fully, for I am leading the reader up to two distinct points.

I mean in the first place, this. Political economists, whatever their points of difference, are agreed as to certain conclusions, some of them of fundamental importance—such, for instance, as the accepted theory of rent. On no point has the public ignorance been more apparent than the history of the land-agitation in Ireland has made it on this. Here is a type of the ignorance to which I allude in the first place.

But I mean, in the second place, something which is more important still. I mean not merely that the public are ignorant of what the orthodox economists can teach them, but that the orthodox economists, were their whole works

learned by heart, are unable to teach them half enough. Orthodox economy, as taught in our schools and universities, does little to meet the practical problems of to-day—the problems which, by the sheer force of necessity, are now being put to us by our new electorates. Mill, indeed, in so many words, admits that such is the case, and explicitly declares that it is not the business of the economist to disprove or examine at length the possibility of any social revolution. "We may," he says, "without attempting to limit the ultimate capabilities of human nature, affirm that the political economist, for a considerable time to come, will be chiefly concerned with the conditions of existence and progress belonging to a society founded on private property and individual competition."

Since Mill wrote this the situation has totally changed; and the one question which he declined to discuss has become the one question that really requires discussing. I have spoken of the general public, including both poor and rich in it; but though they, as bodies, seem equally ill-informed even as to the points which the economists have undoubtedly established, there is a section of men, as yet numerically small, but unlike our economic professors, feverishly and incessantly active, who have attacked and who are attacking with great vigor the points which the orthodox economists have left undefended. These men call themselves Socialists; and as practical politicians, as I have said before, they are little likely, unless they change considerably, to be anything more important than a highly dangerous sect. But underlying all their wild proposals, and their savage and exaggerated rhetoric—underlying these, at once obscured by them and giving them force—is a new economic system, carefully reasoned out, and supported by so much research and keen logical argument, that if not true, it is at any rate highly plausible. This is the system of which Karl Marx is the chief and most elaborate exponent. His work on "Capital" is the text-book of the Socialists all over the world, and affords a foundation to their wild proposals and policies, which is far stronger, and is the work of a far more powerful intellect, than any of their proposals and policies themselves. So-

cialism, in fact, as it exists now, is nothing but a fanatical and mad attempt to act on a theory, which may be shown to be false, but which has been reasoned out as calmly and as carefully as any of the theories of Adam Smith or of Mill, and which indeed incorporates many of these theories into itself, deducing from them a very different conclusion. A general impression exists that the Socialists are not people to be argued with; and when we come to their definite demands and their constructive schemes for the redistribution of wealth, no doubt this may be true. But the economic theory of which at present they are the sole exponents stands on a very different footing. That theory purports to have established not how wealth is to be redistributed, but simply that it is fundamentally redistributable; and this theory is not only capable of being met by argument, but imperatively requires that it shall be met. If those who would defend the existing social order have nothing to say in answer to it, it will very soon cease to be the monopoly of Socialists, such as we know them in England; and nothing but the prejudice and the selfishness of property, which in its very nature is confined to a minority, will be left to prevent the formation of a new public opinion, in which sooner or later the possessions of the propertied classes will be dissolved as if in some chemical solution—dissolved and reprecipitated. And if a revolution of this kind is possible, we may be quite sure that in time it will be accomplished.

It may be asked, then, what is the good of arguing the question beforehand? The good of arguing is this. If such a revolution is not possible, the knowledge that it is not, and why it is not, will prevent the disastrous convulsions that would be caused by any general attempt to realize it; for what men see to be impossible they do not try to achieve. On the other hand, if such a revolution is possible, it will be well for those who will be the losers by it to set their house in order, and prepare for their day of judgment; while for those who will be the gainers by it, it will be well also that they should understand clearly the operation they are setting themselves to perform, and so avoid the certainty of endless defeats and failures.

Finally, supposing that a partial revolution is possible, but not a complete one, both rich and poor should be equally anxious to see what the limits of such a possible revolution are.

If argument is begun soon enough, argument is of the greatest value, especially in an epoch like the present. Many foolish things have been said about "trusting the people," but we may certainly trust the people in this, that as a body they desire to be reasonable, and that except in moments of rare and transitory excitement, they will weigh any facts which are put fairly before them, even when those facts seem to limit their own hopes.*

At present, however, it is not "the people" I am addressing. The public I hope to reach through the medium of this Review is a public composed mainly of the leisured and the well-to-do. The majority of them by education and interest are no doubt on the side of property, still there are some of them who, at least speculatively, incline to the cause of revolution; and some of them are among its most enthusiastic apostles. What I am about to do is to invite the attention of all these classes alike to those special points in economic science which bear most directly on the possibility of any redistribution of wealth, and to discuss them from the beginning, simply, fully, and fairly.

I shall conceive myself to be primarily addressing a large audience of people who may or may not, at one period of their lives, have read a book or two on political economy, but whose ideas on

the subject have by this time grown hazy, and who only now care to return to the study of it because events are giving it quite a new significance. I shall, therefore, do my best to explain many points which, in reasoning with students, one would take for granted.

I shall conceive myself, secondarily, to be addressing students also—I mean those who are believers in the economic theory of Socialism; and I wish calmly, amicably, without sarcasm or invective, step by step, to consider their main positions with them. In this purpose I am assisted by the natural arrangement of the subject, for the first question on which inquiry will naturally fix itself is the very question which is not only as a fact at the bottom of the whole problem, but which is admitted to be so by the Socialistic theorists themselves. Further, the first conclusions with regard to this question which we arrive at are conclusions about which all parties agree. The fiercest Socialist who affects to reason at all asserts them as strongly, or is able to doubt them as little, as the strictest and most orthodox economic pharisees. Having thus travelled with the Socialists a certain way, we shall be able to see exactly when, why, and to what extent it is necessary to part company with them.

II.—THE COVETED PRIZE—WHAT IS IT?

I said that we should start on our inquiry in company with the Socialists, but that really is not putting the case strongly enough, for with regard to this first question, they not only agree with their opponents, but loudly extol and thank them for the discoveries they have made with regard to it. How this is the reader will see presently.

Let me begin, then, by making the sufficiently obvious remark, that the material wealth we are dealing with is, for each country, the gross annual income which that country earns or produces. In the case of Great Britain, it is estimated at about thirteen hundred millions a year. It is needless to say that these millions are not bank notes or sovereigns, but a multitude of desirable things of which money is merely the measure. These desirable things are, for the most part, goods or commodities,

* While writing the above, by a curious coincidence the accounts reached me of the Socialist Demonstration in Trafalgar Square, of November 9; and in one of the fullest and most intelligent accounts of the incident, the reporter writes thus: "Some of the orators called the wealthy savage names—devils, hounds, villains. The crowd cheered, but a laugh went with the cheer. When, however, a speaker used argument, he got quite another hearing. . . . My deduction from what I witnessed to-day is, that the men to whom the Socialists are appealing really want to think out the question, do not quite believe that all the wealth of the country is going to be divided among them, are not half so savage against the upper classes as the orators who incite them, and yet are restless under a condition of things which seems to drive so large a portion of the population to perpetual poverty."—*Western Morning News*.

and though they include certain other things besides, these goods or commodities are all we need at present consider.

Let us now condescend to ask an exceedingly simple question, although, no doubt, we already know the answer. When a civilized nation, like ours, produces such vast wealth annually, to what primarily is its great production due? It is due to the division of labor; and whatever share by and by we may have to put down to machinery, machinery has at all events this result—it increases and perpetuates such a division. It does so not only in the case of the artisans and operatives, but of the capitalists and manufacturers also; and it is to these last that I now wish to refer.

When we inquire as to what the wealth of a modern wealthy man comes from, we find that it comes usually from the production of some single kind of commodity, such as cotton, paper, sugar, beer, safety matches, or books; that is to say, his wealth usually consists of a great store of one or other of these. These, as they stand, however, are of no use whatever to him. He might, for instance, possess a million barrels of beer, or a million exquisite copies of Shakespeare's plays or the Bible; but let him be never so fond of beer, or never so fond of reading, his vast possessions would, in themselves, not prevent his being a destitute and helpless beggar. It is thus a special characteristic of wealth, as possessed by the modern wealthy man, that it is utterly useless to himself individually, and so long as there are any wealthy men at all, it must, unless the whole world is to grow poorer again, retain this characteristic, or even come to show it still more strongly.

It is evident, then, that the magical power of wealth, which makes its possessors the objects of so much envy and heart-burning, resides, so far as its possessors are concerned, not in what it is but in what they can get in exchange for it. Some small fraction, indeed, they may use or enjoy themselves—a maker of tooth-brushes, for instance, will, we hope, use at least one tooth-brush—but the fraction in any case is practically infinitesimal; and we may say broadly, without troubling ourselves with this exception, that this wealth is wealth only

in virtue of its exchangeable value, and that in the case of any given commodities its exchangeable value is the measure of how much wealth resides in it.

And this brings us to the all-important question, What is it that regulates its exchangeable value? We have two sets of pictures before us. On the one side we have a set of concrete incomes—a pyramid of beer barrels, an obelisk of soap, or so many wagon-loads of Bibles. On the other, we have what these incomes buy—corresponding lots, composed variously of carriages, yachts, furniture, jewelry, libraries, gorgeous dresses, and champagne. We want to know what regulates the proportion between these two sets of objects—why so much soap will exchange for a three-masted schooner, and so many barrels of beer for an old Persian prayer-carpet, or so many Bibles for so much secular literature.

The proportion is regulated by one or other of two distinct things, according to the character of the special commodities in question; for with a certain exception, which we need not deal with now, all commodities, all material objects of desire, all these things which the wealthy man purchases, belong to one or other of two distinct classes. They are either capable of being produced in indefinite quantities, or else they are not; and if they belong to the former class their value will depend upon one thing; if they belong to the latter class, it will depend upon another. A few familiar examples will enable us to realize this vividly.

A wealthy man, we will suppose, is furnishing a new house in London, and he sets out one morning to make certain purchases. He is fond of rare books and he is fond of good literature; he is fond of pretty things and also fond of curiosities. He first goes to his bookseller's, and his eye is at once caught by a splendid facsimile of the first folio of Shakespeare. The price is £10. Next to this is a facsimile equally perfect of an early edition of Ford; the price of this is £15. Now Ford is a worse dramatist than Shakespeare, and his book is a smaller book; yet still the price of it—that is to say, its exchangeable value—is greater. The reason is, as the bookseller tells his customer, that

they could count on a sale for the Shakespeare of at least a thousand copies, but in the case of the Ford, of not more than a hundred and fifty. Thus, since in the production of a printed book the average labor embodied in each copy is evidently less in proportion as the copies are numerous, and greater in proportion as they are few, each copy of Ford took to produce it half as much labor again as each copy of Shakespeare.

Hence the smaller and worse of the two sets of plays has half as much value again as the larger and incomparably better set. The customer, however, wants both for his library, and so he buys both.

Leaving his bookseller, he starts off for Maple's, and there is shown an exquisite French dressing-table. He asks the price; he is told it is £100, and that it is copied exactly from one made for Madame du Barry, which is for sale by auction that very day at Christie's. He declares it is very dear, and is at once told in return that it was made to order, and would have cost £150 had the firm not seen their way to disposing of nine others, and been thus enabled to produce each one of the ten at £100. "Of course," the attendant adds, "were there a larger sale for them, we could produce them for less still—perhaps for so little as £60." The customer says, as so many customers do, "that he will think about it."

Leaving Maple's, he finds that the mention of Christie's has excited his imagination, and he resolves to pay a visit to King Street. He walks, and his way takes him by Leicester Square. Somewhere in this neighborhood he sees fluttering at a door an auctioneer's catalogue, headed "Rare and Valuable Books," and a line or two below come the words, *First Folio of Shakespeare*. He enters; he presently finds himself in the auction-room. There is a throng of people and an odd look pervading them. He at once perceives that there is something about to happen. A moment, and the voice of the auctioneer is audible. "First folio of Shakespeare, one of the finest copies known, bought in 1870 for £650. The last bid is £410. Is there positively no advance upon £410? Going—going—" and there is a murmur of several voices,

"Quaritch has got it!" as the hammer hovers uplifted. Before it has time to fall a voice arrests it—"£420." It is the voice of the new arrival. The hammer falls; he has purchased the precious volume.

Arriving at Christie's, his experience is in one way similar, in another way provokingly different. The historical dressing-table is not yet sold. His eyes fix at once on it, and in a few minutes he is fascinated. The copy at Maple's was just as well made, and in some ways in far better condition, but the very blemishes in the original constitute half its charm for him. There is a date scratched by a diamond across one corner of the looking-glass, whereby hangs a tale; and one of the drawers has the disfiguring mark of a pen-knife, made by Madame du Barry in moments of agitation or petulance. The result is, that whereas for the copy he could not bring himself to offer £100, for the original he eagerly runs the bidding up to £1,000, and he is just congratulating himself on having acquired it at that figure, when a dealer acting for some potentate of *La France Juive* steps in at the last and irresistibly carries it away from him.

Here is a series of perfectly simple incidents, each one of which as it happened would seem natural and intelligible to anybody. Let us just take the trouble to draw from them their general economic meaning. We have had to do with five different articles: two reprints of two rare old books, and one reproduction of a unique piece of furniture; an original copy of one of the old books, and the unique piece of furniture itself. It is evident at a glance that the first three articles and the last two must depend for their value on totally different things. Let us think of the last two first. At the moment when the person we imagined entered upon the scene of the book-sale the value of the rare folio was £410. Had he not happened to enter, it would, for the time at least, have been nothing higher than that. His entrance raised it at once to £420. So too at Christie's the value of the dressing-table would have been £1,000, unless the agent of the continental financier had raised it, we will say, to £1,200. This much then at once is

evident: of these two articles, the dressing-table and the first folio of Shakespeare, the value depends on the pleasure they afford to the purchasers. This pleasure depends solely on the purchaser's shifting tastes; and the articles themselves remaining totally unchanged, their value is constantly fluctuating, and may fluctuate with astonishing rapidity. A book which a farmer's great-grand-aunt bought for 10s. 6d., and has for generations supported the tea-caddy, the farmer may discover by some lucky accident to be equal in value now to three whole years of his rental. The reason of this is simply that articles of this kind are either unique or rare, and no more of them can be made. Could more of them be made, then in the twinkling of an eye their value would be placed on a wholly different footing. A wealthy collector with a taste for first folios or historical dressing-tables would not at an auction regulate his bids by his desire for the sacred pages or the tantalizing buhl or lacquer-work. Instead of weighing with himself how great pleasure these things gave him, he would calculate how much it would cost to have others equal to them made for him. Thus if Maple's copy of the dressing-table, and the reprint of the Shakespeare folio, had all the associations and all the history of the originals, the value of the originals would of necessity fall to the value of the facsimiles, and depend not on the extent to which they tickle the fancy of the buyer, but on the circumstances under which at the time the facsimiles could be made. In other words, the use, the attractiveness, the beauty, or the charm of an article is the measure of its value only if the article cannot be made to order—in other words, only if it is a rarity.

But this class of articles, as its very name implies, is small and unimportant when compared to a nation's wealth as a whole; and its value and importance grows constantly less and less in proportion as that wealth is more equally distributed. That such is the case we shall see more clearly hereafter; but it is sufficiently clear even now that the great bulk of a nation's wealth consists of commodities which are essentially not rarities, but can be multiplied in proportion to the demand for them. Such

commodities we have exemplified in the reprints of Ford and Shakespeare, and the modern pieces of furniture at Maple's. Let us now consider what is the measure of the value of these.

In a general way we most of us know already; and to arrive at an accurate and scientific explanation of the matter, we need merely look carefully at what our commonest common-sense tells us. In the case of the two reprints which we supposed just now, any one could see the reason why the inferior volume should, in point of value, be far greater than the superior; and what we supposed to have happened at Maple's with regard to the dressing-table will have struck the reader as equally natural and intelligible. The dressing-table which would have cost £150 had only one been made, costs actually £100 as there had been orders for ten, because it takes less labor per table to make ten tables than one; and Ford's plays cost £15, whereas Shakespeare's cost only £10, because it takes more labor per copy to print a hundred and fifty copies than a thousand. The same thing holds good of nearly all manufactured commodities. The larger the numbers in which they are made, the less labor suffices to make each one individually: each one becomes cheaper. But the number made of any given kind of commodity is large or small in proportion as it is generally useful—in proportion to the number of people to whom it gives help or pleasure; and thus we arrive at the following broad fact, which at once partakes of the nature of a truism and a paradox: that of manufactured commodities, especially those manufactured by machinery, the most generally useful are the least valuable. By and by we may perhaps see that utility affects value in a way somewhat different to what some people suppose; but however that may be, it is at least abundantly plain that the utility of a commodity is not the measure of its value, and that, in fact, they are two quite distinct things—that they can move and do move in exactly opposite directions. I think any one, no matter how little accustomed to economic reasoning, will be able to realize this, from the examples given, as one of the most practical and homeliest facts of life. The value of commodities will be

detached in his mind from their utility, or their beauty, or any of the feelings of appreciation which they excite in him personally.

The idea of value being thus effectually isolated, we shall readily see the general force and application of what, as I said just now, our common-sense tells us. It tells us that the value of a commodity depends on *the work there is in it*. The economists say, *the labor requisite to produce it*; but the colloquial phrase means just the same, and will show us how science and common-sense coincide. We have taken several examples already, but let us take one more, and a simpler one. We give a carpenter some mahogany and tell him to make a box for us. To make it he takes a day, and, putting the material out of the question, the value of the box is the cost of that one day's work. To polish the box will take another day; and the value of the box, if polished, is thus doubled. If the making and polishing took only one day, not two, the value of the polished box would, as is evident, be halved. Let us suppose further, again putting the material out of the question, that we set the carpenter to make us a mahogany chair. To make this takes three days, to polish it one. Thus the value of the polished chair is the cost of four days' work, or—it is in this way that I desire to put the case—it is of the same value as two polished boxes, or four boxes unpolished. But our illustration as yet is not quite complete. Let us make one supposition more. Let us suppose invented some new set of tools, which become a part of a carpenter's recognized necessities, and that by their means box-making is twice as quick a process as formerly, while the process of chair-making remains unchanged. What is the state of the case now? The cost of a polished box is the cost of but one day's work; that of an unpolished box is the cost of a half day's; while a chair, which in making still takes four days, is worth four polished boxes instead of two, and eight unpolished boxes instead of four. Our illustration is complete at last, or rather it will be when we have qualified it as follows. First, it is essential that the new set of tools we have supposed be tools in common use among carpenters generally;

else, were our carpenter the only person possessed of them, the value of his boxes would be not measured by his own diminished labor, but by the labor, wholly unchanged in quantity, that would be expended in making them by any other carpenter we could apply to. Secondly, we should possibly be not strictly correct in our estimate that the tools, in doubling the carpenter's efficiency, halved the value of his boxes; for the tools, we may suppose, cost more than those they replaced, and if so their cost will affect the question, not much, indeed, but somewhat. The carpenter working with his old tools, and making with them one box a day, charged for his day—or, in other words, for his box—5s.; but his new tools cost £1 more than the old ones, and they are worn out in making two hundred and forty boxes. Thus, a pennyworth of tools, as it were, is embodied in each box, and adds to the value of the box 1d., making it 2s. 7d. instead of 2s. 6d.

The value, then, of commodities depends on the labor embodied in them, a small class only, which we have called rarities, being excepted. Whenever this fact is stated common-sense apprehends it, and though certain economists have endeavored to explain it away by various theories which we need not discuss here, all authorities now are practically agreed as to the truth of it. I have particular reasons for quoting two of the most celebrated. "To convince ourselves," says Ricardo, as quoted with approval by Mill, "that this [labor] is the real foundation of exchangeable value, let us suppose any improvement to be made in the means of abridging labor in any one of the various processes through which raw cotton must pass before manufactured stockings come into the market to be exchanged for other things. . . . The stockings would inevitably fall in value, and command less of other things. They would fall because a less quantity of labor was necessary to their production, and would therefore exchange for a smaller quantity of other things in which no such abridgment of labor had been made." Here is another passage. "Nature, by the aid of machinery, adds to utilities by making society richer; but the assistance which it affords adds nothing to value, but al-

ways makes the latter fall." Let us now listen to Mill. "The natural value of some things is a scarcity value; but most things naturally exchange for one another in the ratio of their cost of production. . . . The principal of them [*i.e.* elements of cost of production], and so much so as to be *nearly the sole*, are found to be labor."*

Does the reader think all this discussion dry? Perhaps some readers will think so. Others will think it not so much dry as unnecessary. "Why repeat it?" they will say; "we have known it since our school-days." And I myself should think it dry and unnecessary both, if it were not for one thing. This doctrine of value is not merely the respectable doctrine of those orthodox economists whom the propertied classes swear by; it is the doctrine also of those very men whose one aim, and the end of all whose reasoning, is to make these very classes cease altogether out of existence. It is the doctrine of the Socialists themselves.

But in saying this, I have not said enough. It is not only one of their doctrines out of many it is not merely something they acquiesce in, or do not dispute. They insist on it, they dwell on it; they point to it as their primary truth—the sacred cornerstone of the new economic edifice; and Ricardo, the writer who first formulated it, they regard as the Newton or Bacon of modern social science, and as the real, though wholly unconscious father of the prophesied revolution which is to change our life so utterly. For this reason, what I have just said about value should be dry to nobody who has not realized it before; while those to whom it has at one time been familiar will do well, with a quickened and practical interest, to think it over very carefully again. It is the one egg out of which, all over the world, revolution, or the spirit of revolution, is hatching. How this is, we will now proceed to see.

III.—THE EGG OF THE COCKATRICE.

In comparing the spirit of social revolution to a cockatrice, or a dragon, I

am appealing no doubt to the selfishness of the wealthier classes, whose present mode of existence would be certainly annihilated by its triumph. But if any one takes exception on this ground to the comparison, I am quite willing, provisionally at least, to invert it; and to compare the spirit of revolution not to the dragon, but to St. George. But however this may be, one thing is clear enough. The aim of the revolutionist being to redistribute the income of the nations, the portion of that income which they want to attack and get at is the income of the wealthier class, and that only; and their economic theory subverses this purpose by putting, as they believe, that income in a totally new light.

Let us turn again, then, to what we have already said about incomes—incomes generally under the modern industrial régime. Primarily they consist of piles of some one commodity, which are of good to the possessor only because he can exchange them for other commodities; and he can exchange them for any others that embody the same amount of labor. Now of these other commodities we can at least say this, whatever the labor may be that has gone to make them, it is not the labor of the man who gets them in exchange; it is the labor of other men. We thus arrive at a new definition of an income: *a man's income is the amount of work he can get done for him by others.*

This is as true of the operative as it is of the richest mill-owner. Let us take the case of a man who does nothing all the year but make rivets for boilers. The rivets which he makes—or rather a certain part of them—are his income in one sense; but we may now call them his potential income, and this potential income is the embodiment of his own labor; but his income, as he enjoys it, as it supports him, is not the embodiment of his own labor at all. It is equivalent to it; he gives the embodiment of his own labor in exchange for it; but for all that, it is itself the embodiment of other's men's labor, not of his own.

Now suppose every one worked equally hard and well, and the incomes of all men were equal, the whole situation would be, of course, perfectly simple.

* What Mill says about profits will be discussed by and by.

John would make fifty commodities of one kind for fifty other people; fifty other people, each making a different commodity, and making, we will suppose, the same number of them, would each give a commodity of his own making to John; each would be working for all, and all for each. Labor would be given for labor, and the day's work of one man would exchange for the day's work of another man, though this latter might happen to be composed not actually of the nine hours' work of one individual, but of the hour's work of nine individuals, or of the minute's work of five hundred and forty individuals. That is to say, each man's income would consist of the amount of work he could get one other man to do for him.

This state of things, as I say, would be perfectly simple supposing it existed; and that is the state of things which the Socialists aim at producing. The main characteristic, however, of society as it is at present is not its likeness to such a state, but its differences from it. Its main characteristic is not that each one man who works can get virtually one man to work for him, but that there are some men each of whom can get a whole number of men to work for him, and this without himself doing any work at all. These are the people we call the wealthy, or the leisured classes, or, to take a yet commoner phrase, the people of independent means; and they are wealthy, leisured, or independent for this sole reason. Their independent means are the means of getting other men to labor for them.

Now how have these means this property? How do they secure for the owner the labor of these other men? For these other men certainly do not give it for nothing. A part of this question we have already answered. A man's means we have seen to be really some stock of articles or commodities, which embody so much labor, and to secure the labor of these other men we speak of, the man of means gives the material embodiment of an equal amount of labor, which has in its turn been produced already by yet other men again. Here we come to the point; here the battle begins. It begins with the labor of this last set of laborers. How does the man of means acquire the result of

that? It is over this question that the Socialist parts company with current opinion in general and with the orthodox economist in particular, and prepares to strike the man down who has up to now been his tutor.

How does—let us ask the riddle once more—how does the man of means get hold of this labor, which forms his means—this one man get hold of the labor of these other men? Of course it will be said—and it is an obvious thing to say—that one man's labor may be worth much more than another man's, that it may, in fact, be worth as much as a thousand other men's; and this point we shall discuss in full hereafter. But we are not talking now of the man who does any work at all, or who lives on a salary—no matter how large. We are talking of the man who, whatever he does or does not do, gets an income which is wholly independent of any exertions of his own. This is the kind of income that Socialism attacks—this safe, settled, constant income, which we so comfortably enjoy under the name of the profits, or the interest of capital. Let us follow the Socialists in their analysis and explanation of this.

A man, we will say, has £20,000 left him, which he contrives to invest safely at 5 per cent. Now to invest it merely means to allow it to be put into use, by converting it into the means and materials for the production of some kind of commodity. We will suppose in this case that the commodity is planks—in other words, that the man puts his money into a saw-mill, and we will suppose—to make the example as simple as possible—that he takes over an old-established business, together with a responsible manager. The mill, with the machinery, which is worked by water-power, costs £10,000; and there is a stock of timber, which will take a year to saw into planks, this costs £5,000. The capitalist thus far has nothing that can bring him an income. He has done nothing but change, as it were, three fourths of his capital from sovereigns into their equivalent, the mill and the timber being a species of bank-note. His income only begins to come in to him on his beginning to spend the £5,000 yet remaining. With this he hires for a year the men who set the concern

in motion, namely, the manager, and the mill-hands; and now we have the whole business under weigh.

It goes on for a year, and with what result? We know this already. We have stated it already in every-day language when we said our capitalist had £20,000, and had invested it at 5 per cent. This means, as we all know, that at the end of the year he will still be in possession of his £20,000, and he will also have had an income of £1,000 as well; or let us suppose that he has, as he might do, saved this income, and he will have in his possession as he starts on his second year £21,000.

Now the point on which the Socialists wish to fix our attention is, how does this extra £1,000 come in? As to the original £20,000, they say, he has a perfect right to that, and there is no mystery about how he retains the whole of it. As to the mill, there it stands; he still has it, and it still represents what he gave for it, only deducting, say, 10 per cent. for wear. It is worth £9,000 instead of £10,000. Then there is the timber, he gave £5,000 for that; but that has been sold in the shape of planks at a largely increased price, and the first result of this sale has been that there is another £5,000 of similar timber in its place—the raw material of the coming year's operations. Now that increased price, say the Socialists, must evidently cover the depreciation of the mill and the machinery. The timber in being cut into planks has worn out £1,000 worth of property, so that since the timber cost £5,000 the planks must sell for at least £6,000. As a fact, it will, of course, sell for more; but let us first realize that it will at least sell for as much, and that the raw material will, at the end of the year, not only have replaced itself, but have made good any loss or damage it has caused.

Here, then, out of the capitalist's £20,000 we have £15,000 fully accounted for already. He has his mill and his timber just as he had at starting, worth—as they were a year ago—£15,000, neither more nor less. We have only now to deal with the £5,000 which he spent in the wages of his manager and the laborers, and the £1,000 which constitutes his profit, his interest, or his increase. We have to account for his hav-

ing £21,000—£6,000 in addition to this £15,000—and we see at once that this can only come from the selling price of the planks being £6,000 more than we have already reckoned it. The material, which in the form of timber was bought for £5,000, sells in the form of planks for £12,000, and somewhere and somehow out of that increased value, the 5 per cent. interest of the capitalist is bound to come. The manufactured goods have a value of £7,000 more than the raw material. What gives them that increased value?

Part of it—£1,000—comes, as we have seen, from the machinery, which has been worn out, and which has embedded itself, so to speak, in the planks, as the carpenter's tools, which were worn out in box-making, embedded themselves in his boxes. But now as to the remaining £6,000, what has that been caused by? It has been caused by labor—not by the mill and machinery,* but by the labor of the mill-hands. Their labor, expended in converting the wood into planks, has imparted to it this additional £6,000 worth of value. Now, say the Socialists, we see how the capitalist gets his income. The laborers have given him £6,000 in planks, and he in return gives them back £5,000. That is to say, his interest, his income, is a kind of clipping off their labor. It arises solely from labor being under-paid.

The general idea is that it arises somehow from the increased productivity—the increased power that the machinery has given to the labor; but the Socialists at once refer us to our own common-sense and to the formulated doctrines of Ricardo, which tell us that this increased productivity cheapens the commodities in proportion as it adds to their numbers, and leaves the value of the aggregate just the same. Once

* It may, perhaps, help the reader to vary the case by supposing that £15,000, viz., the mill and the first year's wages, have been supplied by one capitalist, and the £5,000 worth of timber by another. This last man has the timber which he might presumably turn into £5,000 at once. Instead, he hands it over to his friend, and his friend in a year's time gives it all back to him in the shape of similar timber, and £250 as well. The owner of the timber the Socialists would say, evidently does not get this £250 from the machinery, for he does not own it; his partner steals it for him out of the labor of the men employed.

again, to illustrate their meaning, let us suppose a seamstress hired in a private house, to hem tablecloths for seven days. She gets, we will say, two shillings a day. The first day she uses her fingers. She wanted a sewing-machine; but there is not one available. The second day, however, a sewing-machine is discovered. The seamstress is delighted; her work grows less irksome and, in addition, she hems in a day not two tablecloths, but twenty. But her wages are not raised; the hemming of each tablecloth becomes cheaper.

The same, say the Socialists, is the case with the saw-mill; and in such a mill is the image of all capital, in so far as it increases the productive powers of labor. It yields interest, profit, wealth, income to the leisured classes; it maintains, it creates the leisured classes solely for this reason: that all production, or nearly all, has now to be accomplished by the use of such capital. Capital, in fact, is but another word for the necessary tools of labor. Labor must use these tools or none. The laboring classes must use these tools or starve. They might as well be without their heads or legs as without these tools. And the existence of a wealthy class, according to the Socialists, means this: that a certain minority, by their organized action, the historical course of which is most clearly traceable, has contrived to monopolize these tools. It has unscrewed the laborers' hands and legs, and has got them into its keeping, and only gives them back, or rather lends them to the mutilated frames, on condition that a part of what is produced by them be given to it, in order to maintain it in idleness.

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the extent of the social changes which, supposing this theory to be true, must result inevitably, even if gradually, from a growing and intelligent recognition of it. The basis of property and the existing distribution of wealth will be seen in that case to have no connection with the necessary conditions of production, but to rest solely on the fact that power for historical reasons has been centred in a few hands. This power, which was once in the hands of the few, is gradually, as Democracy progresses, being lodged in the many; and the many will

use this power exactly as the few used it—to possess themselves of capital, or, in other words, the necessities of production, or, again in other words, of their own legs and hands. There will be only this difference: just as the few were only an unrecognized oligarchy, holding capital as a group or cabal of individuals, the many will hold capital in their corporate capacity as the State. The State will become a national co-operative company, manufacturing and selling as many things as are sold by Mr. Whiteley, and the only way in which the citizens will receive their incomes will be as employes of this company, in which each is a shareholder.

I merely, however, mention this constructive conclusion here in order to add clearness to the account I have been giving of the Socialistic analysis of profit or interest, or the present incomes of the wealthy, the leisured, the propertied classes. All such income is declared by the Socialistic society to be the withheld price of labor, and to have all the nature, if not the guilt, of robbery. It is this doctrine of value and of profit that I purpose to examine at length in coming numbers of this Review: and that it needs to be examined, and either refuted or else accepted, is a fact which grows clearer the more we think about it. At present the non-Socialistic economists have certainly not refuted it; they have hardly even met it. Bastiat's theory of interest no doubt appears to be a refutation, and, had Bastiat been able to formulate all that I suspect was in his mind, he might have been successful. But, as stated by himself, it is utterly incomplete, and has consequently been itself refuted over and over again. As for the theory of which Mill is the most popular and best known exponent in England, this, as Mill states it,* is not only incomplete, but feeble and in-

* Thus in Book III., chap. iv., of *Principles of Political Economy*, he says that in the cost of production the principal element, "so much so as to be nearly the sole, we find to be labor." In chap. vi. of the same book, he says, "the effect of the other element (which includes profit) is smaller, but none of them insignificant." Further on he adds that it is necessary to recollect that his reasoning presupposes "a system of production carried on only by capitalists for profit." Otherwise, he hints that his "theorems" might "require modification."

consistent, in spite of the many truths and much acute reasoning embodied in it; and that no writer of any other school has as yet done what Mill failed to do, is forcibly attested by the latest contribution of any importance that has been made in this country to the study of economic science—I mean *The Groundwork of Economics*, by Mr. S. C. Devas, of which as yet the first volume only has appeared. Now Mr. Devas, whatever his own views may be, is at all events a most comprehensive scholar; he has ransacked the whole range of economic literature, and, as the results of his studies, he declares with the utmost emphasis that, apart from a belief in the will of God, who has ordained that one part of mankind shall work for the other part—that, apart from this theological belief, there is no way of refuting the fundamental theory of the Socialists, and that certainly no economist

has as yet refuted it.* For this reason I think a refutation of it, if such is possible, will have a value far beyond a mere negative victory. It will necessarily call our attention to a number of facts and principles which the orthodox economists have either failed to notice at all, or whose full importance they have failed to explain or to appreciate.

Meanwhile I have, I trust, given the reader a clear idea of what a recent Socialist writer truly declares to be the mother idea of Socialism—the theory of profits developed by Karl Marx, from Ricardo, and the odious light in which property is thereby placed. This theory is at the back of every revolutionary movement which is menacing society in England, on the Continent, or in America. This theory is the gospel, in every case, of the leaders. There are few points on which it is more incumbent on us to meditate.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE EFFECTS OF CIVILIZATION UPON WOMEN.

BY A WOMAN.

“THERE is a growing tendency nowadays for women to unsex themselves—that is, to crowd into occupations which have up to late years been occupied exclusively by men.” “If women usurp occupations originally intended for the other sex, what about the men who are thrown out? for it is very certain there is not room for both.”

This is the fallacious popular idea. What has really happened, is that through the changes of civilization men have usurped the occupation of women in eighteen great industries, and, as there is not room for both, it is the weaker sex who have been crowded out of occupation. From the earliest times until the introduction of machinery the work of the world was performed by females in the following manufactures:—

Food Industries.	Clothing Industries.
1. Bakers.	8. Spinners.
2. Brewers.	9. Weavers.
3. Drysalterers.	10. Dyers.
4. Butter-makers.	11. Stocking-makers.
5. Cheese-makers.	12. Lace-makers.
6. Confectioners.	13. Embroiderers.
7. Jam and Pickle makers.	

Miscellaneous Industries.

14. Sellers in markets.
15. Perfumers.
16. Chandlers.
17. Soap manufacturers.
18. Midwives.

It is impossible to turn back the wheels of time, even if it were desirable to do so, but, by losing the monopoly of all the above-mentioned employments, the whole female sex have been deprived of the power of making money, with its consequent right of being a man's real “helpmeet” and a truly invaluable co-operator in the stern battle of life. A woman in these days has less means of gaining a living if unmarried, and is a burden instead of a help to her husband should she have one. It is this sense of the falseness of their position—pushed out of their legitimate place and work in the world—which causes the sex to “shriek” and revolt against man.

The question is misunderstood; women have not become manly, but men have become effeminate. In conse-

* *Groundwork of Economics*, by C. S. Devas, vol. I., pp. 543, 544.

quence of all their time-immemorial employments having been gradually taken from them, women in this nineteenth century are absolutely driven to seek some outlet for their energies, or necessities, in new lines of work. The change has been so silent and unperceived that it is doubtful if it is generally known, and certainly was never planned purposely to injure women; rather the reverse, it was intended that they should be benefited thereby. While from the alterations in our social system, all household and essentially women's trades are carried on by men, women have received as a substitute a few ill-paid clerkships, and precarious employments such as art-needlework or china-painting, which are now offered to them as their true vocation.

There is reason to think that the women of twenty years ago were cleverer than the present race. No fool could carry in her head the knowledge of at least some fourteen trades, any of which would fail unless accurately performed. Even to bake, to brew, to cook, spin, and iron (to do these ill was to gain the contempt of the world) required more brain-power than our so-called modern culture, comprising inferior music, worse water-color painting, German and French never more than half-learned, and then forgotten. There were idle and stupid women then as now, but their failings were open to all, and brought them the scorn of their neighbors.

Many men who are otherwise intelligent prefer marrying a stupid woman if she is only pretty, thinking such an individual will be a submissive wife, or, believing himself to be in love with her, he is blind to her faults. All this might be a pure matter of taste, some people liking a rose tint, others preferring azure. But to the world the matter does not end there; a stupid, idle mother invariably produces a child who resembles her, and the race degenerates. Without fail an able man has had an able mother, while with the male sex the reverse is the case: clever men rarely have clever sons.

Women as Spinners.

A hundred years ago in every rank women earned money; the ladies of

county families as delineated in the pictures of social life drawn by Smollett and Fielding, used to supplement their incomes by sending blankets and hose to the local fairs, these things having been spun or knit by themselves and their maids during the long winter evenings. In the farming class, and among nearly all others, "homespun" was the universal wear. In this matter of spinning alone (looked upon by our forefathers and the ancient world as a woman's hereditary vocation), females of every rank found a scope for their talent and industry, and the power of earning something. The legal term for an unmarried woman is still "spinster."

A hundred years ago a man would have rendered himself supremely ridiculous by meddling with the spindle and distaff. Now, while a female no longer spins, some lord of the creation, by becoming a "cotton-spinner" or a "wool-spinner," or following some other womanly industry, such as brewing, makes himself a man of fortune, and possibly is created a peer of the realm. Women's work is now done on a large scale to the advantage of the male capitalist, and possibly for the good of society, but still at the ruin of women-workers, and also, to a great extent, to the destruction of the happiness of domestic life. Women a hundred years ago were more respected, because they were absolutely indispensable in the social polity as producers of the articles of daily requirement. Some writers of the present day proclaim that it is a woman's sole, first duty to "charm." Now we have no reason to suppose that beauty and fine clothes had less power of glamor than now. But manly love in those days was supported by a warm dash of gratitude, possibly mingled with esteem. When the husband, the son, the lover, depended upon some beautiful one for the coat on his back, the hose on his feet, the beer he drank, and the bread, butter, and bacon he ate, doubtless he then admired the charms of his partner, but he respected still more female capacity from which he obtained money and the necessities of his life.

Of course, machinery makes materials cheaper than in former times. A machine can produce as much cloth for sixpence as a woman used to get six

shillings for making. Still, the argument remains, the woman got the money, and against the present lower price of materials the female-made "homespun" was not "shoddy;" it lasted for years, and therefore was cheaper in the end.

It is true that in the spinning industry many women and girls are still employed, but the position of a mill or factory-hand is not an enviable one. In old times all females spun before their own hearths with their children playing round them. Now, employment in this branch is utterly destructive to domestic life. The children of "women hands" in great workshops are farmed out, with disastrous results. The mortality among them is 70 per cent., and those who survive are but miserable specimens of humanity, mentally and physically. As these women earn from six to twelve shillings a week (hardly ever more), they sacrifice their offspring and their highest instincts at a very low figure. As to women going into these mills in preference to remaining at home, they have to choose between earning something for themselves or dying of starvation; their husbands' wages are insufficient to support them, and in many cases a male mill-hand refuses to maintain his women-kind, the sentiment being exceedingly common among the lower orders, "I ain't a-going to give a woman half my victuals to cook the other half for me."

There are three millions of women earning wages in various trades and industries in England and Wales. It may be taken for granted that very, very few of these receive twenty shillings per week, for women, as a body, are compelled to accept starvation wages. In all trades where men and women work together, the latter ought to be encouraged to join Trades Unions. This is done in France. At present there are about fourteen Women's Trades Unions in England, got up and worked by females; but the movement is yet in its infancy. Then, again, no married or other woman with an infant under two years of age should be admitted as a mill-hand, or carry on any employment away from her home. Nature has created infancy so helpless, that the care of a young child is quite work enough for one individual. In these days cer-

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XLV., NO. 5

tain classes marry, especially mill-hands, trusting, not to what the man earns, but counting upon what the wife will contribute to the general purse. If such a rule has the effect of decreasing the population, or increasing it, it would be difficult to say. The child neglected from birth by its mother rarely grows up at all; or, if it lives, it becomes a bad citizen, being equally miserable and stunted in mind and body. But to turn to some of the other industries which time has drifted away from the female sex.

Women as Bakers.

It is doubtful if the world at large or family life in particular, has benefited by the trade of baking having been taken out of the hands of women.

As far as is practicable, all households should return to the practice of making their own bread. It is the staff of life, it is the main food of children, and therefore cannot be had too pure and wholesome. Bakers' profits are out of all proportion to the price of flour; and, if this time-honored custom were re-established, bread would be not only cheaper, but better. In the matter of bread-making, as Englishmen are but very rarely bakers, and women have given up the art, the trade has drifted into the hands of German bakers. Now bread-making is a time-immemorial woman's trade, and in these days, when females cannot get work, it would be well if this branch could by some organization be got back to them. In early English history the bakers were all women, and certain laws were passed concerning their misdemeanors, including the punishment of the cutty-stool.

Women as Brewers.

Also, if as a nation we must drink beer, let it be as wholesome as possible.

Let our women brew the beer, and then our men would not be poisoned by the villainous compound sold by the publican. If brewing beer is worthy of a peerage, give a few coronets to the women who can produce the best home-brewed. In America spruce-beer, home-made, is largely consumed, while German households brew their white-beer. At the Health Exhibition a prize for the best beer was obtained by a lady.

Women as Lace-makers and Embroiderers.

That men should have taken to be lace-makers and embroiderers on a large scale is a great misfortune. As the poor man is demoralized by the public-house and bad beer, so are poor women by these wholesale manufacturers of cheap finery, who pander to a love of tawdry splendor, the bane of our national character. When women made their own lace and embroidered their own garments, the work of their hands lasted a lifetime, and was highly esteemed and, if disposed of, also highly paid for.

Women as Sellers in Markets.

It is also a great pity that women no longer sell in our markets. This is pre-eminently the want of the day. The producer and consumer are equally injured, while the middle-men make organized "rings," by which all the necessities of life are rendered preposterously dear.

A woman still is often a producer, but she is always a consumer, though rarely is she a market-seller, the line of life in which money is made. It would be an excellent thing if there were free markets in the neighborhood of all large railway stations. In these markets farm and dairy produce—especially milk and butter—should be retailed by women at a trifling advance upon the wholesale price. The woman producer and the woman consumer might then have fair play.

Women as Dairy-Farmers.

Now upon the subject of the milk and butter and cheese trade, women are and always have been good dairy-farmers. Butter and cheese making and poultry-raising are essentially woman's work, suitable to females from the highest to the lowest rank. It seems most deplorable that poultry-farming and dairy-work is drifting, not only out of the hands of our women, but of our nation. Men cannot either make butter or raise poultry successfully. This work has gradually passed away from the hands of English women into those of the females of other lands. The neglect of the farming interest brings about this gigantic national evil.

The price of milk and butter, both in town and country, is such that it is

simply prohibited to the masses. When milk is fourpence per quart, and butter even a shilling per pound, they cannot be used in sufficient quantities to become the staple articles of diet for children. Now in this nineteenth century, almost all the little ones in towns, and even in the country, are greatly stinted of milk and butter, or virtually brought up without them, the result being an enormous infant mortality—added to which, life-long bad health, indigestion, etc., to those who survive. Forty per cent. of children die under five years of age. Milk is the food of babes, and they perish without the sustenance which nature has created for them, and which the stupidity of our social system prevents their obtaining. The sooner the Conservative Party, who, more or less, represent the landed interest, by personal influence, money, and work, raise the farming industry to its former importance, and by example and precept encourage women farmers, so much the better for the prosperity of our people, especially of our children.*

It ought never to be forgotten that the ideal existence of a wife and mother is an agricultural one. To this day the wife and children of even a farm-laborer, on fifteen shillings a week, are better off than the family of an artisan who earns two pounds weekly in a town. The laborer's family have a house to themselves, purer air, and better food, inclusive of home-made bread and home-cured bacon, while their cottage-garden provides them with vegetables and fruit. Poverty is, or may be, shorn of many of its horrors in village life.

Women as Midwives.

One of the so-called reformations of the last seventy years is the indelicate and uncalled-for institution of male midwives. Men have put themselves where they are not wanted, and do a great deal of mischief. If there has been any advance of science in this branch of medical treatment, then properly-qualified women-doctors should attend upon their own sex. The human race is known to have come into the world for four

* Pharaoh of old required bricks without straw, but the nineteenth century demands of women the hopeless task of rearing children without milk.

thousand years without the assistance of male practitioners, and surely women are still quite able to carry on what is, and ever has been, a woman's work.

This custom of employing a man in such cases only came in during the last seventy years. The Princess Charlotte of Wales was one of the first to employ a male-midwife. She died—possibly in consequence. To this day the poor who cannot pay for this doubtful luxury do not indulge in it, even in England, while the whole Eastern world, and the greater part of Europe, look upon a man attending a sick woman as indelicate to the last degree, and most women echo the sentiment. Let this line of life—midwifery—be left solely to qualified female doctors.

The Trade of Marriage.

The usual retort, when women complain of want of remunerative employment, is that they should not work, but find men to support them. As there are five hundred thousand more women than men in England, it is obviously impossible that every woman should have a husband. This state of things is as bad in Germany also. The preponderance of the women over the men is greatest in the professional and upper middle classes. Among the richer aristocracy of England, and the absolutely working people, the sexes are still equal in number, and women can still marry. But the sons of clergymen, officers, civil servants, lawyers, doctors, and some of the country gentry find the struggle for existence too great in this kingdom; they emigrate, or leave the country by joining the military or naval service. Their sisters all remain at home, unable to find husbands, and uneducated for work, even domestic work. These "superfluous women" most undoubtedly, as a body, perform the first duty of their sex—that of being charming; they are often handsome, are generally well-mannered and well-dressed. They are "charmers," but there is no one to charm. They know very well that their chances of marriage are almost *nil*; therefore, should a solitary suitor with even a modest competency appear, they feel driven to accept the first man who asks them, whether they care for him or not, and most generally they do not. Their par-

ents wish to get rid of them, so they marry without love. An evil arises out of this more ghastly than can be described. The marriage of *convenience* is a recognized social institution abroad. In England, in this nineteenth century, the women of the upper middle classes adopt it without acknowledging it. However we may affect to deny it, there is a vast amount of married unhappiness in all classes. The fault is sometimes ascribed to the present degeneracy of women, and sometimes to the deterioration of the men. The fault really lies in our social system, which gives a woman neither work nor money, and obliges her to sell herself before she has lost her only salable commodities—youth and beauty. As there exists four "superfluous women" to one man, the female has no choice, while the lordly male has the greater number from whom to pick and choose. Therefore, in this century, many women have not only no chance of marrying at all, but no freedom of selection whatever.

Among foreigners, every girl, from the highest to the lowest, has some marriage portion, even if it is only furniture and house-linen. In England, among the working classes, too often a woman does not bring even a change of under-linen, and, in most classes, she brings next to nothing. Primogeniture, of course, tends to the degradation of women, and, in these days, drives those of the upper classes into loveless marriages. With us, the eldest son may have five thousand a year; his sisters seldom more than two hundred each. It is true that the younger sons have only about the same amount as the daughters, but they are given work of some sort, and, more especially, are sent out of England. In moneyed families, the girls do not get an equal share; they are allowed only half what their brothers receive, as it is supposed that they will marry, and some man will provide for them. But there is no one to marry, the men of their class having left England.

The Americans leave all the family money to the girls, and tell the sons to go to work. Hence the influx of American heiresses who compete so successfully in the English Peerage marriage market, not because they are more charming, as some assert, but because

they are richer. It has been said that there are only two positions in life to which it is desirable to be born—Czar of all the Russias and an American woman. Across the Atlantic the sexes are more equal in number, and the women are more useful, better educated, and richer; consequently, American women are more esteemed than their less fortunate British cousins.

Women as Bread-winners.

Though people with a light heart say that there is no necessity for women to labor, the fact remains that a vast number of them are obliged not only to support themselves, but to be the bread-winners of households. Nor must it be forgotten that there is an increasing number of men who expect women to support them, instead of their maintaining their wives. Among the upper classes men accomplish this by marrying heiresses, among some of the lower, by living on a wife's small earnings, which are generally spent in the public-house. In the old days, when so many trades were in the hands of the female sex, if a woman was compelled to be, as she often is now, a bread-winner for others, she was a specialist, she could do what men could not; therefore there was a large demand for her labor, and many fields for her energies. If necessity now compel her to work, there is nothing for her to do.

To suffer in anticipation, with an ever-haunting dread of the future, is a greater evil than present trouble. It is the knowledge of her helplessness against the changes and chances of fortune which embitters the daily life of many thousands of women. While the husband lives—or is in work—there may be a small sufficiency. Should he die, or fail to get employment, then—after that, the deluge! To say that a woman has no power of looking ahead, is to deny her the common attribute of a human being. She *does* foresee, and she *does* know that if she is left a widow, or even a deserted wife, by no energy, by no talent, by no industry can she, if of the working-class, unless she is exceptionally fortunate, earn more than about fifteen shillings a week; and, if gently born, Heaven help her! Then, employment is next door to hopeless, or, if ob-

tained, is very ill paid. Of course, such cases of ladies having sufficient genius or training to attain fortune by painting, the stage, or music, are so exceptional that they cannot be taken as precedents of ordinary existence.

Women as Mothers.

The charge is now brought against women that they are reluctant to be mothers. It would be well if there were more truth than there is in this accusation. The curse of the day is overpopulation. The whole crushing misery of the struggle for existence in these days falls most heavily upon women and children. In ordinary life, among the masses, the husband and father has his daily beer and tobacco, and generally a meat dinner, his amusements, his society in the public-house or music-hall, while his wife and little ones live on the unwholesome diet of bakers' bread and adulterated tea, and for the woman no amusement whatever is provided. Those who deny this to be a picture of our happy homes had better become personally acquainted with working people.

For one thing, a child has at least the right to demand of its parents a healthy body. The large population of towns (especially London) live under conditions in which average health is impossible. A vast horde of the inhabitants of the metropolis (five millions—the population of a State, not of a city) have only one room for each family to live in. The rising generation pass the days of childhood in the foetid atmosphere of an overcrowded chamber, and play in the streets, their horizon bounded on all sides by pawnbrokers' shops and gin-palaces. Never a sight of God's good world of trees and green fields, given to man in all ages and times. Proper food for these children is also impossible. Common sense demands that people should be told that they ought not to have children unless they can afford to do them justice. Many good persons have been taught that it is their duty to have a family whether they can maintain one or not, believing that Providence will specially interfere in their behalf. God has given men reason to provide against evils that may be remedied. This is simply a

question of arithmetic, and under no circumstances can two and two make more than four. An artisan with two pounds a week cannot provide for himself, his wife, and six children in a proper manner. His rent will be about ten shillings per week, and the food per head ought to be ten shillings weekly. Starvation or deficit is inevitable. The man must be fed—the woman and children starve. The professional man, whose income is £400 per annum, cannot maintain six children as he ought, when the education alone of each son costs £200 a year! The workingman's wife sees her progeny fade and die for want of proper nourishment before her eyes. The wife of the middle class rears her children with infinite struggles, only to see her sons expatriated, scattered all over the world, and her daughters underpaid governesses, or living in a loveless marriage. In earlier states of society, old age received that support and assistance from children which it in past years had bestowed upon them.

Can it be wondered at, then, that any thinking human being should dread the idea of hanging a millstone round her neck in the shape of a family of children, both girls and boys, born to a slavery and misery which no honest efforts on her or their part can ever avert?

It is much easier to point out the miserable conditions under which the masses and classes (more especially women and children) are called to exist than to find a remedy for them. The only one which seems to hold out any hope is a return to a simpler and more agricultural mode of life—and as much as possible to take the children from the overcrowded towns and cities and educate them as agriculturists, or, at least, to assist the rising generation to breathe purer air away from the dirt and vice of cities.

Women as Widows.

To subscribe to widows' and orphans' funds ought to be obligatory on all men who have to work for their living. This money should be collected by the State much in the way that the income-tax is now collected. It should be deducted from wages by all employers. Working

and professional men should be saved from their own improvidence. If this were done there would not be so many women and children rendered miserable by being thrown on the rates, or obliged to support existence by their own ineffectual efforts.

Workhouses should not be lying-in hospitals, in which illegitimate children are born and educated at the expense of the ratepayer. This is State encouragement of vice. There would not be so many ruined women if the matter were not assisted by making the law-abiding virtuous pay for the law-breaking vicious. Each ill-begotten child costs the ratepayer £30 per annum to keep, and the orphan child of the ratepayer, if deprived of its natural protectors, is treated exactly the same as the offspring of the depraved. Neither should a respectable widow who has fallen into poverty receive the same treatment from the State as those females who have ignored the moral and legal obligations of their country.

It is exceedingly mean to leave children for other people to maintain. As there is no such system in America, the children are not born.

The Protection of Minors.

All minors, orphan girls and boys—high or low—should be wards in Chancery, either under State protection, or privately-appointed guardians, who should be responsible for them. These State-appointed guardians should be, in some cases, women. It is a preposterous thing that a boy or a girl of sixteen years of age should be left wholly uncared for. In early society the lord of the manor was the guardian of a child who had no other protector. The apprenticeship system, now much fallen into decay, was a very good one. It made some adult citizen responsible for the moral and bodily welfare of minors. Now, thousands—infants in the eyes of the law—lead immoral lives, etc., etc. The corruption of minors of both sexes should be regarded as a serious crime, and heavily punished.

Women as Voters.

On the Continent they give as a reason why a woman cannot have the same legal rights as a man, that she does not

serve as a soldier. This argument is made to apply to England, but it does not hold good, as the majority of men, like the women, are only called upon to be civil members of the community. In our favored land the masses of the two sexes are in this respect in the same position.

The following reason is advanced as an argument against giving duly-qualified women votes. If unmarried women of property obtained them, it would be but the thin end of the wedge. Then married women would demand to become electors; next, the female lodger would never rest quiet unrepresented; and lastly, the suffrage would fall into the hands of those whom it is easier to pity than to name. It is possible that if these outcasts obtained votes, it would tend to the increase of morality, for none could be more bitter against the horrors of this disgrace to civilization than those who know the secrets of that awful and vicious existence.

Keeping up Appearances.

A great deal of the misery of modern life comes from the tendency to keep up appearances, from trying to seem richer than we are, from aping some class; our social superiors and all classes in consequence live beyond their means. The professional man, in many cases the tradesman, thus leave no provision for their children, after having brought them up in habits of luxury. This pretence is in the nature of lie, or sham, and all honest people should scorn the dishonest appearance of this mode of life. It comes out of the despicable love of money. We respect the rich and despise the poor. How Christians manage to reconcile this attitude of mind with their professed creed, it is difficult to say.

Bodily Weakness.

There is a vague feeling abroad that the ill-usage of women is justified because they are physically weak. This inequality of strength is probably due to human mismanagement, for in the whole animal world the female is no weaker than the male, and in some cases is of larger frame. From childhood girls are foolishly dressed, take insufficient exercise, have their waists drag-

ged in by stays, and their feet compressed in tight coverings. By the systematic ill-treatment of centuries, humanity has succeeded in producing a woman vastly inferior to what nature intended her to be. The lords of the creation are to blame in this matter. If they admired only sensible women and wise dress, they would soon get the fashions amended; but, as society stands, the young woman who is the most foolishly dressed, and gives herself most airs, is rewarded by the greatest amount of attention and admiration. Here, as elsewhere, the demand creates the supply; men seem to require fools, and they obtain them. How horrible is the condition of women in barbarous savage lands, made to work, to carry heavy burdens for a lazy master, subject to hideous torture. If she carry loads she must at least have physical strength, which is a blessing, as she is valued because strong and useful; and if she is tortured, so is the man if he falls into the hands of his enemies.

Political Women.

Another of the accusations against our sex is that the woman who speaks on a platform and aspires to public life loves notoriety, is full of vanity, and as shallow as she is unamiable. This is doubtless true in part; but is she one particle more senseless or vain than the platform man? We are all sick of over-talking, of Gladstonian words, and words, and the verbal shams which conceal despicable conduct by fine phrases. A woman must have a certain amount of sense to speak from a platform at all. It might be well if women speakers addressed audiences of women only. It is not the publicity which the world objects to, because women have been actors, singers, dancers, since all time, but society does not care that women should be brought into notice as teachers and reformers.

Conclusion.

What is so called the Progress of Civilization in the last seventy years has been disastrous to the female sex. To some few women of the moneyed class these changes have given luxury and leisure which they misuse. On the whole women have suffered bitterly; in-

stead of robbing men of work, females have been despoiled of their time-immemorial trades, and of their monopoly in the labor market. Also, their influence in home life has decreased. The rearing of children has become difficult or impossible in almost all classes. The chances of happiness in marriage are lessened. And lastly, after having become less useful and less loved, women are, in consequence, less respected than they have ever been in times past.

If women are really wronged by our existing social system, and if it is really bad for them, it must be equally injurious to men. The interests of men and women are identical; where one sex is injured, the other suffers.

It may be advisable to recall that Lord Beaconsfield voted on the woman's side in all questions which affected her interests, while Mr. Gladstone and his party have always treated her claims ungenerously.

The world has been wicked and miserable in all ages, but in no time could life have been worse for women and

children. For women bear children for semi-starvation, over-education, and expatriation. They are grudging their daily food, and have to work for their living with every means of so doing barred to them; they are absurdly clothed, and rendered sick and miserable by custom. They see their sex degraded in the persons of thousands far below the animal world.

In the old Italian Republics, the Mayor and city magnates lived in the public palaces. In these huge buildings criminals were racked and tortured. The great civil officials found their groans and cries disturbed them. So they ordered that the prisoners should be still tortured, only at some distance from the public palaces, so that the delicate ears of the Councillors should not be shocked.

So it is with all women's questions: let the victims suffer—civilization only does not wish to be reminded that they do so, by their complaints.—*National Review*.

CYRIL TOURNEUR.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

"THEY, shut up under their roofs, the prisoners of darkness, and fettered with the bonds of a long night, lay exiled, fugitives from the eternal providence. For while they were supposed to lie hid in their secret sins, they were scattered under a dark veil of forgetfulness, being horribly astonished, and troubled with sights. . . . Sad visions appeared unto them with heavy countenances. No power of the fire might give them light: neither could the bright flames of the stars endure to lighten that horrible night. Only there appeared unto them a fire kindled of itself, very dreadful: for being much terrified, they thought the things which they saw to be worse than the sight they saw not. . . . The whole world shined with clear light, and none were hindered in their labor: over them only was spread an heavy night, an image of that darkness which should afterward receive them: but yet were they unto themselves more grievous than

the darkness." In this wild world of fantastic retribution and prophetic terror the genius of a great English poet—if greatness may be attributed to a genius which holds absolute command in a strictly limited province of reflection and emotion—was born and lived and moved and had its being. The double main-spring of its energy is not difficult to define: its component parts are simply adoration of good and abhorrence of evil: all other sources of emotion were subordinate to these: love, hate, resentment, resignation, self-devotion, are but transitory agents on this lurid and stormy stage, which pass away and leave only the sombre fire of meditative indignation still burning among the ruins of shattered hopes and lives. More splendid success in pure dramatic dialogue has not been achieved by Shakespeare or by Webster than by Cyril Tournetur in his moments of happiest invention or purest inspiration: but the intensity of his moral pas-

sion has broken the outline and marred the symmetry of his general design. And yet he was at all points a poet : there is an accent of indomitable self-reliance, a note of persistence and resistance more deep than any note of triumph, in the very cry of his passionate and implacable dejection, which marks him as different in kind from the race of the great prosaic pessimists whose scorn and hatred of mankind found expression in the contemptuous and rancorous despondency of Swift or of Carlyle. The obsession of evil, the sensible prevalence of wickedness and falsehood, self-interest and stupidity, pressed heavily on his fierce and indignant imagination : yet not so heavily that mankind came to seem to him the "damned race," the hopeless horde of millions "mostly fools" too foolish or too foul to be worth redemption, which excited the laughing contempt of Frederic the Great and the raging contempt of his biographer. On this point the editor to whom all lovers of high poetry were in some measure indebted for the first collection and re-issue of his works has done much less than justice to the poet on whose text he can scarcely be said to have expended an adequate or even a tolerable amount of pains. A reader of his introduction who had never studied the text of his author might be forgiven if he should carry away the impression that Tourneur, as a serious or tragic poet, was little more than a better sort of Byron ; a quack less impudent but not less transparent than the less inspired and more inflated ventriloquist of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* : whereas it is hardly too much to say that the earnest and fiery intensity of Tourneur's moral rhetoric is no less unmistakable than the blatant and flatulent ineptitude of Byron's.

It seems to me that Tourneur might say with the greatest of the Popes, "I have loved justice, and hated iniquity : therefore I die in exile ;" therefore, in other words, I am cast aside and left behind by readers who are too lazy, too soft and slow of spirit, too sleepily sensual and self-sufficient, to endure the fiery and purgatorial atmosphere of my work. But there are breaths from heaven as surely as there are blasts from hell in the tumultuous and electric air of

it. The cynicism and egotism which the editor already mentioned has the confidence to attribute to him are rather the outer garments than the inner qualities of his genius : the few and simple lines in which his purer and nobler characters are rapidly but not roughly drawn suffice to give them all due relief and all requisite attraction. The virtuous victims of the murderous conspirator whose crimes and punishment are the groundwork of *The Atheist's Tragedy* have life and spirit enough to make them heartily interesting : and the mixed character of Sebastian, the high-hearted and gallant young libertine whose fearless frankness of generosity brushes aside and breaks away the best-laid schemes of his father, is as vividly and gracefully drawn as any of the same kind on the comic or the tragic stage.

In this earlier of the two plays extant which preserve the name of Cyril Tourneur the magnificent if grotesque extravagance of the design may perhaps be partly accounted for by the didactic or devotional aim of the designer. A more appalling scarecrow or scarebabe, as the contemporaries of his creator would have phrased it, was certainly never begotten by orthodoxy on horror than the figure of the portentous and prodigious criminal who here represents the practical results of indulgence in free thought. It is a fine proof of the author's naturally dramatic genius that this terrific successor of Vanini and precursor of Diderot should be other than a mere man of straw. Huge as is the wilful and deliberate exaggeration of his atrocity, there are scenes and passages in which his daring and indomitable craft is drawn with native skill as well as force of hand ; in which it is no mere stage monster, but a genuine man, plausible and relentless, versatile and fearless, who comes before us now clothed in all the cajoleries of cunning, now exultant in all the nakedness of defiance. But indeed, although the construction of the verse and the composition of the play may both equally seem to bear witness of crude and impatient inexperience, there is no lack of life in any of the tragic or comic figures which play their part through these tempestuous five acts. Even so small a figure as the profligate Puritan parasite of the atheist who hires

his hypocrisy to plead against itself is bright with touches of real rough humor. There is not much of this quality in Tourneur's work, and what there is of it is as bitter and as grim in feature and in flavor as might be expected of so fierce and passionate a moralist : but he knows well how to salt his invective with a due sprinkling of such sharply seasoned pleasantry as relieves the historic narrative of John Knox ; whose " merry " * account, for instance, of Cardinal Beaton's last night in this world has the very savor of Tourneur's tragic irony and implacable disgust in every vivid and relentless line of it.

The execution of this poem is singularly good and bad : there are passages of such metrical strength and sweetness as will hardly be found in the dramatic verse of any later English poet ; and there are passages in which this poet's verse sinks wellnigh to the tragic level of a Killigrew's, a Shadwell's, or a Byron's. Such terminations as " of," " to," " with," " in," " and," " my," " your," preceding the substantive or the verb which opens the next verse, make us feel as though we were reading *Sardanapalus* or *The Two Foscari*—a sensation not easily to be endured. In a poet so far superior as Tourneur to the author of those abortions we must seek for an explanation of this perverse error in a transient and tentative theory of realism rather than in an incurable infirmity or obliquity of talent : for no quality is more remarkable in the execution of his masterpiece than his mastery of those metrical properties in which the style of this play is so generally deficient. Whether in dialogue or in monologue, *The Revenger's Tragedy* is so equally admirable for instinctive obedience to nature and imaginative magnificence of inspiration, so equally perfect in the passionate harmony of its verse and the inspired accuracy of its locution, that years of study and elaboration might have seemed necessary to bring about this inexpressible improvement in expression of yet more sombre and more fiery thought or feeling. There are gleams in *The Atheist's Tragedy* of that clear light in which the

whole Shakespearean world lay shining, and here and there the bright flames of the stars do still endure to lighten the gloom of it by flashes or by fits ; the gentle and noble young lovers, whose patient loyalty is at last rescued from the toils of crime to be crowned with happiness and honor, are painted, though rapidly and slightly, with equal firmness of hand and tenderness of touch ; and there is some vigorous and lively humor in the lighter action of the comic scenes, however coarse and crude in handling : but there is no such relief to the terrors of the maturer work, whose sultrier darkness is visible only by the fire kindled of itself, very dreadful, which burns in the heart of the revenger whom it lights along his bloodstained way. Nor indeed is any relief wanted ; the harmony of its fervent and stern emotion is as perfect, as sufficient, as sublime as the full rush and flow of its diction, the fiery majesty of its verse. There never was such a thunderstorm of a play : it quickens and exhilarates the sense of the reader as the sense of a healthy man or boy is quickened and exhilarated by the rolling music of a tempest and the leaping exultation of its flames. The strange and splendid genius which inspired it seems now not merely to feel that it does well to be angry, but to take such keen enjoyment in that feeling, to drink such deep delight from the inexhaustible well-springs of its wrath, that rage and scorn and hatred assume something of the rapturous quality more naturally proper to faith and hope and love. There is not a breath of rant, not a pad of bombast, in the declamation which fills its dazzling scenes with fire : the language has no more perfect models of style than the finest of its more sustained and elevated passages. The verse is unlike any other man's in the solemn passion of its music : if it reminds us of Shakespeare's or of Webster's, it is simply by right of kinship and equality of power with the most vivid and sonorous verse that rings from the lips of Coriolanus or of Timon, of Brachiano or the duchess of Malfy ; not by any servility of discipleship or reverberation of an imitative echo. It is so rich and full and supple, so happy in its freedom and so loyal in its instinct, that its veriest audacities and aberrations have an indefinable harmony

* " These things we wreat mearelie."
Works of John Knox, vol. i. p. 180.

of their own. Even if we admit that Tourneur is to Webster but as Webster is to Shakespeare, we must allow, by way of exception to this general rule of relative rank, that in his noblest hours of sustained inspiration he is at least the equal of the greater dramatist on the score of sublime and burning eloquence, poured forth in verse like the rushing of a mighty wind, with fitful breaks and pauses that do but enhance the majestic sweetness and perfection of its forward movement, the strenuous yet spontaneous energy of its triumphant ardor in advance. To these magnificent qualities of poetry and passion no critic of the slightest note or the smallest pretension to poetic instinct has ever failed to do ample and cordial justice: but to the truthfulness and the power of Cyril Tourneur as a dramatic student and painter of human character, not only has such justice not generally been done, but grave injustice has been too generally shown. It is true that not all the agents in the evolution of his greater tragedy are equally or sufficiently realized and vivified as active and distinct figures: true, for instance, that the two elder sons of the duchess are little more than conventional outlines of such empty violence and futile ambition as might be inferred from the crude and puerile symbolism of their respective designations: but the third brother is a type no less living than revolting and no less dramatic than detestable; his ruffian cynicism and defiant brutality are in life and death alike original and consistent, whether they express themselves in curses or in jeers. The brother and accomplice of the hero in the accomplishment of his manifold revenge is seldom much more than a serviceable shadow: but there is a definite difference between their sister and the common type of virginal heroine who figures on the stage of almost every dramatist then writing; the author's profound and noble reverence for goodness gives at once precision and distinction to the outline and a glow of active life to the color of this pure and straightforward study. The brilliant simplicity of tone which distinguishes the treatment of this character is less remarkable in the figure of the mother whose wickedness and weakness

are so easily played upon and blown about by every gust of penitence or temptation; but there is the same life-like vigor of touch in the smallest detail of the scenes between her children and herself. It has been objected that her ready avowal of weakness as common to all her sex is the undramatic epigram of a satirist, awkwardly ventriloquizing through the mechanism of a tragic puppet: but it is really quite in keeping with the woman's character to enlarge and extenuate the avowal of her own infamy and infirmity into a sententious reflection on womanhood in general. A similar objection has been raised against the apparent change of character implied in the confession made by the hero to the duke elect, at the close of the play, that he and his brother had murdered the old duke—"all for your grace's good," and in the cry when arrested and sentenced to instant execution, "Heart, was't not for your good, my lord?" But if this seems incompatible with the high sense of honor and of wrong which is the mainspring of Vindice's implacable self-devotion and savage unselfishness, the unscrupulous ferocity of the means through which his revenge is worked out may surely be supposed to have blunted the edge of his moral perception, distorted his natural instinct, and infected his nobler sympathies with some taint of contagious egotism and pessimistic obduracy of imagination. And the intensity of sympathy with which this crowning creation of the poet's severe and fiery genius is steadily developed and displayed should make any critic of reasonable modesty think more than twice or thrice before he assumes or admits the likelihood or the possibility of so gross an error or so grave a defect in the conception of so great an artist. For if the claim to such a title might be disputed in the case of a claimant who could show no better credentials than his authorship of *The Atheist's Tragedy*—and even in that far from faultless work of genius there are manifest and manifold signs, not merely of excellence, but of greatness—the claim of the man who could write *The Revenger's Tragedy* is questionable by no one who has any glimmering of insight or perception as to what qualities

they are which confer upon a writer the indisputable title to a seat in the upper house of poets.

This master work of Cyril Tourneur, the most perfect and most terrible incarnation of the idea of retribution impersonate and concentrated revenge that ever haunted the dreams of a tragic poet or the vigils of a future tyrannicide, is a figure as original and as impossible to forget, for any one who has ever felt the savage fascination of its presence, as any of the humaner figures evoked and immortalized by Shakespeare. The rage of Swift, without his insanity and impurity, seems to utter in every word the healthier if no less consuming passion of a heart lacerated by indignation and envenomed by contempt as absolute, as relentless, and as inconsolable as his own. And in the very torrent of the man's meditative and solitary passion, a very Phlegethon of agony and fury and ravenous hunger after the achievement of a desperate expiation, comes the sudden touch of sarcasm which serves as a momentary breakwater to the raging tide of his reflections, and reveals the else unfathomable bitterness of a spiritual Marah that no plummet even of his own sinking can sound, and no infusion of less fiery sorrow or less venomous remembrance can sweeten. The mourner falls to scoffing, the justicer becomes a jester; the lover, with the skull of his murdered mistress in his hand, slides into such reflections on the influence of her living beauty as would beseem a sexless and malignant satirist of her sex. This power of self-abstraction from the individual self, this impersonal contemplation of a personal wrong, this contemptuous yet passionate scrutiny of the very emotions which rend the heart and inflame the spirit and poison the very blood of the thinker, is the special seal or sign of original inspiration which distinguishes the type most representative of Tourneur's genius, most significant of its peculiar bias and its peculiar force. Such a conception, clothed in mere prose or in merely passable verse, would be proof sufficient of the mental power which conceived it; when expressed in such verse as follows, it proves at once and preserves forever the claim of the designer to a place among the immortals.

Thou sallow picture of my poisoned love,
My study's ornament, thou shell of death,
Once the bright face of my betrothed lady,
When life and beauty naturally filled out
These ragged imperfections;
When two heaven-pointed diamonds were set
In these unsightly rings;—then 'twas a face
So far beyond the artificial shine
Of any woman's bought complexion
That the uprightest man (if such there be,
That sin but seven times a day) broke custom
And made up eight with looking after her.

The very fall of the verse has a sort of fierce and savage pathos in the note of it; a cadence which comes nearer to the echo of such laughter as utters the cry of an anguish too deep for weeping and wailing, for curses or for prayers, than anything in dramatic poetry outside the part of Hamlet. It would be a conjecture not less plausible than futile, though perhaps not less futile than plausible, which should suggest that the influence of Shakespeare's Hamlet may be responsible for the creation of Tourneur's Vindice, and the influence of Tourneur's Vindice for the creation of Shakespeare's Timon. It is a certainty indisputable except by the blatant audacity of immedicable ignorance, that the only poet to whose manner and style the style and manner of Cyril Tourneur can reasonably be said to bear any considerable resemblance is William Shakespeare. The more curt and abrupt style of Webster is equally unlike the general style of either. And if, as his first editor observes, "the parallel" between Tourneur and Marston, "as far as it goes, is so obvious that it is not worth drawing," it is no less certain that the divergence between the genius which created Andrugio and the genius which created Vindice is at least as wide as the points of resemblance or affinity between them are vivid and distinct. While Marston's imaginative and tragic power was at its highest, his style was crude and quaint, turgid and eccentric; when he had cured and purified it,—perhaps, as Gifford suggests, in consequence of Ben Jonson's unmerciful but salutary ridicule—he approved himself a far abler writer of comedy or tragicomedy than before, but his right hand had forgotten its cunning as the hand of "a tragic penman." Now the improvement of Tourneur's style, an improvement amounting to little less than transfiguration, keeps time with his advance as a

student of character and a tragic dramatist as distinguished from a tragic poet. The style of his earlier play has much of beauty, of facility, and of freshness: the style of his later play, I must repeat, is comparable only with Shakespeare's. In the superb and inexhaustible imprecations of Timon there is a quality which reminds us of Cyril Tourneur as delightfully as we are painfully reminded of John Marston in reading certain scenes and passages which disfigure and deface the magnificent but incomprehensible composition of *Troilus and Cressida*.

Of Tourneur's two elegies on the death of Sir Francis Vere and of Henry Prince of Wales, it may be said that they are about as good as Chapman's work of the same order: and it may be added that his first editor has shown himself, to say the least, unreasonably and unaccountably virulent in his denunciation of what he assumes to be insincere and sycophantic in the elegiac expression of the poet's regret for a prince of such noble promise as the elder brother of Charles the First. The most earnest and fervent of republicans, if not wanting in common sense and common courtesy, would not dream of reflecting in terms of such unqualified severity on the lamentation of Lord Tennyson for the loss of Albert the Good: and the warmest admirer of that loudly lamented person will scarcely maintain that this loss was of such grave importance to England as the loss of a prince who might probably have preserved the country from the alternate oppression of prelates and of Puritans, from the social tyranny of a dictator and the political disgrace of the Restoration.

The existence of a comedy by the author of *The Revenger's Tragedy*, and of a comedy bearing the suggestive if not provocative title of *Laugh and Lie Down*, must always have seemed to the students of Lowndes one of the most curious and amusing pieces of information to be gathered from the *Bibliographer's Manual*; and it is with a sense of disappointment proportionate to this sense of curiosity that they will discover the non-existence of such a comedy, and the existence in its stead of a mere pamphlet in prose issued under that more than promising title: which yet, if attainable, ought surely to be reprinted,

however dubious may be its claim to the honor of a great poet's authorship. In no case can it possibly be of less interest or value than the earliest extant publication of that poet—*The Transformed Metamorphosis*. Its first editor has given proof of very commendable perseverance and fairly creditable perspicacity in his devoted attempt at elucidation of this most astonishing and indescribable piece of work: but no interpretation of it can hope to be more certain or more trustworthy than any possible exposition of Blake's *Jerusalem* or the Apocalypse of St. John. All that can be said by a modest and judicious reader is that any one of these three effusions may unquestionably mean anything that anybody chooses to read into the text; that a Luther is as safe as a Loyola, that a Renan is no safer than a Cumming, from the chance of confutation as a less than plausible exponent of its possible significance; but that, however indisputable it may be that they were meant to mean something, not many human creatures who can be trusted to go abroad without a keeper will be likely to pretend to a positive understanding of what that significance may be. To me, the most remarkable point in Tourneur's problematic poem is the fact that this most monstrous example of senseless and barbarous jargon that ever disfigured English type should have been written—were it even for a wager—by one of the purest, simplest, most exquisite and most powerful writers in the language.

This extraordinary effusion is the single and certainly the sufficient tribute of a great poet, and a great master of the purest and the noblest English, to the most monstrous and preposterous taste or fashion of his time. As the product of an eccentric imbecile it would be no less curious than Stanihurst's *Virgil*: as the work of Cyril Tourneur it is indeed "a miracle instead of wit." For it cannot be too often repeated that in mere style, in commanding power and purity of language, in positive instinct of expression and direct eloquence of inspiration, the author of *The Revenger's Tragedy* stands alone in the next rank to Shakespeare. Many if not most of their contemporaries could compose a better play than he probably could conceive—a play with finer variation of in-

cidents and daintier diversity of characters : not one of them, not even Webster himself, could pour forth poetry of such continuous force and flow. The fiery jet of his molten verse, the rush of its radiant and rhythmic lava, seems alone as inexhaustible as that of Shakespeare's. As a dramatist, his faults are doubtless as flagrant as his merits are manifest : as a writer, he is one of the very few poets who in their happiest moments are equally faultless and sublime. The tone of thought or of feeling which gives form and color to this splendid poetic style is so essentially what modern criticism would define as that of a natural Hebraist, and so far from that of a Hellenist or Latinist of the Renaissance, that we recognize in this great poet one more of those Englishmen of genius on whom the direct or indirect influence of the Hebrew Bible has been actually as great as the influences of the country and the century in which they happened to be born. The single-hearted fury of unselfish and devoted indignation which animates every line of his satire is more akin to the spirit of Ezekiel or Isaiah than to the spirit of Juvenal or Persius : though the fierce literality of occasional detail, the prosaic accuracy of implacable and introspective abhorrence, may seem like the hard Roman style of impeachment by photography than the great Hebrew method of denunciation by appeal. But the fusion of sarcastic realism with imaginative passion produces a compound of such peculiar and fiery flavor as we taste only from the tragic chalice of Tourneur or of Shakespeare. The bitterness which serves but as a sauce or spice to the meditative rhapsodies of Marston's heroes or of Webster's villains is the dominant quality of the meats and wines served up on the stage which echoes to the cry of *Vindice* or of *Timon*. But the figure of Tourneur's typic hero is as distinct in its difference from the Shakespearean figure which may possibly have suggested it as in its difference from the Shakespearean figure which it may not impossibly have suggested. There is perhaps too much play made with skulls and crossbones on the stage of Cyril Tourneur : he cannot apparently realize the fact that they are properties of which a thoughtful poet's use should be as temperate and

occasional as Shakespeare's : but the graveyard meditations of Hamlet, perfect in dramatic tact and instinct, seem cool and common and shallow in sentiment when set beside the intensity of inspiration which animates the fitful and impetuous music of such passages as these.

Here's an eye

Able to tempt a great man—to serve God ;
A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to
dissemble.

Methinks this mouth should make a swearer
tremble,

A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
Here's a cheek keeps her color let the wind go
whistle ;

Spout, rain, we fear thee not : be hot or cold,
All's one with us ; and is not he absurd,
Whose fortunes are upon their faces set
That fear no other God but wind and wet ?

Hippolito. Brother, y'ave spoke that right ;
Is this the face that living shone so bright ?

Vindice. The very same.

And now methinks I could e'en chide myself
For doting on her beauty, though her death
Shall be revenged after no common action.
Does the silk-worm expend her yellow labors
For thee ? for thee does she undo herself ?
Are lordships sold to maintain ladyships
For the poor benefit of a bewitching minute ?*
Why does yon fellow falsify high-ways
And put his life between the judge's lips,
To refine such a thing, keeps horse and men
To beat their valors for her ?
Surely we're all mad people,† and they
Whom we think are, are not : we mistake
those :

'Tis we are mad in sense, they but in clothes.

Hippolito. Faith, and in clothes too we, give
us our due.

Vindice. Does every proud and self-affecting
dame

Camphire her face for this ? and grieve her
Maker

In sinful baths of milk,—when many an infant
starves,

For her superfluous outside—all for this ?

What follows is no whit less noble :
but as much may be said of the whole
part—and indeed of the whole play.
Violent and extravagant as the mere ac-

* This is not, I take it, one of the poet's irregular though not unmusical lines : the five short unemphatic syllables, rapidly run together in one slurring note of scorn, being not more than equivalent in metrical weight to three such as would take their places if the verse were thus altered—and impaired ;

For the poor price of one bewitching minute.

† Perhaps we might venture here to read—"and only they." In the next line, "whom" for "who" is probably the poet's own license or oversight.

tion or circumstance may be or may appear, there is a trenchant straightforwardness of appeal in the simple and spontaneous magnificence of the language, a depth of insuppressible sincerity in the fervent and restless vibration of the thought, by which the hand and the brain and the heart of the workman are equally recognizable. But the crowning example of Cyril Tourneur's unique and incomparable genius is of course to be found in the scene which would assuredly be remembered, though every other line of the poet's writing were forgotten, by the influence of its passionate inspiration on the more tender but not less noble sympathies of Charles Lamb. Even the splendid exuberance of eulogy which attributes to the verse of Tourneur a more fiery quality, a more thrilling and piercing note of sublime and agonizing indignation, than that which animates and inflames the address of Hamlet to a mother less impudent in infamy than Vindice's, cannot be considered excessive by any capable reader who will candidly and carefully compare the two scenes which suggested this comparison. To attempt the praise or the description of anything that has been praised or described by Lamb would usually be the veriest fatuity of presumption: and yet it is impossible to write of a poet whose greatness was first revealed to his countrymen by the greatest critic of dramatic poetry that ever lived and wrote, and not to echo his words of righteous judgment and inspired applause with more or less feebleness of reiteration. The startling and magical power of single verses, ineffaceable and ineradicable from the memory on which they have once impressed themselves, the consciousness in which they have once struck root, which distinguishes and denotes the peculiar style of Cyril Tourneur's tragic poetry, rises to its highest tide-mark in this part of the play. Every other line, one might almost say, is an instance of it; and yet not a single line is undramatic, or deficient in the strictest and plainest dramatic propriety. It may be objected that men and women possessed by the excitement of emotions so desperate and so dreadful do not express them with such passionate precision of utterance: but, to borrow the saying of a later and more famous bearer

of the name which Cyril sometimes spelt as Turner, "don't they wish they could?" or rather, ought they not to wish it? What is said by the speakers is exactly what they might be expected to think, to feel, and to express with less incisive power and less impressive accuracy of ardent epigram or of strenuous appeal.*

There are among poets, as there are among prose writers, some whose peculiar power finds vent only in a broad and rushing stream of speech or song, triumphant by the general force and fullness of its volume, in which we no more think of looking for single lines or phrases that may be detached from the context and quoted for their separate effect than of selecting for peculiar admiration some special wave or individual ripple from the multitudinous magnificence of the torrent or the tide. There are others whose power is shown mainly in single strokes or flashes as of lightning or of swords. There are few indeed outside the pale of the very greatest who can display at will their natural genius in the keenest concentration or the fullest effusion of its powers. But among these fewer than few stands the author of *The Revenger's Tragedy*. The great scene of the temptation and the triumph

* It is, to say the least, singular to find in the most famous scene of a play so often reprinted and re-edited a word which certainly requires explanation passed over without remark from any one of the successive editors. When Gratiana, threatened by the daggers of her sons, exclaims—

Are you so barbarous to set iron nipples
Upon the breast that gave you suck?

Vindice retorts, in reply to her appeal—

That breast
Is turned to quarled poison.

This last epithet is surely unusual enough to call for some attempt at interpretation. But none whatever has hitherto been offered. In the seventh line following from this one there is another textual difficulty. The edition now before me, Eld's of 1608, reads literally thus:—

Vind. Ah is't possible, *Thou onely*, you powers on hie,
That women should dissemble when they die.

Lamb was content to read,

Ah, is it possible, you powers on high,
and so forth. Perhaps the two obviously corrupt words in italics may contain a clew to the right reading, and this may be it.

Ah!
Is't possible, you heavenly powers on high,
That women should dissemble when they die?

of Castiza would alone be enough to give evidence, not adequate merely but ample, that such praise as this is no hyperbole of sympathetic enthusiasm, but simply the accurate expression of an indisputable fact. No lyrist, no satirist, could have excelled in fiery flow of rhetoric the copious and impetuous eloquence of the lines, at once luxurious and sardonic, cynical and seductive, in which Vindice pours forth the arguments and rolls out the promises of a professional pleader on behalf of aspiring self-interest and sensual self-indulgence: no dramatist that ever lived could have put more vital emotion into fewer words, more passionate reality into more perfect utterance, than Tourneur in the dialogue that follows them.

Mother. Troth, he says true.

Castisa. False: I defy you both:

I have endured you with an ear of fire:

Your tongues have struck hot irons on my face.

Mother. come from that poisonous woman there.

Mother. Where?

Castisa. Do you not see her? she's too inward then.

I could not count the lines which on reperusal of this great tragic poem I find apt for illustrative quotation, or suggestive of a tributary comment: but enough has already been cited to prove beyond all chance of cavil from any student worthy of the name that the place of Cyril Tourneur is not among minor poets, nor his genius of such a temper as naturally to attract the sym-

pathy or arouse the enthusiasm of their admirers; that among the comrades or the disciples who to us may appear but as retainers or satellites of Shakespeare his rank is high and his credentials to that rank are clear. That an edition more carefully revised and annotated, with a text reduced to something more of coherence and intelligible arrangement, than has yet been vouchsafed to us, would suffice to place his name among theirs of whose eminence the very humblest of their educated countrymen are ashamed to seem ignorant, it would probably be presumptuous to assert. But if the noblest ardor of moral emotion, the most fervent passion of eager and indignant sympathy with all that is best and abhorrence of all that is worst in women or in men—if the most absolute and imperial command of all resources and conquest of all difficulties inherent in the most effective and the most various instrument ever yet devised for the poetry of the tragic drama—if the keenest insight and the sublimest impulse that can guide the perception and animate the expression of a poet whose line of work is naturally confined to the limits of moral or ethical tragedy—if all these qualities may be admitted to confer a right to remembrance and a claim to regard, there can be no fear and no danger of forgetfulness for the name of Cyril Tourneur.—*Nineteenth Century.*

HOME RULE AND IMPERIAL UNITY.

BY LORD THRING.

THE principal charge made against the scheme of Home Rule contained in the Irish Government Bill, 1886, is that it is incompatible with the maintenance of the unity of the Empire and the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. A further allegation states that the Bill is useless, as agrarian exasperation lies at the root of Irish discontent and Irish disloyalty, and that no place would be found for a Home Rule Bill even in Irish aspirations if an effective Land Bill were first passed. Such is the indictment against the Home Rule Bill pre-

ferred by the dissentient Liberals, and urged with great ability by Mr. Dicey in "England's Case against Home Rule." An endeavor will be made in the following pages to secure a verdict of acquittal on both counts—as to the charge relating to Imperial unity and the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, by proving that the accusation is absolutely unfounded, and based partly on a misconception of the nature of Imperial ties, and partly on a misapprehension of the effect of the provisions of the Home Rule Bill as bearing on

Imperial questions; and as to the inutility of the Home Rule Bill in view of the necessity of Land Reform, by showing that without a Home Rule Bill no Land Bill worth consideration as a means of pacifying Ireland can be passed. In conclusion, some observations will be directed to meeting certain objections urged by Mr. Dicey against the Home Rule Bill of 1886,* beyond and apart from the matters involved in discussing the foregoing questions.

An explanation of the Irish Bills of 1886, and their true bearing on Imperial and agrarian questions is not uncalled for. As Mr. Dicey admits with characteristic candor, "no legislative proposal submitted to Parliament has ever received harder measure than the Government of Ireland Bill." * And there is no exaggeration in saying that, on every occasion when the Home Rule Bill is mentioned by opponents, the hardest language is used. The whole battery of abuse is discharged on the unhappy supporters of the Bill. "Separatist," "Disruptionist," "Revolutionist," are the epithets applied without distinction to any one who says a word or writes a line in favor of the only practical scheme of self-government for Ireland. The complete partisan spirit in which Home Rule has been treated is the more to be deplored as the subject is one which does not lend itself readily to the trivialities of party debates. It raises questions of principle, not of detail. It ascends at once into the highest region of politics. It is conversant with the great questions of constitutional and international law, and leads to an inquiry into the very nature of governments and the various modes in which communities of men are associated together either as simple or composite nations. To describe those modes in detail would be to give a history of the various despotic, monarchical, oligarchical, and democratic systems of government which have oppressed or made happy the children of men. Such a description is calculated to perplex and mislead from its very extent; not so an inquiry into the powers of government, and a classification of those powers. They are limited in extent, and, if we confine ourselves

to English names and English necessities, we shall readily attain to an apprehension of the mode in which empires, nations, and political societies are bound together, at least in so far as such knowledge is required for the understanding of the nature of Imperial supremacy, and the mode in which Home Rule in Ireland is calculated to affect that supremacy.

Now the powers of government are divisible into two great classes—1. Imperial powers; 2. State powers, using "State" in the American sense of a political community subordinated to some other power, and not in the sense of an independent nation. The Imperial powers are in English law described as the prerogatives of the Crown, and consist in the main of the powers of making peace and war, of maintaining armies and fleets and regulating commerce, and making treaties with foreign nations. State powers are complete powers of local self-government, described in our colonial Constitutions as powers to make laws "for the peace, order, and good government of the Colony or State" in which such powers are to be exercised.

Intermediate between the Imperial and State powers are a class of powers required to prevent disputes and facilitate intercourse between the various parts of an empire or other composite system of States—for example, the coinage of money, and other regulations relating to the currency; the laws relating to copyright, or other exclusive rights to the use and profits of any works or inventions; and so forth. These powers may be described as quasi-Imperial powers.

Having arrived at a competent knowledge of the materials out of which governments are formed, it may be well to proceed to a consideration of the manner in which those materials have been worked up in building the two great Anglo-Saxon composite nations—namely, the American Union and the British Empire—for, if we find that the arrangements proposed by the Irish Home Rule Bill are strictly in accordance with the principles on which the unity of the American Union was based and on which the Imperial power of Great Britain has rested for centuries, the conclusion must be that the Irish Home Rule Bill is not

* Dicey, p. 223.

antagonistic to the unity of the Empire or to the supremacy of the British Parliament.

In discussing these matters it will be convenient to begin with the American Union, as it is less extensive in area and more homogeneous in its construction than the British Empire. The thirteen revolted American colonies, on the conclusion of their war with England, found themselves in the position of thirteen independent States having no connection with each other. The common tie of supremacy exercised by the mother country was broken, and each State was an independent nation, possessed both of Imperial and Local rights.

The impossibility of a cluster of thirteen small independent nations maintaining their independence against foreign aggression became immediately apparent, and, to remedy this evil, the thirteen States appointed delegates to form a convention authorized to weld them into one body as respected Imperial powers. This was attempted to be done by the establishment of a central body called a Congress, consisting of delegates from the component States, and invested with all the powers designated above as Imperial and quasi-Imperial powers. The expenses incurred by the confederacy were to be defrayed out of a common fund, to be supplied by requisitions made on the several States. In effect, the confederacy of the thirteen States amounted to little more than an offensive and defensive alliance between thirteen independent nations. If the State of New York refused to pay its share of (say) 100,000 dollars into the common treasury, all Congress could do was to ask the twelve other States to send their contingent of men to the federal army, and make war on New York. Similarly, if New York passed a State law infringing the federal law as to Customs duty, war by the twelve States against the one erring member was the only remedy. A system dependent for its efficacy on the concurrence of so many separate communities contained in itself the seeds of dissolution, and it soon became apparent that one of two things must occur—either the American States must cease as such to be a nation, or the component members of that union must each be prepared to relinquish a further portion of the

sovereign or quasi-sovereign powers which it possessed. Under those circumstances, what was the course taken by the thirteen States? They felt that they were in the position of the loose bundle of sticks, held together by a band liable to be broken at any moment. They were determined to be compacted into a solid nation, as firm and close in construction as could be made by political joinery. The readiest and most obvious mode of carrying this object into effect would have been for each State to have accepted the position of a county in an American kingdom, retaining its Legislative Assemblies and legislative powers for county purposes only. The States, however, were unwilling to part with all their higher legislative powers, and they perceived that it was quite possible to maintain complete unity and compactness as a nation if, in addition to investing the Supreme Government with Imperial and quasi-Imperial powers, they added full power to impose federal taxes on the component States and established an Executive furnished with ample means to carry all federal powers into effect through the medium of federal officers. The government so formed consisted of a President and two elected Houses called Congress, and, as a balance-wheel of the Constitution, a Supreme Court was established, to which was confided the task of deciding in case of dispute all questions arising under the Constitution of the United States or relating to international law. The Executive of the United States, with the President as its source and head, was furnished with full authority and power to enforce the federal laws. The army and navy were under its command, and it was provided with courts of justice, and subordinate officers to enforce the decrees of those courts throughout the length and breadth of the Union. Above all, a complete system of federal taxation supplied the Central Government with the necessary funds to perform effectually all the functions of a supreme national government.

The nature of the Constitution of the United States will be best understood by considering the position in which its subjects stand to the Central Government and their own State Governments. In effect, every inhabitant of the United

States has a double nationality. He belongs to one great nation called the United States, or, as it would be more aptly called to show its absolute unity, the American Republic, having jurisdiction over the whole surface of ground comprised in the area of the United States. He is also a citizen of a smaller local and partially self-governing body—more important than a county, but not approaching the position of a nation—called a State.

It is no part of the object of this article to enter into the details of the American government, its advantages or defects. This much, however, is clear—the American Constitution has lasted nearly one hundred years, and shows no signs of decay or disruption. It has stood the strain of the greatest war of modern times, and has emerged from the conflict stronger than before. Even during the war the antagonism of the rebels was directed, not against the Union, but against the efforts of the Northern States to suppress slavery, or, in other words, to destroy, as the Southern States believed (not unjustly as the event showed) their property in slaves, and consequently the only means they had of making their estates profitable. One conclusion, then, we may draw, that a nation in which the Imperial powers and the State powers are vested in different authorities is no less compact and powerful, as respects all national capacities, than a nation in which both classes of powers are wielded by the same functionaries; and one lesson more may be learned from the American War of Secession—namely, that in a nation having such a division of powers, any conflict between the two classes results in the Supreme or Imperial powers prevailing over the Local governmental powers, and not in the latter invading or driving a wedge into the Supreme powers. In fact, the tendency in case of a struggle is toward an undue centralization of the nation by reason of the encroachment of the Supreme power, rather than toward weakening of the national unity by separatist action of the constituent members of the nation.

In comparing the Constitution of the United States with the Constitution of the British Empire, we find an apparent resemblance in form as respects the

Anglo-Saxon colonies, but underlying the surface a total difference of principle. The United States is an aggregate of homogeneous and contiguous States which, in order to weld themselves into a nation, gave up a portion of their rights to a central authority, reserving to themselves all powers of government which they did not expressly relinquish.

The British Empire is an aggregate of many communities under one common head, and is thus described by Mr. Burke in 1774, in language which may seem to have been somewhat too enthusiastic at the time when it was spoken, but at the present day does not more than do justice to an Empire which comprises one sixth of the habitable globe in extent and population:—

“I look, I say, on the Imperial rights of Great Britain, and the privileges which the colonies ought to enjoy under those rights, to be just the most reconcilable things in the world. The Parliament of Great Britain sits at the head of her extensive Empire in two capacities: one as the local Legislature of this island, providing for all things at home immediately and by no other instrument than the executive power; the other, and I think her nobler capacity, is what I call her Imperial character, in which, as from the throne of heaven, she superintends all the several Legislatures, and guides and controls them all without annihilating any. As all these provincial Legislatures are only co-ordinate with each other, they ought all to be subordinate to her, else they can neither preserve mutual peace, nor hope for mutual justice, nor effectually afford mutual assistance.”*

The means by which the possessions of Great Britain were acquired have been as various as the possessions themselves. The European, Asiatic, and African possessions became ours by conquest and cession; the American by conquest, treaty, and settlement; the Australasian by settlement, and by that dubious system of settlement known by the name of annexation. Now, what is the link which fastens each of these possessions to the mother country? Surely it is the inherent and indestructible right of the British Crown to exercise Imperial powers—in other words, the supremacy of the Queen and the British Parliament? What, again, is the common bond of union between these vast colonial possessions, differing

* Burke's Speech on American Taxation, vol. i. p. 174.

in laws, in religion, and in the character of the population? The same answer must be given: the joint and several tie, so to speak, is the same—namely, the sovereignty of Great Britain. It is true that the mode in which the materials composing the British Empire have been cemented together is exactly the reverse of the manner of the construction of the American Union. In the case of the Union, independent States voluntarily relinquished a portion of their sovereignty to secure national unity, and intrusted the guardianship of that unity to a representative body chosen by themselves. Such a union was based on contract, and could only be constructed by communities which claimed to be independent. Far different have been the circumstances under which England has developed itself into the British Empire. England began as a sovereign power, having its sovereignty vested at first solely in the Sovereign, but gradually in the Sovereign and Parliament. This sovereignty neither the Crown nor the Parliament can, jointly or severally, get rid of, for it is of the very essence of a sovereign power that it cannot, by Act of Parliament or otherwise, bind its successors.* This principle of supremacy has never been lost sight of by the British Parliament. Their right to alter or suspend a colonial Constitution has never been disputed. Contract never enters into the question. The dominant authority delegates to its subordinate communities as much or as little power as it deems advantageous for each body, and, if it sees fit, resumes a portion or the whole of the delegated authority. The last point of difference to be noted between the American Constitution and the Constitution of the British Empire is the fact that as Minerva sprang from the brain of Jupiter fully equipped, so the American Constitution came forth from the hands of its framers complete and, what is of more importance, practically in material matters unchangeable except by the agony of an internecine war or some overwhelming passions. The British Em-

pire, on the other hand, is, as respects its component members, ever in progress and flux. An Anglo-Saxon colony, no less than a human being, has its infancy under the maternal care of a governor, its boyhood subject to the government of a representative council and an Executive appointed by the Crown, its manhood under Home Rule and responsible government, in which the Executive are bound to vacate their offices whenever they are out-voted in the Legislature. Changes are ever taking place in the growth, so to speak, of the several British possessions, but what is the result? Nobody ever dreams of these changes injuring the Imperial tie or the supremacy of the British Parliament, that alone towers above all, unchangeable and unimpaired; and, what is most notable, loyalty and devotion to the Crown—that is to say, the Imperial tie—so far from being weakened by the transition of a colony from a state of dependence in local affairs to the higher degree of a self-governing colony, are on the contrary, strengthened almost in direct proportion as the central interference with local affairs is diminished. On this point an unimpeachable witness—Mr. Merivale—says: "What, then, are the lessons to be learned from a consideration of the American Constitution and of our colonial system? Surely these: that Imperial unity and Imperial supremacy are in no degree dependent on the control exercised by the central power on its dependent members." Facts, however, are more conclusive than any arguments; and we have only to look back to the state some forty years ago of Canada, New Zealand, and the various colonies of Australia, and compare that state with their condition to-day, to come to the conclusion that the fullest power of local government is perfectly consistent with the unity of the Empire and the supremacy of the British Parliament. Under the old colonial Constitutions the Executive of those colonies was under the control of the Crown; and Mr. Merivale says "that the political existence consisted of a series of quarrels and reconciliations between the two opposing authorities—the colonial legislative body and the Executive nominated by the Crown." England resolved to give up the control

* This is the opinion of both English and American lawyers. See Blackstone's Comm. i. 90; Austin on Jurisprudence, i. 226. As to American cases, see Corley on Constitutional Limitations, pp. 2-149.

of the Executive, and to grant complete responsible government—that is to say, the Governor of each colony was instructed that his Executive Council (or Ministry, as we should call it) must resign whenever they were out-voted by the legislative body. The effect of this change, this relaxing, as would be supposed, of the Imperial tie, was magical, and is thus described by Mr. Merivale :*

“The magnitude of that change—the extraordinary rapidity of its beneficial effects—it is scarcely possible to exaggerate. None but those who have traced it can realize the sudden spring made by a young community under its first release from the old tie of subjection, moderate as that tie really was. The cessation, as if by magic, of the old irritant sores between colony and mother country is the first result. Not only are they at concord, but they seem to leave hardly any traces in the public mind behind them. Confidence and affection toward the home, still fondly so termed by the colonist as well as the emigrant, seem to supersede at once distrust and hostility. Loyalty, which was before the badge of a class suspected by the rest of the community, became the common watchword of all, and, with some extravagance in the sentiment, there arises no small share of its nobleness and devotion. Communities, which but a few years ago would have wrangled over the smallest item of public expenditure to which they were invited by the Executive to contribute, have vied with each other in their subscriptions to purposes of British interests in response to calls of humanity, or munificence for objects but indistinctly heard of at the distance of half the world.”

The Dominion of Canada has been so much talked about that it may be well to give a summary of its Constitution, though, in so far as regards its relations to the mother country, it differs in no material respect from any other self-governing colony. The Dominion consists of seven provinces, each of which has a Legislature of its own, but is at the same time subject to the Legislature of the Dominion, in the same manner as each State in the American Union has a Legislature of its own, and is at the same time subject to the control of Congress. The distinguishing feature between the system of the American States and the associated colonies of the Dominion of Canada is this—that all Imperial powers, everything that constitutes a people a nation as respects foreigners, are reserved to the mother country. The division, then, of the Dominion and its provinces consists only in a di-

vision of Local powers. It is impossible to mark accurately the line between Dominion and Provincial powers, but, speaking generally, Dominion powers relate to such matters—for example, the regulation of trade and commerce, postal service, currency, and so forth—as require to be dealt with on a uniform principle throughout the whole area of a country; while the Provincial powers relate to provincial and municipal institutions, provincial licensing, and other subjects restricted to the limits of the province. As a general rule, the Legislature of the Dominion and the Legislature of each province have respectively exclusive jurisdiction within the limits of the subjects intrusted to them; but, as respects agriculture and immigration, the Dominion Parliament have power to overrule any Act of the provincial Legislatures, and, as respects property and civil rights in Ontario, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, the Dominion Parliament may legislate with a view to uniformity, but their legislation is not valid unless it is accepted by the Legislature of each province to which it applies.

The executive authority in the Dominion Government, as in all the self-governing colonies, is carried on by the Governor in the name of the Queen, but with the advice of a Council: that is to say, as to all Imperial matters, he is under the control of the mother country; as to all local matters, he acts on the advice of his local Council. The result of the whole is that the citizenship of an inhabitant of the Dominion of Canada is a triple tie. Suppose him to reside in the province of Quebec. First, he is a citizen of that province, and bound to obey all the laws which it is within the competence of the provincial Legislature to pass. Next, he is a citizen of the Dominion of Canada, and acknowledges its jurisdiction in all matters outside the legitimate sphere of the province. Lastly, and above all, he is a subject of her Majesty. He is to all intents and purposes, as respects the vast company of nations, an Englishman, entitled to all the privileges as he is to all the glory of the mother country so far as such privileges can be enjoyed and glory participated in without actual residence in England. One startling

* “Lectures on the Colonies,” p. 641.

point of likeness in events and unlikeness in consequences is to be found in the history of Ireland and Canada. In 1798 Ireland rebelled. Protestant and Catholic were arrayed in arms against each other. The rebellion was quenched in blood, and measures of repression have been in force, with slight intervals of suspension, ever since, with this result—that the Ireland of 1886 is scarcely less disloyal and discontented than the Ireland of 1798. In 1837 and 1838 Canada rebelled. Protestants and Catholics, differing in nationality as well as in religion, were arrayed in arms against each other. The rebellion was quelled with the least possible violence, a free Constitution was given, and the Canada of 1886 is the largest, most loyal, and most contented colony in her Majesty's dominions.

Assuming, then, thus much to be proved by the Constitution of the United States that national unity of the closest description is consistent with complete Home Rule in the component members of the nation, and by the history of Canada and the British colonial empire that an Imperial tie is sufficient to bind together for centuries dependencies differing in situation, in nationality, in religion, in laws, in everything that distinguishes peoples one from another, and further and more particularly that emancipation of the Anglo-Saxon colonies from control in their internal affairs strengthens instead of weakens Imperial unity, let us turn to Ireland and inquire whether there is anything in the circumstances under which Home Rule was proposed to be granted to Ireland, or in the measures intended to establish that Home Rule, fairly leading to the inference that disruption of the Empire or an impairment of Imperial powers would probably be a consequence of passing the Irish Government Bill and the Irish Land Bill. And, first, as to the circumstances which would seem to recommend the Irish Home Rule Bill.

Ireland, from the very commencement of her connection with England, has chafed under the restraints which that connection imposed. The closer the apparent union between the two countries the greater the real disunion. The Act of 1800, *in words and in law*, effected not a union merely, but a consolida-

tion of the two countries. The effect of those words and that law was to give rise to a restless discontent, which has constantly found expression in efforts to procure the repeal of the Act of Union and the re-establishment of a National Parliament in Dublin. How futile have been the efforts of the British Parliament to diminish by concession or repress by coercion Irish aspirations or Irish discontent it is unnecessary to discuss here. All men admit the facts, however different the conclusions which they draw from those facts. What Burke said of America on moving in 1775 his resolution on conciliation with the colonies was true in 1885 with respect to Ireland:—

“The fact is undoubted, that under former Parliaments the state of America [read for America, Ireland] has been kept in continual agitation. Everything administered as remedy to the public complaint, if it did not produce, was at least followed by an heightening of the distemper, until, by a variety of experiments, that important country has been brought into her present situation—a situation which I will not miscall, which I dare not name, which I scarcely know how to comprehend in the terms of any description.” *

At length, after the election of 1885 Mr. Gladstone and the majority of his followers came to the conclusion that an opportunity had presented itself for providing Ireland with a Constitution conferring on the people of that country the largest measure of self-government consistent with the absolute supremacy of the Crown and the Imperial Parliament and the entire unity of the Empire. A scheme was proposed which was accepted in principle by the representatives of the National party in Ireland as a fair and sufficient adjustment of the Imperial claims of Great Britain and the Local claims of Ireland. The scheme was shortly this. A Legislative Assembly was proposed to be established in Ireland with power to make all laws necessary for the good government of Ireland—in other words, invested with the same powers of local self-government as a colonial Assembly. The Irish Assembly was in one respect unlike a colonial Legislature. It consisted of one House only, but this House was divided into two orders, each of which, in case of differences on any important legisla-

* Burke, vol. i. p. 181.

tive matter, voted separately. This form was adopted in order to minimize the chances of collision between the two orders, by making it imperative on each order to hear the arguments of the other before proceeding to a division, thus throwing on the dissentient order the full responsibility of its dissent, with a complete knowledge of the consequences likely to ensue therefrom. The clause conferring on the Irish Legislature full powers of local self-government was immediately followed by a provision excepting, by enumeration, from any interference on the part of the Irish Legislature, all Imperial powers, and declaring any enactment void which infringed on that provision. This exception (as is well known) is not found in colonial Constitutional Acts. In them the restriction of the words of the grant to Local powers only has been held sufficient to safeguard the supremacy of the British Parliament and the unity of the Empire. The reason for making a difference in the case of the Home Rule Bill was political, not legal. Separation was declared by the enemies of the Bill to be the real intention of its supporters, and destruction of the unity of the Empire to be its certain consequence. It seemed well that Ireland, by her representatives, should accept as a satisfactory charter of Irish liberty a document which contained an express submission to Imperial power and a direct acknowledgment of Imperial unity. Similarly with respect to the supremacy of the British Parliament. In the colonial Constitutions all reference to this supremacy is omitted as being too clear to require notice. In the case of the Irish Home Rule Bill instructions were given to preserve in express words the supremacy of the British Parliament in order to pledge Ireland to an express admission of that supremacy by the same vote which accepted Local powers. It is true that the wording by the draftsman of the sentence reserving the supremacy of Parliament was justly found fault with as inaccurate and doubtful, but that defect would have been cured by an amendment in Committee; and, even if there had not been any such clause in the Bill, it is clear, from what has been said above, that the Imperial Legislature could not, if it

would, renounce its supremacy or abdicate its sovereign powers. The executive government in Ireland was continued in the Queen, to be carried on by the Lord Lieutenant on behalf of her Majesty, with the aid of such officers and Council as to her Majesty might from time to time seem fit. Her Majesty was also a constituent part of the Legislature, with power to delegate to the Lord Lieutenant the prerogative of assenting to or dissenting from Bills, and of summoning, proroguing, and dissolving Parliament. Under these provisions the Lord Lieutenant resembled the Governor of a colony with responsible government. He was invested with a double authority—first, Imperial; secondly, Local. As an Imperial officer, he was bound to veto any Bill injuriously affecting Imperial interests or inconsistent with general Imperial policy; as a Local officer, it was his duty to act in all local matters according to the advice of his Council, whose tenure of office depended on their being in harmony with, and supported by, a majority of the Legislative Assembly. Questions relating to the constitutionality of any particular law were not left altogether to the decision of the Governor. If a Bill containing a provision infringing Imperial rights passed the Legislature, its validity might be decided in the first instance by the ordinary courts of law, but the ultimate appeal lay to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and, with a view to secure absolute impartiality in the Committee, it was provided that Ireland should be represented in that body by persons who either were or had been Irish judges. Not the least important provision of the Bill, as respects the maintenance of Imperial interests, was the continuance of Imperial taxation. The Customs and Excise duties were directed to be levied, as heretofore, in pursuance of the enactments of the Imperial Parliament, and were excepted from the control of the Irish Legislature, which had full power, with that exception, to impose such taxes in Ireland as they might think expedient. The Bill further provided that neither the Imperial taxes of Excise nor any Local taxes that might be imposed by the Irish Legislature should be paid into the Irish Exchequer. An Imperial

officer called the Receiver-General was appointed, into whose hands the produce of every tax, both Imperial and Local, was required to be paid, and it was the duty of the Receiver General to take care that all claims of the English Exchequer, including especially the contribution payable by Ireland for Imperial purposes, were satisfied before a farthing found its way into the Irish Exchequer for Irish purposes. The Receiver-General was provided with an Imperial Court to enforce his rights of Imperial taxation, and adequate means for enforcing all Imperial powers by Imperial civil officers. The Bill did not provide for the representation of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament on all Imperial questions, including questions relating to Imperial taxation, but it is fully understood that in any Bill which might hereafter be brought forward relating to Home Rule those defects would be remedied.

An examination, then, of the Home Rule Bill, that "child of revolution and parent of separation," appears to lead irresistibly to two conclusions. First, that Imperial rights and Imperial powers, representation for Imperial purposes, Imperial taxation—in short, every link that binds a subordinate member of an Empire to its supreme head—have been maintained unimpaired and unchanged. Secondly, that, in granting Home Rule to discontented Ireland, that form of responsible government has been adopted which, as Mr. Merivale declares—and his declaration subsequent events have more than verified—when conferred on the discontented colonies, changed restless aspirations for separation into quiet loyalty.

That such a Bill as the Home Rule Bill should be treated as an invasion of Imperial rights is a proof of one, or perhaps of both, the following axioms—that Bills are never read by their accusers, and that party spirit will distort the plainest facts. The union of Great Britain and Ireland was not, so far as Imperial powers were concerned, disturbed by the Bill, and an Irishman remains a citizen of the British Empire under the Home Rule Bill, with the same obligations and the same privileges, on the same terms as before. All the Bill did was to make his Irish citizen-

ship distinct from his Imperial citizenship, in the same manner as the citizenship of a native of the State of New York is distinct from his citizenship as a member of the United States. Now it has been found that the Central power in the United States has been more than a match for the State powers, and can it be conceived for a moment that the Imperial power of Great Britain should not be a match for the local power of Ireland—a State which has not one seventh of the population or one twentieth part of the income of the dominant community?

One argument remains to be noticed which Mr. Dicey and the opponents of Home Rule urge as absolutely condemnatory of the measure, whereas, if properly weighed, it is conclusive in its favor. Home Rule, they say, is a mere question of sentiment. "National aspirations" are the twaddle of English enthusiasts who know nothing of Ireland. What is really wanted is the reform of the Land Law. Settle the agrarian problem, and Home Rule may be relegated to the place supposed to be paved with good intentions. The Irish will straightway change their character, and become a law-abiding, contented, loyal people. Be it so. But suppose it to be proved that the establishment of an Irish Government, or, in other words, Home Rule, is an essential condition of agrarian reform—that the latter cannot be had without the former—surely Home Rule should stand none the worse in the estimation of its opponents if it not only secures a safe basis for putting an end to agrarian exasperation, but also gratifies the feeling of the Irish people as expressed by the majority of its representatives in Parliament. Now, what is the nature of the Irish Land Question? This we must understand before considering the remedy. In Ireland (meaning by Ireland that part of the country which is in the hands of tenants, and falls within the compass of a Land Bill) the tenure of land is wholly unlike that which is found in the greater part of England. Instead of large farms in which the landlord makes all the improvements and the tenant pays rent for the privilege of cultivating the land and receives the produce, small holdings are found in which the tenant

does the improvements (if any) and pays a fixed rent-charge to the owner. In England the tenant does not perform the obligations or in any way aspire to the character of owner. If he thinks he can get a cheaper farm, he quits his former one, regarding his interest in the land as a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. Not so the Irish tenant. He has made what he calls improvements, he claims a quasi-ownership in the land, and has the characteristic Celtic attachment for the patch of ground forming his holding, however squalid it may be, however inadequate for his support. In short, in Ireland there is a dual ownership—that of the proprietor, who has no interest in the soil so long as the tenant pays his rent and fulfils the conditions of his tenancy; and that of the tenant, who, subject to the payment of his rent and performance of the fixed conditions, acts, thinks, and carries himself as the owner of his holding. A system, then, of agrarian reform in Ireland resolves itself into an inquiry as to the best mode of putting an end to this dual ownership—that is to say, of making the tenant the sole proprietor of his holding, and compensating the landlord for his interest in the ownership. The problem is further narrowed by the circumstance that the tenant cannot be expected to advance any capital or pay an increased rent, so that the means of compensating the landlord must be found out of the existing rent.

The plan adopted in Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill was to commute the rent-charges, offering the landlord, as a general rule, twenty years' purchase on the net rental of the estate (that is to say, the rent received by him after deducting all outgoings), and paying him the purchase-money in $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. stock taken at par. The stock was to be advanced by the English Government to an Irish State department at $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. interest, and the Bill provided that the tenant, instead of rent, was to pay an annuity of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on a capital sum equal in amount to twenty times the gross rental. An illustration will most readily show how the plan works, it being only necessary to premise that an annuity of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. paid for a period of forty-nine years will

discharge all principal and interest due in respect of a capital sum lent at $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent.

Bearing the foregoing assumption in mind, let John Jones be the tenant of the Shannon holding at $\pounds 10$ a year, and John Brown the landlord. Then the account stands as follows:—Shannon holding= $\pounds 10$ a year gross rent. Assume the outgoings to be $\pounds 20$ per cent.; then the sum payable to the landlord = twenty times the gross rent, after deducting 20 per cent. for outgoings—that is to say, $\pounds 20 \times \pounds 10 = \pounds 200 - \pounds 40 = \pounds 160$. The sum payable by the tenant = $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on ten years' purchase of gross rental—that is to say, $\pounds 4$ per cent. on $\pounds 200$, or $\pounds 8$ a year for forty-nine years. England lends Ireland $\pounds 160$ stock at $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. to pay the landlord. And, inasmuch as an annuity of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. pays off principal and interest of money lent at $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. in forty-nine years, the Irish authority pays off the debt in forty-nine years by a payment of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on $\pounds 160$, or $\pounds 6$ 8s., for forty-nine years. At the same time, the Irish State authority receives from the tenant $\pounds 8$ a year for the same period, thus gaining the difference between $\pounds 6$ 8s. and $\pounds 8$, or $\pounds 1$ 12s., for expenses of collection and profit. The consequence, then, is that by Mr. Gladstone's plan the landlord obtains twenty years' purchase on the net rental for his estate; the tenant's rent is reduced from $\pounds 10$ to $\pounds 8$; the Irish Government receives $\pounds 8$ and pays only $\pounds 6$ 8s., making an annual profit of the difference.

Another mode of putting the case shortly is as follows:—The English Exchequer lends the money to the Irish State authority at $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent., and an annuity of 4 per cent. paid during forty-nine years will, as has been stated above, repay both principal and interest for every $\pounds 100$ lent at $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. On the sale of an estate under the Bill, the landlord receives twenty years' purchase; the tenant pays $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on twenty years' purchase of the gross rental; the Irish State authority receives $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the gross rental; the English Exchequer receives 4 per cent. on the net rental only.

The machinery, so to speak, of the Land Bill is this:—An Imperial Commission is appointed to see that the land-

lord obtains a fair price for his estate. The Irish Government create a Land Department to conduct the business on behalf of the Irish Government. The tenant requires no protection, as his rent is necessarily reduced, and consequently no power of refusing to become the owner of the land was given to him, except in certain special cases. It has been found, however, that the absence of a power on the side of the tenant to refuse to become proprietor is liable to misconception; it will be advisable, therefore, in a future Bill, to provide that the State should become the proprietor instead of the tenant, if the tenant prefers to retain his existing position instead of becoming an owner on payment of a reduced rent for forty-nine years, and should be entitled to make what bargain it pleases with the tenant. The notable feature which distinguishes this plan from all other schemes is the security given for the repayment of the purchase-money: hitherto the English Government has lent the money directly to the landlord or tenant, and has become the mortgagee of the land—in other words, has become in effect the landlord of the land sold to the tenant until the repayment of the loan has been completed. To carry into effect under such a system any extensive scheme of agrarian reform (and if not extensive such a reform would be of no value in pacifying Ireland) presupposes a readiness on the part of the English Government to become virtually the landlord of a large portion of Ireland, with the attendant odium of absenteeism and alien domination. Under the Land Bill of Mr. Gladstone all these difficulties are overcome. The Irish, not the English, Government is the virtual landlord. It is the interest of Ireland that the annuities due from the tenants should be regularly paid, as, subject to the prior charge of the English Exchequer, they form part of the Irish revenues. It may be objected that the Irish Government may repudiate the debt; that is rendered impossible by a provision that all the Irish revenues, including the land rents, are to be paid into the hands of the Imperial Receiver-General, whose office we have described above, and it is his duty to liquidate the debt due to his Imperial master, the Imperial Ex-

chequer, before the Irish Government can receive any portion of the moneys in his hands. The position of the Receiver-General has perhaps not been sufficiently guarded in the present Bill, and it will be advisable in a future Bill to declare that he shall, if he thinks fit, collect the taxes by Imperial officers. The cardinal difference, then, between Mr. Gladstone's scheme and any other land scheme that has seen the light is this—that in Mr. Gladstone's scheme the English loans are lent to the Irish Government on the security of the whole Irish revenues, whereas in every other scheme they have been lent by the English Government to the Irish creditors on the security of individual patches of land.

The whole question, then, of the relation between Home Rule and agrarian reform may be summed up as follows:—Agrarian reform is necessary for the pacification of Ireland; agrarian reform cannot be efficiently carried into effect without an Irish Government; an Irish Government can only be established by a Home Rule Bill: therefore a Home Rule Bill is necessary for the pacification of Ireland. It is idle to say, as has been said on numerous platforms, that plans no doubt can be devised for agrarian reform without Home Rule. The Irish revenues are the only collateral security that can be obtained for loans of English money, and Irish revenues are only available for the purpose on the establishment of an Irish Government. Baronial guarantees, union guarantees, county guarantees, debenture schemes, have all been tried and found wanting, and vague assertions as to possibilities are idle unless they are based on intelligible working plans.

The foregoing arguments will be equally valid if, instead of making the tenants peasant-proprietors, it were thought desirable that the Irish State should be the proprietor and the tenants be the holders of the land at perpetual rents and subject to fixed conditions. Again, it might be possible to pay the landlords by annual sums instead of capital sums. Such matters are really questions of detail. The substance is to interpose the Irish Government between the tenant and the English mortgagee, and to make the loans general

charges on the whole of the Irish Government revenues as paid into the hands of an Imperial Receiver instead of placing them as special charges, each fixed on its own small estate or holding. The fact that Mr. Gladstone's land scheme has been denounced as confiscation of £100,000,000 of the English taxpayers' property, while Lord Ashbourne's Act is pronounced by the same party wise and prudent, shows the political blindness of party spirit in its most absurd form. Lord Ashbourne's Act requires precisely the same expenditure to do the same work as Mr. Gladstone's Bill requires, but in Mr. Gladstone's scheme the whole Irish revenue is pledged as collateral security, and the Irish Government is interposed between the ultimate creditor and the Irish tenant, while under Lord Ashbourne's Act the English Government figures without disguise as the landlord of each tenant, exacting a debt which the tenant is unwilling to pay as being due to what he calls an alien Government.

An endeavor has been made in the preceding pages to prove that Home Rule in no respect infringes on Imperial rights or Imperial unity, for the simple reason that the Imperial power remains exactly in the same position as it was before, the Home Rule Bill dealing only with Local matters. If this statement be correct, it disposes at once of a great part of Mr. Dicey's book. A system which does not affect the Empire or diminish the supremacy of the British Parliament, which merely confers local self-government on a dependency of the Empire not so important to Great Britain as several of her colonies, can hardly be said "to work irreparable injury to Great Britain and the British Empire."* At all events, Burke thought that the Imperial supremacy alone constituted a real union between England and Ireland. He says:—

"My poor opinion is, that the closest connection between Great Britain and Ireland is essential to the well-being—I had almost said to the very being—of the three kingdoms; for that purpose I humbly conceive that the whole of the superior, and what I should call Imperial politics, ought to have its residence here, and that Ireland, locally, civilly, and commercially independent, ought politically to look up to Great Britain in all matters of peace and

war. In all these points to be joined with her, and, in a word, with her to live and to die."*

How strange to Burke would have seemed the doctrine that the restoration of a limited power of self-government to Ireland, excluding commerce, and excluding all matters not only Imperial, but those in which uniformity is required, should be denounced as a disruption of the Empire!

I agree altogether with Mr. Dicey when he says "that the welfare of thirty millions of citizens must, if a conflict of interest arise, be preferred to the interest of five millions of citizens"—nay, further, that it is an error of democracy to admit "that a fraction of a nation has a right to speak with the authority of the whole, and that the right of each portion of the people to make its wishes heard involves the right to have them granted."†

What is contended is, that if the aspirations of the Irish people can be satisfied by a Home Rule Bill which cannot injure Imperial rights or the supremacy of the British Parliament, it is folly to reject so cheap a mode of settling a question which has for centuries been a thorn in the side of the English. It is true that, unlike Mr. Dicey, I do not think that in considering Home Rule we ought "to separate in the clearest manner matters of business from matters of feeling."‡ It is not, as he affirms, an "illusion of language or falsely applied historical method to talk of England and Ireland as though they were two human beings."§ Surely nations are actuated by the same passions, the same hopes, the same fears, as individuals; and Mr. Dicey corrects himself when, speaking in another part of his book, he says that "in Germany the sentiment of nationality has overridden the political divisions which broke up Germany into almost disconnected and often hostile States."||

On the land question Mr. Dicey agrees that "historical causes have generated in Ireland a condition of opinion which in all matters regarding the land impedes that enforcement of law which is the primary duty of every civilized govern-

* "Letter on Affairs of Ireland," i. 462.

† Dicey, pp. 17, 29.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 10.

§ *Ibid.* p. 15.

|| *Ibid.* p. 56.

* Dicey, p. 16.

ment." * He then states that, instead of such a condition being any argument in favor of Home Rule, the proper conclusion is "that if the popular source of discontent be agrarian, then the right course is to amend the Land Laws, while improving the administrative system and enforcing justice between man and man." † The short answer to this is that the necessity for amending the Land Laws is the most cogent possible argument for Home Rule, inasmuch as no effectual agrarian reform can be carried into effect without an Irish Government and the collateral security of the Irish revenues, and that neither the Irish Government nor the security of the Irish revenues is obtainable without a Home Rule Bill. What Mr. Dicey means by improving the administrative system is proved by other parts of his book, in which he mentions, with apparent approbation, "the official hierarchy which on the Continent represents the authority of the State," ‡ and declares "that there is nothing objectionable or anomalous in increasing, as time goes on, the stringency of criminal procedure." § Why any improvements in criminal procedure should succeed in checking agrarian crime when neither the Act of 1881, which, he justly says, established a despotic government, nor the Act of 1882, which he thinks ought to be made permanent, ¶ was unsuccessful, Mr. Dicey does not inform us; nor does he allude to the obvious argument that legislation is ineffective to repress crime generated, as agrarian crime is, by a sense of injustice, unless it at the same time provides some remedy for the injustice. In chapter iv. he deals with the argument in favor of Home Rule derived from foreign experience, by supposing that the Home Rulers hold up for admiration Turkish rule, and think that the Austro-Hungarian Government, and the Russian administration of Finland, and so forth are examples for Home Rule in Ireland. ¶ Now, a little consideration would have shown Mr. Dicey that, instead of adopting foreign types, the framers of the Irish Bills proceeded strictly on the lines of the English Constitution as embodied in the American

copy of English prerogatives or in our own colonial Constitutions. Foreign examples were only adduced to show that countries adverse to each other while the one was in a state of dependence to the other became friendly as soon as local independence was accorded to the dependent member.

Every argument against Home Rule is necessarily based on the assumption that it is inexpedient to alter the Act of Union to the extent of allowing a separate Legislature in Ireland. On this hinges the whole case of the opponents to the Home Rule Bill, for, once admit the expediency of a separate body with power to govern Ireland in Local matters, and there remains to the framers of the Home Rule Bill the comparatively easy task of showing that the form they have adopted, either in its present shape or with such amendments as would not be inconsistent with the principle of the measure, is an admirable expedient for removing Irish difficulties. It is right, then, to examine in detail Mr. Dicey's plea on behalf of the maintenance of the Union. With characteristic candor, he begins by admitting that, "although eighty-six years have elapsed since the conclusion of the treaty of union between England and Ireland, the two countries do not yet form a united nation. The Irish people are, if not more wretched (for the whole European world has made progress, and Ireland with it), yet more conscious of wretchedness, and Irish disaffection to England is, if not deeper, more widespread than in 1800." * He says that, "if the Union is to be maintained with advantage to any part of the United Kingdom, the people of the United Kingdom must make the most strenuous, firm, and continuous effort, lasting, it may well be for twenty years or more, to enforce throughout every part of the United Kingdom obedience to the law of the land." † Coupling this expression, "enforcing the law of the land," with his remarks on coercion in a previous chapter, ‡ it is clear that Mr. Dicey's maintenance of the Union rests on the same basis as Lord Salisbury's—that is to say, a benevolent despotism for

* Dicey, p. 98.

† *Ibid.* p. 97.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 83.

§ *Ibid.* p. 119.

¶ *Ibid.* p. 117.

¶ *Ibid.* p. 51.

* Dicey, p. 128.

† *Ibid.* p. 131.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 117.

twenty years. On the other hand, to balance, as it were, the foregoing severe saying, he adds that "a change of feeling would make it easy for English politicians and English voters to perceive that the local affairs of Ireland ought to be managed in the Parliament of the United Kingdom in accordance with the opinion of the parliamentary representatives of Ireland." * He does not deny that the maintenance of the Union is an arduous effort, and "it must be combined with an equally strenuous endeavor to see that in Ireland, as in every part of the United Kingdom, the demands of the law be made to coincide with the demands of morality and of humanity." † In favor of the Act of Union, as I understand Mr. Dicey's book, he advances no direct arguments except that "it ended once and for all an intolerable condition of affairs," ‡ without explaining what the affairs were of which it ended the intolerable condition or how it ended them. The result, then, of Mr. Dicey's arguments is this—that the Union ought to be maintained by any requisite amount of coercion, but that, in the mean time, the agrarian feud must be put an end to by making the tenants proprietors of the land, and Ireland must be governed by laws conformable to morality and humanity, and passed in accordance with the demands of the Irish representatives. Now, such being Mr. Dicey's programme, is there any material part of it within the sphere of practical politics except through the medium of Home Rule and a Land Bill dependent on Home Rule? The twenty years of benevolent despotism which Mr. Dicey and Lord Salisbury rightly consider essential to the well-governing of Ireland under the Union are absolutely certain not to come to pass, and, if they did come to pass, it is hard to see why twenty future years of coercion should effect what past centuries of coercive rule have failed to effect. Further, how can Ireland be governed according to the wishes of Ireland with coercion? and how can the agrarian feud be stamped out without a Land Bill? And yet, as has been shown above, an effective Land Bill cannot be passed with-

out the establishment of a National Government in Ireland. The only material objection to Home Rule is the allegation that it is injurious to the unity of the Empire and the supremacy of Parliament—a charge which has been sufficiently disposed of in the previous pages. Having decided that the Union ought to be maintained, and, as a consequence, that Home Rule ought to be rejected, it seems a work of supererogation in Mr. Dicey to go through the various forms of Home Rule—namely, federation, colonial independence, Grattan's Constitution, the Gladstonian Constitution—and condemn each form separately. Why, he should make his anathemas joint and several. With respect to federation, it undoubtedly, as Mr. Dicey says, is in effect the result of a written compact between independent States, who form a union together on equal terms, and it is a mere confusion of thought to treat federation as having in principle, though it may have in form, anything in common with Imperialism, meaning by Imperialism the relation between the head of the Empire "and the component parts of the great political union of communities of which our Empire is composed." Federation would undoubtedly, as Mr. Dicey avers, destroy the supremacy of the British Parliament, and not only that, but the existence of the Empire; but, for the reasons stated above, federation between the dominant head of the Empire and a dependent community is a contradiction in terms, and never was dreamed of by the framers of the Home Rule Bill. Colonial independence appears to commend itself to Mr. Dicey as the best form (though bad at the best) of Home Rule for Ireland, but he thinks the consequent power of Ireland to have an army and navy would be dangerous. Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill maintains the Union in respect of the army and navy and all other Imperial matters. The Irishman, for the purposes of peace and war, remains subject to the British Parliament in all respects as he has hitherto been. He has by a great majority of his representatives stated that he is satisfied with Local self-government and Imperial submission. Why Mr. Dicey should think it conducive to the unity of the

* Dicey, p. 137.

† *Ibid.* p. 140.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 132.

Empire to discharge the Irishman from his Imperial obligations does not appear, and is difficult to discover. Grattan's Constitution granted an independence more complete in law, though perhaps not more complete in practice, than colonial independence. It is therefore condemned at once as being inapplicable to the state of things which the Home Rule Bill was intended by its framers to establish in Ireland.

To conclude. One charge made against the Gladstonian Home Rule Bill is that of impairing the supremacy of the British Parliament. That allegation has been shown also to be founded on a mistake. Next, it is said that the Gladstonian scheme does not provide securities against executive and legislative oppression. The answer is complete. The executive authority being vested in the Queen, it will be the duty of the Governor not to allow executive oppression; still more will it be his duty to veto any act of legislative oppression. Further, it is stated that difficulties will arise with respect to the power of the Privy Council to nullify unconstitutional Acts. But it is hard to see why a power which is exercised with success in the United States, where all the States are equal, and without dispute in our colonies, which are all dependent, should not be carried into effect with equal ease in Ireland, which is more closely bound to us and more completely under our power than the colonies are, or than the several States are under power of the Central Government.

Mr. Dicey sums up the whole matter as follows:—

"If the passion of nationality is the cause of the malady, then the proposed cure is useless, for the Home Rule Bill will not turn the people of Ireland into a nation. If a vicious system of land tenure is the cause of the lawlessness, then the restoration or re-creation of the Irish Parliament is needless, for the Parliament of the United Kingdom can reform, and

ought to reform, the land system of Ireland, and ought to be able to carry through a final settlement of agrarian disputes with less injustice to individuals than could any Parliament sitting at Dublin."*

Mr. Dicey, by thus separating Home Rule and agrarian reform, obscures and misrepresents the whole situation. The cause of Irish discontent is the conjoint operation of the passion for nationality and the vicious system of land tenure, and the scheme of the Irish Home Rule Bill and the Land Bill removes the whole fabric on which Irish discontent is raised. The Irish, by the great majority of their representatives, have accepted the Home Rule Bill as a satisfactory settlement of the nationality question. The British Parliament can, through the medium of the Home Rule Bill and the establishment of an Irish Legislature, carry through a final settlement of agrarian disputes with less injustice to individuals than could a Parliament sitting in Dublin, and, be it added, with scarcely any appreciable risk to the British taxpayer. Of course it may be said that an Irish Parliament will go further—that Home Rule is a step to separation, and a reform of the Land Laws a spoliation of the landlords. To those who urge such arguments I would recommend the perusal of the speech of Burke on Conciliation with America, and especially the following sentences, substituting "Ireland" for "the colonies":—

"But [the Colonies] Ireland will go further. Alas! alas! when will this speculating against fact and reason end? What will quiet these panic fears which we entertain of the hostile effect of a conciliatory conduct? Is it true that no case can exist in which it is proper for the Sovereign to accede to the desires of his discontented subjects? Is there anything peculiar in this case to make it a rule for itself? Is all authority of course lost when it is not pushed to the extreme? Is it a certain maxim that the fewer causes of discontentment are left by Government the more the subject will be inclined to resist and rebel?"

—*Contemporary Review.*

EMIN PASHA.

BY FREDERICK A. EDWARDS.

THE letters received toward the close of last year from Emin Bey, who for years has been struggling against enormous odds to maintain the most south-

erly provinces of Egypt's late possessions in the Soudan, have revealed to

* Dicey, p. 279.

the world a bright spot in the dark regions of Equatorial Africa devastated by the Arab slave-hunters. Like a wedge driven between the grounds harassed by the Arabs on the Upper Nile and the hunting-grounds of the notorious Tippoo Tip on the Lualaba, or Upper Kongo, the province governed by Emin Bey stands boldly forth as a barrier against this infamous traffic. Cut off entirely from communication with the outer world, and deserted by the Egyptian Government to which he has proved so admirable a servant, he has succeeded by dint of great effort not only in preserving the lives of the troops and officials placed in his charge, but in maintaining peace and good government among the native races. But by this time he must be in great straits, and not a moment too soon will be the expedition which Mr. H. M. Stanley is now leading for his relief.

The unfortunate withdrawal of Gordon Pasha from the Egyptian Soudan provinces at the close of 1879 gave the slave-dealers an opportunity of reasserting their power, of which they were not long in availing themselves; and to this juncture may be traced all the troubles which have since distracted this region, and obliterated for ages the grand civilizing work accomplished by Gordon. During the six years which Gordon had spent in these provinces as the representative of the late Khedive Ismail, he had brought them into a peaceable and settled condition, and had sorely crippled the slave-hunters. As soon as his strong hand was removed the slave-hunters recommenced their old game, and, rallying round the so-called "Mahdi," raised the rebellion which lost these provinces to Egypt and to civilization.

It was part of Gordon's policy to associate with him in his work a number of Europeans, who, like him, were interested in raising the status of the negro tribes and suppressing the slave-trade. Among these was an Austrian physician, named Dr. Schnitzler, who first became associated with Gordon Pasha as surgeon-general in the Egyptian Equatorial Provinces in 1874. Emin Effendi—for Dr. Schnitzler chose to hide his patronymic under the name by

which he has now become known to the world—was well qualified for the work he was called upon to perform. He had obtained a good medical education in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. He was an excellent linguist, having a knowledge of many European languages and of several of those spoken in Asia. His intimate acquaintance with various sciences was also remarkable—geology, botany, meteorology, anthropology, and geographical studies serving to occupy his leisure moments. It was not, therefore, to be wondered at that his good qualifications recommended themselves to Gordon, and that the services of Emin Effendi were enlisted in his great work.

But the duties of Emin Effendi were not confined to services connected with his medical profession, though in that respect the services which he was able to render may be well understood. Gordon Pasha took advantage of his marked ability in dealing with natives, and employed him in three diplomatic missions of no little importance—two to Uganda, where King Mtesa then held sway, and one to Unyoro. One of his missions to Uganda was of singular difficulty and danger. An officer, acting contrary to Gordon Pasha's instructions, had marched with 300 men to the capital of Uganda with the intention of annexing the country, and Dr. Emin Effendi was sent to bring back the men; he accomplished the task after much difficulty in a successful manner.* It was most important for Gordon Pasha to cultivate friendly relations with Kaba Rega, the King of Unyoro, whom Sir Samuel Baker had found utterly intractable, and who yet continued to harass the Egyptian frontier. He appears to have espoused the cause of the slave-dealers, and thus more than once came into collision with Gordon's officers. He did not, however, venture to meet the renowned Englishman face to face, but on his approach took to flight. This was in 1875. But doubtless impressed with the growing fame of the Governor of the Equatorial Provinces, and realizing the uselessness of attempting to oppose him, he

* Mr. R. W. Felkin, *Anti-Slavery Reporter* (1886), page 136.

ultimately manifested a more friendly disposition. In bringing about this change in his demeanor Emin Effendi did good service. In 1877 he visited Kaba Rega without any armed escort, and spent a month with him, concluding a peace which the King of Unyoro has maintained up to the present time.

When Gordon Pasha returned to the Soudan after his short visit to England in the winter of 1876-77, he was intrusted by the Khedive with largely increased power. He was now appointed Governor-General of the whole of the Egyptian possessions in the Soudan, of which the Equatorial Provinces formed a portion. To the post of Governor of the Equatorial Provinces he, in 1878, appointed Dr. Emin, now raised to the rank of Bey. The new Governor entered upon his duties with a thorough acquaintance with the country over which he was to rule, but his position was surrounded with many difficulties which would have dismayed a man with less determination and energy. When he took up the reins of power the only district in peace and security was a belt of land on each side of the Nile, extending from Lado to the Albert Nyanza and the Shuli district to the east of the Nile. To the southward, the Egyptian jurisdiction extended to the Albert Nyanza, the western shore of which was claimed as Egyptian territory, and to the portion of the Nile above the Albert Lake. On the east and the west the boundaries of Emin Bey's province were entirely undefined. The Nile, running north and south throughout the province, naturally formed the chief means of communication, and on its banks Gordon had already established a number of military stations. Of these the chief was Lado, about six miles to the north of Gondokoro, which had been adopted as the chief seat of government, the latter place having proved malarious; but to no great distance from the river could the native tribes be said to have submitted to the Egyptian yoke.

This, then, was the country which Emin Bey was called upon to govern; and he did not let the grass grow under his feet, but set himself steadily to work to improve the condition of his people. He made several journeys through different parts of his province, ever alive to

scientific research and geographical exploration, and his letters and maps, which have from time to time appeared in *Petermann's Mittheilungen* and other publications, have added much to our knowledge of Central Africa. In the early part of 1880 he visited the western shores of the Albert Nyanza, returning with a large collection of shells and other objects of natural history. He does not appear to have gone far enough to settle the problem as to whether the lake first discovered by Sir Samuel Baker and that visited by Stanley form one or two basins. During the journey he examined the Larragoi, which Signor Romolo Gessi had stated to flow out of the Nile to the westward a short distance below the Albert Nyanza, though he did not succeed in determining whether it was a backwater or an arm of the river.

In the following year we find him making exploratory journeys to the east and west of the Bahr-el-Jebel, or White Nile. Starting from Gondokoro, he travelled through Belinyan and Liria to Tarangolle in the Latooka country, first made known to us by Sir Samuel Baker. The Latooka, Dr. Emin tells us, differ from all the surrounding negroes in physique and language, but they are not apparently Gallas, whose country begins, however, a few days' journey to the east of them. The Berri, or Behr, to the north, and the Shooli, or Wagan, in the south are kin.

During the last three months of the year 1881 Emin Bey made a tour of inspection through the district of Rohl, just placed under his jurisdiction, and situated to the west of the Bahr-el-Jebel, and between the Equatorial Province proper and the Bahr-el-Ghazal Province. This part of the country had not hitherto been brought under civilized rule, and a brisk traffic in slaves was—especially since the withdrawal of Gessi Pasha—carried on there with the neighboring country of Monbuttu. It was with a view to putting an end to this that this journey was undertaken. Since the country was taken from the hands of the private Khartoum companies by the Government of the Soudan in 1872, it had yielded no revenue to the Government except the ivory taken from the Monbuttu. The products—so rich in different kinds of grain, honey,

wax, oil of sesamum, and butyrospermum grease or butter—had been most shamefully wasted, the rearing of cattle completely put an end to, and the people first plundered and then sold in troops as slaves. "They have been driven past here from Monbuttu," wrote Dr. Emin,* "like beasts for slaughter. What I used to see in Bor and Lado, when I was a novice in the service, and when there were no restrictions on the slave-trade, was child's-play compared with what goes on at these seribas, inhabited and controlled exclusively by Danagla, dragomans, etc., and with the slave-trade openly and systematically carried on. According to statistics received, the number of unproductive population in and around Amadi is about 455 men, and, if in addition we reckon concubines, lawful wives, and wives of the second rank, female slaves, boys for carrying arms and kekvas or water-flasks, children, etc., four times the number at least, these 'lilies of the field' must amount, at the lowest estimate, to 2,200. As the population of the Amadi district is, at the most, from eight to ten thousand, the crying evil of this state of things is obvious. No cattle are kept—that was prevented long ago—there is scarcely any hunting, so that there is nothing left but growing corn, which, besides serving for food, has to furnish material for distilling brandy, which is in full swing everywhere; this practice has unfortunately taken root among the natives. It might have been supposed that, in order to secure themselves a comfortable existence, at the expense of the inhabitants, the producers would have been left in peace; far from it. During the first two days of my stay here (Biti, a place two hours distant from Amadi) complaints were brought to me from the negro chiefs in their neighborhood about the stolen people, mostly women and girls, to the number of 240; these do not include the numerous Monbuttu, of whom, on the day of my arrival, eighty-five, mostly girls, claimed and received their freedom, as well as about 200 slaves belonging to other tribes, who at once returned to their relatives.

In the course of a few days the number of Monbuttu who were set at liberty and at once sent home to Makaraka amounted to 201."

Still more surprises awaited Dr. Emin. The news reached him from some Monbuttus of Makaraka that a certain Faki Mohammed Salik, a native of Bornou, who had been imprisoned by Gordon for slave-stealing, but liberated, had gone with an escort of six armed slaves into the Monbuttu country and had taken twenty-six persons captive. He had gone by secret paths from village to village, and, partly by promises and partly by violence, had kidnapped these nineteen young boys, five girls, and two children (of four to six years of age). It did not take long before the Faki and his prey were brought before Dr. Emin.

At the station of Bufi—a remote place in which all the inhabitants lived by thieving, pillage, and slave-trading—Emin's visit was so unexpected that it occasioned quite a panic. On the day of his arrival, the number of captives claimed by their relations reached 200. Over 500 carrier-loads of grain had been lately exacted from the natives, and wasted. The magazine was quite empty, and the people complained of hunger, though at the same time they were lounging about drunk in the streets of the seriba. A certain Ab-del-Kher, in office there, had collected on his own account no less than eighty-four slaves. "I have taught these scoundrels a severe lesson," writes the Governor, "and I hope that the negroes will have a little rest, and more respect for the Government in consequence."

Ayak, one of the oldest establishments of the Danagla (Nubians of Dongola), and at the same time a stronghold of slave-trading, was governed by a certain De-fa-Allah, a man who, in spite of his thefts and murders, and his horrible treatment of the Agars, had maintained himself in power for many years. Detested and feared by all the negroes this tyrant had captured from the Agar, Kitch, Atot, and Mandari negro tribes over 400 slaves of both sexes and of all ages. Nearly 200 of the choicest boys and girls were hidden in the houses of his friends and in small seribas held by dragomans, while about fifty Monbuttus,

* *Anti-Slavery Reporter* (1882), p. 293. See also pp. 133, 222.

who presented themselves to Dr. Emin, were described to him as voluntarily set free. Altogether there were at this station at least 1,500 slaves; some of these slaves were, by a curious custom, themselves the masters of other slaves, who, located in the negro villages and armed with Government weapons, obliged the inhabitants to pay them an impost of produce, a portion of which they remitted to their masters. Other armed slaves went about the country hunting up slaves for their masters, and even did a little kidnapping on their own account. Mula Effendi, the chief of the Rohl district, was himself involved in this traffic, having at Ayak a branch house of his chief establishment at Rumbek, and he naturally manifested no disposition to proceed against his accomplices. In anticipation of Dr. Emin's visit, and while he was detained at Ayak, the slave-dealers took advantage of the opportunity to clear their property out of the way; still, some 600 or 700 were found there, and it was reported that altogether there had been 3,000 in the place. The station was a frightful place, surrounded with all the horrors of slave-dealing—drunkenness, disease, and filth of every description. Fortunately, in consequence of Emin Pasha's order that henceforth every man should pay regular taxes and register his slaves, the "Khartoum rabble" had no desire to remain there, and took advantage of the permission to return home, or to retreat to the hunting-grounds on the Bahr-el-Ghazal. The morning after the Governor's arrival, 165 Monbuttu slaves of both sexes—among them a number of children five or six years old, recently imported, and not knowing a single word of Arabic—came to him, asking to be sent back to their country. Forty-five of these belonged to Mula Effendi, the Egyptian officer in the Rohl district.

At the divan at Rumbek, Emin Pasha mentions that he sat on carpets and cushions which had formerly belonged to Zebehr Pasha, and had been captured from his son Sulieman during his flight. The Dar Fur slave-girls who handed round the coffee were also taken as booty from Sulieman. Since 1877 no accounts had been furnished to the Government from this district, nor had any been kept. Though the chiefs had re-

ceived money for the payment of wages no one had been paid anything for years. All, on the contrary, were owing money to the chief of the station for merchandise he had bought with Government funds, and had sold to them at triple its value. Slaves figured in these accounts as oxen, asses, etc. Forging seals, and fabricating receipts by the use of them, completed the catalogue of crimes which they called "affairs of Government;" and with it all the place was full of fakirs (priests) and houses for prayer.

If we turn to the province more immediately under Emin's own direction, we find a very different state of things. By the end of 1880 most of the stations had been rebuilt, and the whole of the province had been reduced to peace and order; while all the stations, then numbering about forty, were connected by a weekly post. Through his efforts slavery was entirely abolished, and the district was cleared of the slave-dealers who had carried on an underhand but extensive traffic up to the time of Emin Bey's appointment. With the exception of Gordon and Gessi Pashas no one has done such good service in the cause of freedom and civilization in Central Africa as Dr. Emin Bey. Writing in 1882, he reported that perfect quiet reigned in his province; his stores were full of ivory, rubber, ostrich feathers from the eastern part of the province, tamarinds, and oil, and his relations with the big native chiefs grew more friendly from day to day. In another letter he wrote: "Everything is flourishing in Lado, and my gardens are all in the best condition. I am now taken up completely with Latooka and Jadenbek. What an immense country this is! What a tremendous field of work is open here! . . . Slatin Bey is, as you know, the Governor of the whole of Darfour now, but he appears to have a miserable time of it on account of the abominable religious fanaticism of his people. I am certainly better off among my natives." In 1878 the Equatorial Province was only maintained at a deficit of £38,000 per annum. Three or four years later the province yielded a net revenue of £8,000, after paying the employés and all expenses, and this was obtained, not by oppressive taxation, but by the practice of rigid economy and

the suppression of abuses which had previously existed. "Crime is unknown," Dr. Felkin tells us,* "slavery does not exist; the people live at peace with each other, and, were it not for the wild animals, one could walk over the entire province with a walking-stick." Good roads were constructed, wagons made, and oxen trained to the yoke; camels also were introduced from the newly-settled region to the east of Lado as a means of transport, and a steamboat navigated the upper river and the Albert Nyanza. A complete postal arrangement was organized throughout the province; the native chiefs forwarded from one to another letters and packages as conscientiously as the Italian employés of the Khedival post office in Cairo. So perfect was this system, that letters from the most southerly provinces of Egypt were delivered with marvellous rapidity, taking only a month and a half (forty-six days) from Lado to Cairo. Despatches which Emin Bey sent to Monbattu for Dr. Junker reached there after the latter's departure, but they followed him through the country of the Niam-Niam without interruption. Dr. Junker replied by the direct road to Lado, and the Niam-Niam not only transmitted his letters, but likewise packages addressed to the Governor at Lado containing samples of the produce of the country. The people were taught to work for the sake of work and not from compulsion; they were instructed in weaving and in the cultivation of cotton, coffee, rice, and indigo, and wheat was introduced. In addition to the cares of government, Emin Pasha found time to relieve the physical sufferings of the people. At sunrise every morning, when at Lado, he was to be seen in his hospital, either prescribing for or operating upon his numerous patients; and at night, when government duties were over, instead of seeking well-earned repose, he would be found writing—by the light of candles made by himself—those reports on various scientific subjects which have enriched the pages of so many learned periodicals.

In his work on "Uganda and the Egyptian Soudan" (S. Low & Co.,

1882), Dr. Felkin says: "Dr. Emin is a perfect gentleman, and does all in his power to help a stranger, being one of the most unselfish men I ever met. All his comforts he shared with us, and took much pains to give all the information his wide experience of these countries could afford, and I have to thank him for many notes on the manners and customs of the people. His great object in life is to make the people over whom he has control happy and contented, and to do as much as possible to raise and educate them. How much he has done will never be known, but to this I can bear testimony: Slavery and ill-treatment of natives have ceased in all his provinces, the natives are on friendly terms with the soldiers, and all live together in peace and prosperity. Without supplies from Khartoum for nearly two years, he still managed to satisfy his people, and though many of his soldiers were clad in simply a loin cloth, I never heard a murmur of discontent from them. He works very hard, and, in addition to his official duties, finds time to collect most valuable geographical and meteorological notes. When in Lado he superintends the hospital for the whole province, the institution possessing only one assistant, who knows very little of medical practice beyond dispensing."

All this work was accomplished without any assistance or encouragement from Egypt. Indeed, the central Government behaved, as Dr. Schweinfurth expressed it, like a hard-hearted mother toward these southern provinces. It sent a steamer perhaps once or twice a year to Lado; it left the employés unpaid, or, when they were paid, it was in merchandise at twice its real value. For a short time only had Emin any European coadjutor. In 1879 Mr. Frank Lupton (Lupton Bey), an Englishman whose love of travel had taken him to the Soudan, was appointed by Gordon Pasha to the post of Deputy-Governor of the Equatorial Provinces, and, during the short time that he remained with Emin Pasha, he materially assisted him in his journeys and in the work of government; but, on Gessi Pasha's death in 1881, he left him to assume the government of the Bahr-el-Ghazal province. "Although I have a person sent to help

* Paper read before the Society of Arts, February 1883.

me in Mr. Lupton's place," Emin pathetically writes, "I still feel very lonely; there is no one to help me in the 'head-work.'" Again, writing just after his visit to the Rohl country, he exclaims: "Oh, that I had men to help me, for the work is almost too great for me. What fearful places I have visited in this last journey! But I hope the knowledge I have gained will enable me, with God's help, to put an end to much misery; but what can a single man do? Oh, that I had a circle of true, hard-working men around me!"

Thus, in spite of discouragements and difficulties, Emin Bey was accomplishing the civilization of the Equatorial Provinces, when the curtain fell on his work in consequence of the revolt of the Mahdi in the Soudan, only to be lifted again after an interval of nearly three years. Till Dr. Junker brought away his letters of December 31, 1885, the last authentic news from him was dated April 1883; during this interval he was cut off from all communication with the world, and only vague rumors from time to time leaked through. The rising of the fanatic of Dongola, Mahomed Ahmed, the "Mahdi," took place in August 1881, four months after the death of Gessi Pasha; and rallying round him the slave-traders and other disaffected people, his revolt against Egyptian rule soon assumed alarming proportions. Emin foresaw the serious condition into which the Soudan would fall; and in the early part of 1882, before the road to the Equatorial Provinces was closed by the Mahdi's troops, he made a journey down to Khartoum to warn the Government, and to receive instructions as to his own action and the future of his province. He was ordered to return to his province, and told that he overestimated the gravity of the situation, while his offers to treat personally with the Mahdi were rejected. It is to this incident he alluded in his letter of December 31, 1885: "When the troubles first began in the Soudan, I called attention to the extreme danger that existed, and people said I exaggerated matters; it is quite possible they will say the same now." In a letter written during his visit to Khartoum he said: "You will have heard of the so-called Mahdi and the disturbances he has caused. . . .

Blind fanaticism, unnecessary acts of horrible violence, cowardly delay and fear and unmeasured self-conceit, senseless measures of repression and perfectly uncalled-for insolence, are the factors which have brought about the burning discontent that has caused the people to lose their balance. Under these circumstances, I have tried to utilize my whole influence, my linguistic powers, and my acquaintance with the persons, in order to bring about, if possible, a *modus vivendi* between the two contending parties. . . . I am curious to know whether the new Governor-General will be able to understand the position of affairs, and to grasp our requirements and the difficulties of the situation." But his warnings and advice were unheeded. He left Khartoum on June 15, 1882, and from that date, with the exception of a steamer which arrived on March 16 in the following year, he has had no single communication from Khartoum or Egypt; nor have any supplies been sent him.

The revolt spread, the Egyptian garrisons were defeated, and by the end of the year 1883 the Mahdi had gained undoubted possession of the eastern Soudan by the annihilation of Hicks Pasha's ill-fated army. In common with the other provinces the Equatorial Province suffered heavily. The station in the Rohl district was totally destroyed, and of the 300 soldiers there, Lupton Bey wrote in November 1883, probably not ten men escaped. It was only by stratagem, it appears, that Emin Bey saved his province. He was attacked by a force of the insurgents in 1885, and sustained severe loss in men and arms; but he ultimately delivered such a heavy blow to the rebels at Rimo, in Makaraka, that they were compelled to leave him alone. His weakened forces necessitated the abandonment of the more distant stations, and the withdrawal of the soldiers and their families to the stations on the river. Despairing of help from Egypt Emin turned his face toward the south to see if any way of escape opened in that direction. Leaving Lado he journeyed to Wadelai, a stockaded fort higher up the Nile, and endeavored to send a post to Uganda, but it came to grief through the hostility of the people of Mruli. On

the other hand, Mwanga, the ill-tempered King of Uganda, had intercepted and detained letters forwarded to the Egyptian Governor by way of Zanzibar.

From his old friend Kaba Rega, King of Unyoro, however, Emin Bey received very different treatment. For him, he says, he has nothing but hearty praise.

"At my request he has twice sent me men, and by his kindness I have been able to buy a small quantity of cloth for distribution among my army. In this case, also, the negro has shown himself a good and valuable ally. When, eight years ago, I visited Kaba Rega, I little imagined that I should one day have to rely upon his assistance and friendship. Nevertheless, I was driven to do this, and, what is more, the negro has held me in friendly remembrance, has hastened to help his former friend, and has offered his hospitality and his succor." The cloth received from Kaba Rega was peculiarly welcome to the beleaguered garrisons, who had been reduced to great straits in the matter of clothes. Emin's men had learned long before to weave coarse cloth from cotton they had grown themselves, but the production was so small that it scarcely supplied more than a hundredth part of the requirements. It was through the friendship of the King of Unyoro that, at last, Emin managed to send by the hands of Dr. Junker those letters which a few months ago revealed his desperate position to the world.

He had, indeed, suffered severely. "Ever since the month of May 1883," he writes,* "we have been cut off from all communication with the world. Forgotten and abandoned by the Government, we have been compelled to make a virtue of necessity. Ever since the occupation of the Bahr-el-Ghazal—I will not say its conquest, for this province has been taken by treachery—we have been vigorously attacked, and I do not know how to describe to you the admirable devotion of my black troops throughout a long war, which, for them at least, had no advantage. Deprived of the most necessary things, for a long time without any pay, my men fought valiantly; and when at last hunger weakened them, when, after nineteen

days of incredible privations and sufferings, their strength was exhausted, and when the last torn leather of the last boot had been eaten, then they cut a way through the midst of their enemies and succeeded in saving themselves. All this hardship was undergone without the least *arrière pensée*, without even the hope of any appreciable reward, prompted only by their duty, and the desire of showing a proper valor before their enemies. If ever I had had any doubts of the negro, the history of the siege of Amadi would have proved to me that the black race is, in valor and courage, inferior to no other, while in devotion and self-denial it is superior to many. Without any orders from capable officers, these men performed miracles, and it will be very difficult for the Egyptian Government worthily to show its gratitude to my soldiers and officers. Hitherto we have worked for our bread, and the good God, who until now has protected us visibly, will take care of us also in the future."

All will echo this last prayer, and hope that he and his faithful black troops will be enabled to hold out until the relief that is now being taken out to them by Mr. H. M. Stanley, and which they have so long and so patiently been awaiting, will reach them. When Dr. Junker left Wadelai at the commencement of last year, Emin Bey said he could hold out for eighteen months if not attacked, but his ammunition was getting very short. It appears that Emin Bey has with him ten Egyptian and fifteen black officers, twenty Koptic clerks, who, with their wives and families, bring up the white population to a large number. His troops consist of some 1,500 Soudanese negroes, armed with Remington rifles and muzzle-loading guns. The native populations that would be affected by his relief are estimated by Dr. Felkin to number something like 6,000,000. The stations which these black troops are still believed to hold are Wadelai, Lado, Dufi, Regiaf, Bedden, Kerri, Fashoda, and Fatiko, of which all, except the last-named, are situated on the banks of the Nile.

In his last letter (published in the *Times* of December 9) Emin Bey writes: "I am glad to be able to tell you that

* *Anti-Slavery Reporter* (1886), p. 106.

the province is in complete safety and order; it is true that the Bari gave us some little trouble, but I was soon able to reintroduce order in their district. Since I last wrote you all the stations are busily employed in agricultural work, and at each one considerable cotton plantations are doing well; this is all the more important for us, as it enables us, to a certain extent, to cover our nakedness. I have also introduced the shoemaker's art, and you would be surprised to see the progress we have made. We now make our own soap, and we have at last enough meat and grain, so that we have enough to keep life going; such luxuries, however, as sugar, etc., of course we have not seen for many a long day. I forgot to say that we are growing the most splendid tobacco! Personally I am only in want of books and fine shot, arsenic, soda, etc., to enable me to continue the preparation of zoological specimens. Notwithstanding this, I am continuing to collect specimens whenever I am able, and in a few days I am sending collections for Professor Flower, Canon Tristram, and Dr. Günther, to Sir John Kirk at Zanzibar, and I trust he will have the goodness to forward them to England. They contain many new and interesting specimens, especially those collected in the Monbuttu and Niam-Niam districts."

Emin Pasha (for he has lately been raised to this distinction by the Khedive) is not the only European who is at the present time imprisoned in these troubled regions of Central Africa, and who stands in need of succor. He was joined before the outbreak of the war by Captain Casati, an Italian traveller, who is now in Unyoro with Kaba-Rega, awaiting an opportunity to get away. In the neighboring country of Uganda—now ruled over by the unfriendly son of Mtesa—the English and French missionaries are in great jeopardy. Instigated by rumors of German aggression on the East Coast, and fearful whether his own kingdom, too, would be attacked, Mwanga wreaked his vengeance on the Christian converts of these missionaries. Last year, too, he made war on Kaba-Rega, and inflicted some severe losses on that king. Then, again, in the provinces of Bahr-el-Ghazal and Dar Fur, to the north of Emin Bey's province, the fate

of the European governors is still uncertain. In the former, Lupton Bey, Emin's former companion, who was doing good work in the cause of freedom and civilization, following up the work of Gessi, had been compelled to surrender to the emissaries of the Mahdi, and was by them carried to Khartoum. Slatin Bey also, who had charge of Dar Fur, surrendered nearly three years ago. It is much to be feared that the subsequent rumors of his death are true.

Mr. Stanley hopes to reach Wadelai in June, and then will arise the question: What is to be the outcome of Emin's work in the Equatorial Provinces? Is he to be brought back to Europe with his companions, and the country abandoned to the horrors of the slave-trade? In the man who has been chosen as the leader of the relief expedition, and in the route which he proposes to take, lies a guarantee that it will not be so. The far-seeing founder of the Kongo Free State is not likely to undo the civilizing work which has already been accomplished, if means can be found for still carrying it on. With Emin Pasha himself will, of course, rest the decision as to whether he will remain at his post, or return to his native land to enjoy a well-earned repose. Here he will be right heartily welcomed, and our learned societies will look forward with great interest to the arrival of his scientific collections and the stores of information with which he will be able to enrich our knowledge of Equatorial Africa. If he returns, some means should certainly be found for continuing to hold the province, leaving some capable man in authority. This, Dr. Emin says, can be done with little or no cost, and, in fact, the natural resources of the country are amply sufficient to cover all expenses of government.

The products of the country are varied, and only need development to render them most valuable. Emin Pasha is believed to hold in his stores an immense quantity of ivory, waiting only for means of transport. The native tribes under his beneficent rule are industrious and friendly. The charming scenery around Fatiko in the Shuli country is, Dr. Junker tells us, diversified with large dhurra (millet) fields. At Dufli, the houses of the village are

neatly built of grass and reeds, the streets are regular, and the Government offices are built of sunburnt bricks; there is a dockyard here for building "nuggars;" vegetables of all sorts are plentiful, and the country opposite produces large crops of dhurra. With the exception of the river margin in the neighborhood of Lado and Gondokoro, where the Nile is obstructed by an abundant growth of rank vegetation, the country is generally healthy.

The one thing that is lacking to ensure the future prosperity of the province is a means of communication with the outer world. With the ability to obtain a supply of ammunition, and various other very needful articles not produced there, the Governor could hold his own for any length of time. Cut off from Egypt by the disturbed country ravaged by the late Mahdi and his successors, severed from the Indian Ocean by the unfriendliness of the Uganda potentate and a stretch of absolutely unknown country to the eastward, there yet re-

mains one entrance by which to approach this isolated spot. It is Mr. Stanley's intention to reach it by way of the Kongo, from which magnificent waterway it is separated by a comparatively small tract of unknown land. On the Albert Nyanza Emin has a steamer, taken up by Gordon, with which he can easily meet an expedition from the Kongo at the south end of the lake. It is to the Kongo, then, and to the Kongo Free State that we must look to carry on the traditions of Gordon and of Emin, and to insure the future welfare and progress of these lost territories of Egypt. As an advanced outpost of the Kongo Free State the Equatorial Provinces will, it may be hoped, continue to present a barrier to the ravages of the slave-trade, and to form a vantage point, right in the very heart of its hunting-grounds, from which that horrible traffic can be attacked and at last put an end to. Then, indeed, will the work of Gordon and of Emin not have been in vain.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

LÉON GOZLAN.

BY EVELYN JERROLD.

THE present paper is less a rehabilitation than a resuscitation. Its subject died doubly years ago, died in frame and fame, gave up the ghost of his glory before his last sigh. True, that as late as the autumn of 1866, the date of his death in the dictionaries, a being walked and talked, and fed and slept, whom stubborn admirers yet pointed out to you as Léon Gozlan. True, his friends yet held him in high esteem, and even his publishers had not yet abandoned him; but as a living literary force and figure he was no more, and he has been continuing to die ever since the real material death recorded by the biographical dictionaries. "Il y a des morts qu'il faut qu'on tue," could never have been said of Gozlan; rather the inverse, "Il y a des vivants qu'il faut faire vivre," for his odd celebrity went really too soon before him. To the last he was surrounded by professional sympathies and private friendships, but the outer public had forgotten him.

Jules Claretie, who knew him well, describes him at sixty: a massive figure, square-shouldered; brown as burnt umber, not bronzed nor olive-skinned; his crisp hair yet black; his gait energetic. There seemed a wonderful intensity of life in the little robust frame. Only his eyes were weary and melancholy. It was said of him that he spent his last months in an overwhelming dread of death. Claretie opines that it was rather with him a lassitude of life, more than disappointment, disgust. His last years were precisely those in which the mercantile gangrene was gaining art and literature, the press, the stage. The Romantic dream of "Art for art's sake" had disappeared; the cloud had vanished, the counter had come. The measure of success was, What did it "fetch"? The elastic firm Dumas Senior and Company was boasting of an income of sixteen thousand pounds a year; the younger Dumas was making his modern romances turn only on

golden hinges, describing in detail the lorette's treasures and the lover's expenditure. Emile de Girardin had been surpassed by de Villemessant, the newspapers had become a manufacture of advertisements; Queen Réclame and King Chantage reigned supreme from end to end of the Rue du Croissant. And Gozlan came of a generation which treated manuscript paper as vellum, not as check books; drew its characters with proud care, hung long over the page, and if they were sometimes hardly content with the wage, were scarcely ever content with the work. He came from Marseilles, one of the battalion of the South that invaded Paris in very Falstaffian uniforms somewhere about 1830. But he had *lived* before this, as many of his comrades had not. He was always said to have journeyed round the world, but in truth he had been round Senegal, and perhaps ventured as far as the Cape, or even Madagascar. Before that he had been usher in a Marseilles school, then sailor, then a species of freebooter; he had had bloody battles with the Senegaliens, which he subsequently narrated in the "Musée des Familles." This was an exceptional experience for a man who aspired to conquer the Boulevards. But he had besides an education of some depth—and that is useful even on the Boulevards—which he had acquired unaided in night-watches at sea, by lone camp-fires, in settlers' shanties on land. Better than all this, there was the Phœnic fire in the brain and veins, the happy dash of the Cannebière.

Before writing he began by selling books, like Champfleury, like Hégésippe Moreau, and Emile Zola. But he merely passed through the booksellers' shops, as it were, and before thirty was one of the *Figaro*—the first and most famous *Figaro*—that of 1829. He came in with Alphonse Karr and de Vaulabelle; he found there Blanqui describing the Chambers, Jal writing on art, Stephen de la Madeleine on music, and Jules Janin, Roqueplan, Rolle, Michel Masson were busy giving the journal that free, fanciful tone, brilliant independence of idea, on which it has lived and traded in its worst, most recent days. There he soon made his way, hewed his niche with sharp truths and sharper paradoxes; he *boarded* literature

as it were like a buccaneer, and indeed with his swarthy skin, his fierce mustache, and glittering eye he was for many years known on the boulevards as "the Pirate." Journalism sufficed him not. He wrote stories, romances, *prov-erbes*, prose and verse; he contributed *physiologies*—a fashionable form Balzac had originated—to the chief reviews; he gave the stage every possible form of piece from vaudevilles with couplets to melodramas with prologues. He had that rarest, strongest kind of fancy, a logical fancy, a faculty that is of the earth with the flowers, not in the sky with the clouds. It was the fancy of the South, not that of the North. No French writer has pictured more vividly the inner life of seamen, the sombre dramas of shipboard. To this day, despite its demoded raging Romanticism, the "Histoire de Cent Trente Femmes" remains a model of moving narrative, so brisk as to be almost breathless. It is the story of the mutiny on board an English ship carrying convicts to Botany Bay. It is a flaming picture of almost Neroic brutality; something like the overflowing of a vat of blood and brandy. There is a grinding of teeth, a clenching of fists from beginning to end, a marvel of ferocious hideousness. The Byronic corsair, the pirates of Walter Scott and Cooper, are false and feeble fribbles beside the ugly splendor of Gozlan's heroes. Eugène Sue himself never attempted anything half as crude and cruel in the famous orgy on board the *Salamandre*. The *Salamandre* crew had merely received their wages; the *Niagara* men have seized the ship, and more than the ship. The superb rebel Ascott stands "his bull's front uncovered, a woman formidably beautiful pressed against his heart,"—launching a far more practical defiance at society than any of the Byronic denunciations.

"Women condemned by England, exiled by England, to go, crawl and die in the deserts of New Holland, Botany Bay, at Hobart Town, in Norfolk and Sydney; women whom adulterous England, impious and thieving England, corrupt and bloody England, homicidal, infanticidal, poisonous, whom thus England punishes for homicide, infanticide, theft, adultery, corruption;—women, you are free, we deliver you, the mutinied crew of the *Niagara*. His Majesty's magnificent ship *Niagara* is yours, all she holds is yours, men and things."

Then there is an explosion of hurrahs, curses and kisses; the officers are massacred, it is proposed to eat the purser; casks are staved in, store-rooms are burst open, the men and women eat and drink madly, cream with rum, jellies after ham, salt cod with plum-cake; they are surfeited without hunger, drunk without thirst, just simply for the bestial delight of devouring. And after the orgy comes the carnage: heads are split open, beards torn out by the roots; the crew is divided into two parties, biting and mangling each other in their vitriol madness. It is in truth one of the most powerful scenes of human butchery in modern romance, Homeric in breadth, realistic in detail; the isolated incidents are noticed with minute care, and the throwing of the vanquished by struggling knots into the sea is Dantesque in its broad horror.

And yet this is one of the least known of Gozlan's books. For many a modern romance-reader he is that irritating abortion of literature, that aloe with a blight, the single-book author. "Aristide Froissart" is enough for one man's reputation. It is a book unique in romantic literature. Its origin is said to be the proposition of a newspaper editor who in 1848 asked Léon Gozlan for a novel which should make *tabula rasa* of everything, which should be the requiem of property, society, family. Gozlan was not a more ferocious *tabula rasa*-ist than his fellows; indeed if any political principles can be associated with his name, they were rather retrograde than advanced. But it was an age when anarchy was in the air; anybody who chose could breathe or exhale it. "Aristide Froissart" is a book of uproarious railery, keener than Joseph Prudhomme, livelier than Jérôme Paturot, more ironic even than Balzac's immortal bagman, the illustrious Gaudissart. It is the best example of that *reasonable* fun which is the most remarkable quality of Gozlan's genius. Aristide Froissart, born in Paris, is twenty-three, florid, tall and without any other distinctive sign. But he has a father who is a good deal more distinctive as an appanage than distinguished. Moreover he possesses three friends. The first is known as the Last Guitar, for the reason that he has undertaken a Quixotic crusade in favor

of that neglected instrument. The second, Beaugency-Beaugency, is an unreformed but used-up rake who has calculated that he has yet five years of life and four thousand pounds remaining, and intends that the last franc shall go with the last day. Lacervoise, the third friend, is "a sculptor who disdains to sculpt." Their adventures are farces of the most furious type. One of the quietest, most commonplace, is making a lion drunk with champagne in the menagerie of a village fair. Aristide, imprisoned for debt at Sainte-Pélagie, reassures his father as to his future.

"Here is a manuscript," he says, "worth thirty thousand francs." "Nonsense!" is the natural answer of the hoary disbeliever in literature. But the book is "Memoirs by Jean Froissart, my Father." And the first chapter opens: "The first family my father ruined was—" and the thirty thousand francs are paid. The paymaster subsequently reflects: "If I make a merchant of Aristide, he will never go to the office; if I make a soldier of him, he'll desert. As he is good for nothing, let us marry him." And the marriage is one of the brightest episodes in the book. His love-gift to his betrothed is "Thirty-six manners of making punch, by Aristide Froissart." The presiding mayor is a bootmaker, and while signing the register abuses the tradesman because of the quality of his leather. At the church Aristide ventriloquizes, and a baby being baptized, counsels its mother: "*Maman*, never you marry." The sacramental "I will" comes from a coffin awaiting interment. No cruel jest is spared throughout the romance. It is a work, as it were, born out of the brain of a sick Yorick, whose infinite jest has become infinitely bitter and strikes at everything, creeds and institutions, opinions and hobbies. The nobility, the bourgeoisie, love, marriage, home-life—all men's gods or idols, save perhaps the idea of fatherland—are riddled and ridiculed with a cruel irony which is crueller perhaps for being comic. The scorn was in some instances, we may believe, something more than a literary expression. In the "*Goutte de Lait*," a miniature comedy yet unpublished, he attacked the old noblesse, even the principle of any

noblesse, with something like vehemence; and in another of his innumerable little pieces, "Notre Fille est Princesse," he has a much-applauded distinction: "We trading people never have any ancestors; all we have is grandfathers."

It is true that one of the chapters of "Aristide Froissart" ends with the sublime aspiration: "Ah, when shall I be able to eat a bourgeois!" But there is affectation in the cry; it is a mere Murgerism before letters. The author was himself a very bourgeois in the best sense of the term, if it have a best sense, which is never used save in a bad one. One of his latter-day friends describes his first visit, paid in trembling fear of some rude romantic figure like Lacerboise's father, and resulting in an interview with a simple citizen writing out titles for jam-pots in a round hand worthy Henri Monnier's writing-master himself. And he talked of Aristide Froissart, a nightmare for many a good bourgeois soul, with all a bourgeois' simple *bonhomie*.

"You mustn't think," he said, "that I found all those pleasantries at once. Every one of them cost me half-a-dozen headaches." The author's genesis of his works is seldom faithful,—take for example, Edgar Poe's origin of the "Raven;" but in this case the author was probably sincere. The book has certainly not the air of having been written by a good father of a family working at his hearthstone. But one of his axioms was, "Nothing is more immoral than *engui*;" and his bookful of paradoxes was a protestation against the boredom bearing down contemporary literature and society.

He was not only a paradoxist, he was a stickler for truth, "*l'âpre vérité*," as Danton said. "No more heroes—men!" he cried long before Jules Valés. And beside the sentimentalism of Karr, the ladylike prettiness of Sandeau, the clever extravagance of Méry—beside these and others of his famous contemporaries his novels have really a ring of realism that is almost a discordance in the literary chorus of his time. The "Notaire de Chantilly" is at least as severely exact a study of provincial life as any of Claude Vignon's, and the "Médecin du Pecq," that poignant

drama in a suburban boarding-house, is as true as all the "Comédie Humaine," and, to be true as itself, far more interesting than much of it. Indeed in his day, Gozlan was known as the lesser Balzac: he was the great man's most intimate friend; but his friendship did not prevent a spirit of rivalry which to us, seeing Balzac's immortality, may seem ridiculous, but was almost legitimate, at the time when the Titan was struggling against public indifference and private debts. In the two works familiar as gospels to all students of modern French romance, "Balzac en Pantoufles," and "Balzac chez lui," Gozlan has expressed his friendship and admiration in a somewhat irreverent, almost a disrespectful fashion. The ludicrous story of the Jardies—the garden walls perpetually sliding down the slopes, the owner's visions of grape-growing, of Oriental upholstery, etc.—is told in a fashion that certainly tends to make the Titan dwindle in the reader's sight. Gozlan had no doubt a real affection for Balzac; but if he could forgive him his genius he would not excuse the egotism of genius, which certainly led Balzac to use his friends and acquaintances in the interests of his own glory. Gozlan renders him constant and serious services—Balzac amply acknowledges the fact in the preface to the "Ressources de Guinola"—and found, or thought he found, that as his "rival" grew great, he became ingrate as well. True, he toasts the great memory in a very loving cup, but there is a suspicion of vinegar at the bottom of the bowl.

Gozlan's reputation as a conversationalist of *esprit* was at least as noisy, if not as solid, as his literary renown. He was a man of sallies and impromptus. When Paris was raving about the poet-murderer Lacenaire, Gozlan said: "A little more and they'll put up his statue: I'd rather reduce his stature." He began a speech with, "Lord Byron, whom the English in their culpable ignorance of the French language insist on calling Lord Baironn." And he had the gift of poetic expression. He wrote: "Children are as fruit and flowers in one." Some of his fantastic stories in the "Nuits du Père la Chaise" and the "Méandres" are veritable poems in

prose. The "Little Machiavels" is as living a study to-day as it was thirty years ago—a series of bitter portraits of characters described popularly as "too clever by half." And there is a certain bitterness in Gozlan's best creation—the bitterness, if it can be explained at all, of a master-mind that missed its masterpiece, of the spirit perpetually within a hairbreadth of achieving an immortal work. For, privately, Gozlan was a happy man, sober and methodical, a café-hater, and a lover of books. He was often at the Théâtre Français on

the nights when Got played, and at Déjazet when the great little Virginie, who had so many Pauls, was on the programme. These and his beloved ocean, which he watched half the year long from his villa windows at Yport, were the chief interests of his life. Or perhaps the very first was as it is in many lives—a dream. "Paris a Seaport." He has sketched the scheme as a species of fairy tale of science, but he believed in it seriously as an imminent reality.—*Temple Bar.*

LOVE THAT LASTS FOREVER.

DEDICATED TO THE QUEEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE ROYAL JUBILEE YEAR.

BY THE EARL OF ROSSLYN.

I.

THERE is a Word,
A Linnet liltling in the grove,
Keen as a sword,
And pure as Angels are above ;
This little Word good men call Love !

II.

It bears a Name,
Unsullied by the taint of wealth ;
Careless of Fame,
And bright with all the hues of health,
It shrinks from praise, to bless by stealth.

III.

I join it now
To Thine, Victoria ! Thou hast seen
With clear eyes how
To win it : blessèd hast Thou been
With Love, as Mother, Wife, and Queen.

IV.

Love bathed in Tears,
To Love cemented, ever brings
And ever bears
A chastened spirit, that in Kings
Is noblest among earthly things.

V.

Come, lasting Love !
For Sweetness in a moment dies,
And all things prove
That Beauty far too quickly flies
From blue, or black, or hazel eyes.

VI.

Youth is a snare ;
Like an awakening dream it speeds,
Nor cries, *Beware !*
A dream of unaccomplished deeds,
A hope of undetermined creeds.

VII.

Is it Friendship then ?
The Tyrant of a summer day,
The boast of men
Who loiter idly on life's way,
A band who neither work nor play.

VIII.

Nay ! Friends, though dear,
Pass on their way—change—turn aside ;
A transient tear
Dims friendship's light—or some pale bride—
For Love was born when Friendship died !

IX.

Thou, Grey or Gold,
Alone, Great Love, survivest all,
All else grows old ;
Their birth, their growth, their rise, their fall,
Immortal only at Thy call.

X.

Love conquers Death,
And is Life's portal, and the Soul
Whose Heavenly breath
Inspires all Life, and ages roll
To ages, and yet leave it whole.

XI.

Come then, Great Love,
To whom none ever plead in vain,
Come from above—
Where are no sighs, no tears, no pain—
And make us pure from selfish stain.

XII.

Come, fresh as morn,
When golden sunrise laves the land,
And gilds the corn ;
Come smiling—come with open hand—
That brooks no chain—owns no command.

XIII.

Thy voice sounds best
When faint the weary toilers sigh,
And long for rest ;
The tone is clear, but not too high,
With just one touch of mystery.

XIV.

Come, calm as night,
When Dian, with her stars, looks on
A wondrous sight—
A sleeping world :— Endymion
Slept thus for thee, pale Amazon !

XV.

Be with us now ;
Illume our pleasures, soothe our woes,
And teach us how
Thy sweet encircling spirit knows
The heart's unrest—the heart's repose.

XVI.

Be with us now ;
A Day of many-sided thought
That curves the brow
With lines of memory, interwrought
With hope, and gratitude unbought.

XVII.

O Queen ! this Day
Thy People, generous and just,
As well they may,
Confirm anew their sacred trust
Enshrined in half a century's dust.

XVIII.

For fifty years
Thy People's love has been content
(In spite of tears,
And bitter sorrows sadly blent)
To raise to Thee Love's monument.

XIX.

A Trophy, based
On duty done, on faction quelled,
No deed defaced
By broken word, or faith withheld,
No foe by stratagem compelled.

XX.

Not stone or brass,—
These perish with the flight of Time,
And quickly pass ;
But Love endures in every clime,
Eternal as the Poet's rhyme.

XXI.

Not brass or stone,—
These will corrode, and some day die,
But Love alone
Laughs at decay, and soars on high—
In fragrant immortality.

XXII.

Thy Royal Robe
Is starred by Love : its purple Hem
Surrounds the Globe :
But true Love is the fairest Gem
Of Thy Imperial Diadem.

XXIII.

Queen of the Sea !
What prouder title dignifies
A Monarchy ?
The Orient owns it, and it lies
Amidst Thy countless Colonies ;

XXIV.

A wayward realm,
Yet ruled in Love for the world's gain :
Thou guid'st the Helm
That brings our commerce o'er the main,
And makes us rich without a stain.

XXV.

The Sisters Nine
Were all Thy friends ; a willing guest
Each one was Thine,
In turn to cheer, or give Thee rest,
Thy choice, they knew, was always best.

XXVI.

And Science came
To meet Thee, and enrich Thy store
With Heaven-sent flame,
To burn—like Vesta's lamp—before
A sacred altar as of yore.

XXVII.

Thy welcome gave
New impulse to her, and each day,
Like a freed slave,
She worked in Love such deeds, her ray
Shed light and truth around Thy way.

XXVIII.

No tongue can tell
Thy peaceful triumphs ; mighty War
Has his as well,
But Peace has greater, nobler far
Than the chained victims of his Car.

XXIX.

Thy Jubilee
Is marked by Love ; 'tis all Thine own,
And given to Thee
By all—a sweet flower fully blown,
The grace and grandeur of Thy Throne.

XXX.

'Tis Thy just meed
 For fifty years of righteous reign ;
 No heart doth bleed
 In all Thy kingdom, but the pain
 Throbs in Thine own, and not in vain !

XXXI.

I pray Thee take,
 In some exchange for all the good
 That Thou dost make,
 The troubles Thy brave heart withstood,
 Thy temperate yet undaunted mood,

XXXII.

These grateful lines ;
 As the sweet myrtle wreathes the bay
 And intertwines
 The classic leaf, e'en so I may
 Entwine my chaplet with this Day.

XXXIII.

'Tis a poor song,
 By one whose heart has ever been
 Loyal and strong,
 And who, like Simeon, now has seen
 His hope fulfilled :—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN !

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE JOY OF LIVING.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

LIFE, it is to be feared, bores most men. The proper attitude to assume toward it in society is one of a tolerant and genial pessimism. To be much amused or interested in anything is "bad form," from Numicius downward : you ought, at most, to admit grudgingly, that as things go in this worst of all possible worlds, such-and-such an amusement is a fairly tolerable one. Killing the tyrant time is the sole occupation worthy of a gentleman ! But there is one man, and one only (typical, not individual), in our self-annoying universe of clashing atoms, who really passes an enjoyable existence. Except at rare intervals, when he has a bad toothache, for example, or when the doctor's bill is six months in arrear, or when the wife of his bosom feels an abstract difference of opinion with him on

a financial question, he is on the whole supremely happy. The joy of living is to him not a mere phrase, but a veritable experience. He likes life, and clings to it tenaciously. He finds it rich in potentialities of happiness ; and those potentialities become mostly actual to him. But as he is personally a very unpopular character, and as the general public pictures him to itself in gloomy colors as a dreadful pedant immersed in the driest technicalities of science, I will not venture so much as to mention his name for fear of disillusion, until I have told you a little beforehand of his simple mode of living and enjoying himself. After that, perhaps, I may dare to let out to you who he is, and allow you to decide impartially for yourself whether in the past you have not grossly and unkindly misjudged him.

The cycle of our unknown optimist's year begins in autumn. Then, when the dying leaves hang golden on the trees, and the brown lie russet on the ground below; then, when all the world beside is grumbling strenuously at November fogs, and looking forward with a shudder to December chills and Christmas festivities, backed by their unpleasant peptic accompaniments so graphically set forth for us in half-a-dozen well-known pictorial advertisements—then for him universal nature seems full of joyous promise for the future, and life teems on every hand with fresh signs of active evolution. The boughs of the trees stand out naked and leafless, etched in black against the background of gray sky; but this consistent optimist finds them at closer view covered with the full-formed catkins for next spring's flowering, and pregnant with the embryos of undeveloped leaves. Every catkin has the flowers unopened but perfect within it; he breaks one slender cylinder across with his nail, and sees inside it the scales that cover the four small baby stamens, and the tiny ovary or unswollen fruit. On the horse-chestnuts, the brown buds stand thick with gum; and when he peels off one by one those viscid coats, he finds beneath them, in miniature, the wan green foliage of early spring. The willow-wands and osiers seem to other eyes mere bare orange or purple switches: his eye detects the soft and silky knobs scattered at even intervals over their surface, whence the blossoms will start into "pussies" or "goslings" in early spring-tide. Already in November the winter gorse is densely covered with hairy buds, their outer surface brown with velvety down, to protect them alike from evening frosts and from the unwelcome attention of intrusive insects. Even in that dreary month of yellow fogs, before the summer furze has quite finished blooming, this shrubbier winter gorse begins sporadically and spasmodically to flower, and it flowers off and on the winter through, till its smaller neighbor takes up the running again in June, lest kissing should ever perchance, become unfashionable. And on every sunny day in December and January, when a stray bee, regardless of the reading of the thermometer at the Meteorological

Office at 11 A.M. by Greenwich Observatory, ventures out in search of pollen and honey, the gorse is there waiting for him beforehand, and displaying its luscious stores of honey, and our optimist stands at his post hard by to chronicle the visit in his little notebook.

He notices, too, that where the bee has once visited, he effectually leaves his card behind him. For the gorse-blossom flies open elastically with the caller's weight, and dusts him over with its golden pollen; after which it remains a mere exploded shell, disdaining to recover itself, and other subsequent bees pass it by contemptuously as a damaged article. For your bee will rifle none but virgin flowers; and where he finds a rival has been beforehand with him, he passes on and searches a fresh blossom out for himself, which no intruder has earlier tampered with.

In a thousand ways, indeed, the joy of living presses itself upon our observer, even through the dreary autumn and winter. He knows that autumn is not, as most of the world vainly imagines, the time of universal death and decay: it is rather the time of active preparation for the busy spring-tide, the period of universal growth and development. In November, we all get the garden done up, and set out the bulbs for the spring display of crocuses and tulips. In November, Nature does the self-same thing on a larger scale in her vast garden; she sets her borders everywhere in order, and drills out the bulbs of her orchids and her celandines. Her annuals, even, she sows early: our optimist looks in the hedgerows throughout the autumn months, and sees the seedlings of cleavers and wild geraniums struggling upward manfully against the frosts of evening. The snow falls upon them and covers them close; the hoarfrost nips them off and kills them down; the rain beats them dragged against the soil; but on the whole, they battle somehow through the hard times, and reappear again in the spring months as fresh and green and sturdy as ever. Nobody, save himself, ever deigns to notice these struggles for life on the part of our poor small vegetable friends: but he, our optimist, sees them and follows them with intensest sympathy, and

rejoices with his mute brethren at last in their final victory over their stern impassive enemies.

Through the winter months, life is still ever present beside him. As soon as the swallows and the flycatchers go south to their fashionable winter-quarters on the Nile or in Algeria, he observes that the green plover has come back to England for the Christmas season; the snipe reappears on the wet moorlands and the bill of fare at the London clubs; and the monastic chaffinches congregate sadly for their winter *ménage* in celibate bands of cocks or hens, each to the utter exclusion of the opposite sex from their austere communities. As soon as the last rose of summer and the last chrysanthemum have finished blooming, the earliest wallflowers burgeon in full bud on the mouldering church tower. By mid-December the mezerion has opened its pinky blossom; before Christmas Day, the yellow jasmine mantles with its naked leafless bloom the cottage porch, the winter aconite has lifted its golden bells through the frozen soil, and the Christmas roses or white hellebores have spread their milk-white petals, somewhat dragged by rain, to the winter winds. He gathers the snowdrop before December dies: he sees an earnest of the coming spring in the hyacinths that show their stout green heads above the ground on the last morning of the old year. The wheat that was sown in October now rears its blades well above the furrow: our optimist reads in their sturdy culms the sure and certain hope of a sunshiny April and a golden July.

Old friends, too, comfort him through the gloomy season. The daisy never goes out of fashion: its period for blossoming may be succinctly stated as from the 1st of January to the 31st of December in any given year of the calendar. The purple dead-nettle knows no wintry pause: the chickweed flowers in every month of the year: the shepherd's purse is full of its tiny round seeds, like fairy coins, as long as the shepherd has need of its services. On his walks abroad through the wintry fields, our anonymous hero notices with joy these manifold signs of life everywhere around him: he watches the groundsel spreading its wee yellow tassels to the chilly

breeze; he sees the stray beetles of January busying themselves with burly hum around the scented trusses of the winter heliotrope in the garden walks; he observes how the barren shoots of stonecrop and saxifrage grow lustily outward through the cold weather, and lay by the material in their long sprays for the tall heads of summer flowers. Every step he takes fortifies him with the thought that winter is only preparation for spring. All creation groans and travails together, and of its labor, in due season, will be born the beautiful luscious April.

By and by, the spring itself approaches: not that late spring that most men think of, but that earlier season when Nature first awakes, and the signs of her quickening press thick and fast upon us. The arum pushes up, mayhap, its tender green leaves in the first few weeks of the young year. On New Year's Day itself, peradventure, our Scholar Gypsy hears at times the robin singing the nuptial song that heralds the advent of the annual nesting. Earlier still, before the old year dies, the rooks have resought their clamorous rookeries, and at the first approach of warmer weather set to work, like hotel servants, at their noisy labor of repairing and renovating throughout the bridal chambers for the honeymoon season. In the gardens behind, he sees the polyanthus come into straggling bloom and the crocuses push up their papery sheaths, from the first birththroes of the shivering young January. Soon, the red threads of the female flower-clusters spring in rich tufts on the branches of the hazel bushes: and on that self-same day that the hedge-sparrow begins to sing, the very rather of rathe primroses flowers boldly under shelter of the naked blackthorns on the common. The thrush follows, that thrush in February, whose full song George Meredith has set to poet's music: and then the insects swarm under sunny hedges, and the gray slug creeps out once more from his short hibernation to bask in the rays of the returning sunlight. By a thousand signs our optimist knows in truth that spring is creeping on apace, that the gnats will soon be dancing in the narrow lanes, and that the daffodils and snowdrops

will ere long be courting their insect lovers.

With the advent of the earliest brimstone butterfly, on the morning when the blackbird first whistles from the copse, the spring seems to be really upon us. Then the botanist knows—there now, how stupid of me! I have let out his name before the proper time, and having found out who he is, you will at once incontinently leave off reading this present article. For what can be duller or more prosaic than a botanist? Well, well, there's no helping it now; so I may as well go on and finish my sentence. Then the botanist knows—who else but he?—it is time to look out for the blossoming of the celandine. To that eternal bore, Peter Bell—I will admit he has become a fearful bore by this time—a yellow primrose by the brim was but a yellow primrose in spite of everything: to Peter Bell's creator at Rydal Mount, as to the botanist also, the lesser celandine was, and is, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It may be rude, indeed, to call it "the meanest flower that blows;" but when you add next instant that it brings you "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," you immediately apologize to it with ample reparation for your momentary rudeness. Moreover, it has its philosophy too. The celandine is the first of the buttercups to blossom in spring, because it possesses a number of tiny tubers upon its thread-like roots which lay by from last year the stored-up material for the spring flowers, and because it nestles low among the cropped grass, without wasting anything on a tall and expensive but useless stalk. Thrift and economy are the secrets of its success, a simple Philistine moral which Mr. Wordsworth, if he had only known it, would have thrown with enormous delight into very choice Wordsworthian English. The bulbous buttercup, to be sure, runs it hard, for it too lays by over winter against the pressing demands of early spring; but being somewhat less richly stored with food-stuffs in its bulb, it blossoms later; and living in moist meadows, where the grass grows high even in budding spring-time, it has to waste its substance recklessly on a tall and expensive advertising stalk. Otherwise, its blossom would never be seen of

flitting insects, and so would doubtless escape the needful fertilization.

Do you think all this is not matter for joy to the observant heart of the poor despised botanist? Do you think he does not feel the genuine thrill of an intense plot-interest as he watches the cuckoo-pint backing its judgment against the warping winds of March, or the coltsfoot venturing to pronounce its verdict for open war against the hoarfrost of February? Do you think it is no small pleasure to him on one particular Sunday in spring to note in his yearly calendar of the seasons how to-day the first flower was seen on the yew; how to-day the field-cricket opened their tunnels in the meadows by the river; how to-day the ring-snake lay basking beside the pond; how to-day the bees buzzed busy among the scented spurs of the wild violets? His science, believe me, is not all technicalities and crabbed latinisms: part of it is the actual and veritable joy of living. Thinkest thou because thou art blind there shall be no more primroses and cowslips? Aye, marry, and the song of the lark shall be sweet in the ears too. The world wags on in its own quaint way, eating and drinking, and marrying and giving in marriage, by every copse and moor and hedgerow, whether you are there to chronicle it or not. And if you are there, and see the endless drama all unfolding itself ever fresh before you, then, like the wedding guest, you cannot choose but hear, and cannot fain but be gladdened by that strange life-music.

On an April day, the botanist arises and goes forth blithely into the world. The play is now in full swing, and he has a front stall everywhere reserved for him. Overhead, white fleecy clouds flit across his sky, and show between such deep, deep blue as the Society of Arts fail egregiously to equal. He makes his happy way along the mousling Mole, the sullen Mole that floweth underground, and reaches the slope of Box Hill, past Burford Bridge, where Keats wrote "Endymion," and the beautiful chalet where George Meredith still writes companion romances to "Beauchamp's Career" and "Richard Feveril." In the river below, the hungry trout, just waking from their winter fast, rise greedily at the midges and May flies that

fall upon its surface. The impatient elder has leaved already; the soberer horse-chestnut is just bursting those dusky sheaths, and with its pale leaflets heralding the summer. The box-trees on the slope have opened their flowers, so the strong scent of the box hangs heavy on the winking air. The elms are flowering, too, red against the sky, and the hum of insects fills the neighborhood with soft music. A louder pæan from the "legioned rooks" in the "clanging rookery," among the woods below (I own up to Shelley and Tennyson), gives deeper resonance to the chord that solemn music strikes in his bosom. A profound joy thrills his heart. He pauses awhile upon the close sward of the long hog's back that rises sheer between the two deep combs of that hollowed hillside. The smoke is curling gray from the chimneys of Fanny Burney's cottage in the nearer distance. A wagon drawn by four stout cart-horses, tandem, with slipping feet, descends the Pilgrims' Way from the downs opposite—the Pilgrims' Way along whose green track the faithful from the West Country once plodded slow on their wearisome road to St. Thomas's shrine at Canterbury. He pauses long and drinks in the beauty of that exquisite gorge. A touch of Paradise brightens the young verdure on the budding poplars. Like Mr. Silas Wegg, he drops into poetry, as I have almost done unconsciously myself in my secret sympathy for his glad musings.

Still the mute panorama unfolds itself ever before his wondering eyes, more delighted with the spectacle than with the gorgeous processions Mr. Augustus Harris provides for our special delectation at a Drury Lane Christmas pantomime. Not wholly mute either, for hark! from the box-woods there rings at last the voice of a blithe new-comer (I drop once more, again after Mr. Wordsworth); an oft-repeated cry of "Cuckoo," at varying distances, that gladdens his soul still further with the joy of the spring-time. The cuckoo-flower and the cuckoo-grass were both beforehand with their eponymous hero: as our optimist passed along the shady lanes that April morning, he broke open a purple spathe of the hooded arum we call cuckoo-pint, and saw within it the

little imprisoned flies, with gauze-like wings of iridescent sheen, drunk with the poisonous pollen, like a Chinaman with opium, or a Hindoo devotee with the sacred haschish. Next, the black-thorn paradoxically whitens for him the clumps on the common, and bees set the sloes for the autumnal food of belated birds. As the beeches slowly unroll their wrinkled leaves, shedding the brown coverlets on the ground below, the black-robed swift, latest and daintiest of our summer migrants, returns from his winter villa in Andalusia to his Surrey estate on the squat parapet of Mickleham Church tower. For fifty generations his ancestors have held the undisputed freehold of a sheltered niche beneath the gray old corbel. The swallows and the house-martens, of hardier mould, were back three weeks ago, and hawked for midges above the Castle mill-pond. The whitlow-grass is blossoming, too, on the side of the knolls; no grass at all, save in popular name, but a tiny, graceful, white-flowered annual, that springs up, blooms, and sets its copious seed, and withers away, all within a fortnight, in a hurry to finish its narrow span of life before the taller weeds can rise around to choke and interrupt its petty cycle. Dull? technical? uninteresting, say you? Why, his every touch upon the flowers he fingers is a loving caress, and the welling thrill of young love informs his whole life among his chosen favorites.

But what a sultan he is, to be sure, too; with endless slaves forever springing fresh and fair from earth, and all to please and sate his curious taste, as John Milton excellently phrases it. As soon as the fritillaries are gone from the water-meadows—the chequered fritillaries, dappled with lurid purple and white—his orchids rise thick in the pastures beyond: first the green-winged with the helmet-shaped hood; then the flesh-colored male orchid with the spreading wings; and after those, the common spotted dead-men's-fingers, whose very name, instinct with old-world poetry, recalls vague touches of Shakespeare's white-souled heroines. The orchids alone, indeed, one after the other, like the seven sisters of the Eastern tale, woo our sultan in turn uninterruptedly from spring to autumn with

ever-varying charms. In June, the great white scented butterfly-orchid hangs out its long and slender spikes of delicate blossom, like some dainty exotic, for his caressing hand. In July, the close-cropped front of Box Hill bursts into masses of the fragrant pink species, with deep spurs filled to the brink with brimming nectar, which no insect save certain special butterflies can drain to the bottom for want of a sufficiently long and thin proboscis. August brings the purple-green epipactis, and September takes up the tale at last with the curling lady's-tresses, a wonderful church-tower staircase of winding little blossoms, scented like almonds, and twisted corkscrew fashion in a marvelous spiral. I say nothing of the white helleborine, that springs spontaneous among the fallen larch-needles on the slopes of Denbies; nothing of the strangely long-lipped tway-blade, whose twin pollen masses an enamoured beetle carries about as go-between, gummed tightly by their viscid bases to his mailed forehead, from spike to spike of the uncanny yellowish blossoms; nothing of the man-orchid, in whose ragged form imagination sees the arms and legs and body of a human figure; nothing of the bee-orchid, or the spider, or the fly, which veritably mimic, for their own strange but sufficient reasons, the minutest details of their name-sake insects. Why, the English members of that one Protean and polymorphous family alone might entertain our sultan for a whole long summer with their ever-varying and successive charms. Even if, like the husband of the immortal Scheherazade, he demanded a fresh favorite every day of his life, the British orchids would beguile his leisure for thirty-six separate mornings.

Indeed, the world is almost too full of flowers and fruit for him. Even perpetual change must pall at last. If *l'ou-jours perdrix* is in its way a trifle tedious, yet a constant ringing of changes upon grouse, and pheasants, and ptarmigan, and capercaillie would surely make things very little better. At such moments of satiety, the Eastern despot must sometimes envy that cottage in Britain that Caractacus bragged about, and the one constant love whom a man might watch and know and read in-

stinctively in every varying mood and fancy. This joy, too, the botanist can share; for who, like him, can observe in all its passing phases the entire life-history of every pet plant in his own small garden? They are gathered there from every spot he has visited with delight in summer holidays. This alpine lady's-mantle, with the silvery sheen upon the leaves below, he dug up by the root beside the tumbling Giesbach: it has blossomed thrice in English peat-mould, and almost seems, like a dog or a bird, to know the hand that gently strokes it. These tall Canadian lilies spring from bulbs that Montmorenci moistened with its milk-white spray: they could stand beneath their protective covering of snow the northern winter, but an English March nips them to the ground, and it is with difficulty that he tides their too precocious shoots across the dangerous gulf of a mild April. This Pyrenean erinus in the craggy rock work raised its lilac trusses first on the bare walls of the Cirque de Gavarnie: it was a tiny shoot when he first planted it in its rough bed of Surrey ironstone: but it has spread amain by suckers over the neighboring stones, and seedlings from its capsules have grown and thriven to three-year-old tufts of feathery blossom. This Himalayan strawberry, with its cinquefoil-flowers and its tasteless fruit, came to him first, dried in a letter, as a mere unnamed specimen for identification: he detected the green sap still alive in its veins, nursed it tenderly in the hospital bed at the sunny southern nook of the garden, and saw it send forth in due time right lusty runners, to colonize the shady spots beneath the laurustinus scrub and the clump of Virginian rhododendrons. Plants such as these are as dear to their owner as a dog or a canary to most other people: they have individuality and personality of their own: they seem even to recognize and return his love, when they send up their scapes of blushing flowers for his approbation.

But best of all he loves the June meadows, where every plant, not caged and cabined, bends freely before the free west wind, and drinks in food from each fresh breeze that kisses it. June for him is high carnival tide! The fields then laugh at him from a thousand

faces. The dog-rose then clammers at its own sweet will with lithe sprays over the joyous hedgerows. The waterside is purple with centaury and willow-herb. The birds-foot trefoil yellows the pastures. The foxglove turns toward the summer sun its serried rows of big purple thimbles. He pulls them off wantonly for very love, and pops their inflated bells like paper wind-bags between his dallying thumb and finger. The four stamens, arranged in even pairs, show whitey-yellow against the spotted roof within, their pollen-bags just shedding the white meal to dust the head of the bumble-bee who now, alas! will never visit them. In the cornfields hard by, the bloom is on the wheat: the wind shakes out the pollen from the quivering sacks: he sees them hanging tremulous in the breeze: he sees the feathery stigmas catch the precious dust: and he knows in his heart that the quickened grain is now fairly kerning. Rust-spots show ominous on the barley-bush in the hedge—a bad sign, for the next stage in the life-cycle of that strangely locomotive and vagrant fungus assumes the form of smut in wheat. If the farmer were well advised, now, he would grub up the barleyberries: but the farmer, of course, is a practical man, and shares the practical man's common contempt for mere theorists. The barleyberries have always grown there, he would say; and they shall grow there still—and the smut with them. Our optimist shrugs his shoulders imperceptibly—a trick he must have caught from reading De Candolle:—so much the better, he thinks, for the microscopic botanist! The smut fungus is such a pretty object for a low power! A wild valerian blooms beside the ditch. Its feathery calyx, that crowns the seed-like fruit, is just beginning slowly to unroll and form a parachute to waft the seed to some new dwelling-place. Rotation of crops was first invented by Mother Nature. For that end, she wings her seeds with airy gossamer, and coats her stone-fruit in pulpy coverings. He pulls out his platyscopic lens from his pocket—spotted tortoise-shell, a gift from the maker—and proceeds to examine with curious interest the tiny barbs of those plume-like parachutes.

To him, thus engaged in happy un-

consciousness, lens at eye and fruit in focus, enter a stout middle-aged gentleman, addicted to stockbroking, and a sentimental young lady of uncertain years, addicted to novels. Our optimist, recognizing at once the guests at the great house where he dined last evening, starts, blushes, and raises his hat; for has he not been caught *flagrante delicto*, like a naughty schoolboy, in the very act and fact of botanizing? The stockbroking gentleman smiles and nods, and waving his fat unimpressive hand over the country side (as though he had made it), remarks with cheerfulness that it is a fine day, that the view from here is extremely beautiful, and that the summer flowers are really charming. The sentimental young lady pulls the petals of a dog-rose cruelly to pieces before his outraged eyes, and echoes the statement that the sweetbriars and scabiouses are quite too lovely. Our optimist, at peace with all the world, answers with heart unfeigned that the view is in short exactly as described, and that the handiwork of nature is indeed exquisite. A stare from the stockbroking gentleman cuts him short: and the sentimental young lady, still massacring the dog-roses, replies archly, "Ah, but you know you don't care for them as we do. You don't love them for their own gracefulness and beauty. You go in for nothing but filaments and anthers. You see, Mr. Optimist, you only take a botanical interest in roses and lilies."

The wiser botanist holds his peace and answers nothing. He knows in his heart how dear to him are the common red robins that hang out of the hedgerows: how gladly he recognizes their crinkled seeds upon the damp soil in early autumn; how instantly he perceives their stout spring seedlings, raised in April high above the grasses; how well he remembers from season to season the very day and hour and minute of their wonted blossoming. He knows what friendship subsists between him and the milk-white stitchworts; what sympathy he wastes upon the dandelions and daisies; what unsuspected depths of hidden beauty he finds in the veriest pests and plagues of the cornfield. He it is, and none other, who has observed the dainty lemon-colored heads of the

mouse-ear hawkweed ; who has noticed the delicate tinge of crimson that reddens the underside of its outer ray-florets ; who has marked the pretty vandyke edge that recalls the five original petals ; who has felt the exquisitely graceful effect of the tall scapes, scattered over with the tiny black glandular down that grows into clusters of moss-like thickness on the imbricated scales of the gummy involucre. Your stock-broking gentleman and your sentimental young lady, gazing with a patronizing glance of hasty approval at the works of creation, recognize in a general politely indifferent fashion that daffodils and wild hyacinths, harebells and corn-poppies are "very pretty." It needed no Columbus to discover that continent. But have they ever dreamed of the unnoticed beauty of exquisite detail in the mosses and lichens, the common chick-weeds and stag-horn plantains, that everywhere carpet the fair world around them ? Do they know aught of the tiny parsley piert that creeps upon the sward with its dainty fern-like foliage ; of the close rosettes that press tight to the earth lest any straggling grasses should

oust and overtop them ; of the green-flowered knawel that springs from the mossy cart-ruts, one unbroken mass of tiny solid blossoms ? All these things the botanist knows well, and to him they form a perpetual fountain of domestic sweets, a natural liturgy of varied tones, an endless source of interest and of pleasure. If these delights thy mind may move, come live with him, and go through a regular course together of De Bary's "Comparative Anatomy of Phanerogams and Ferns."

But if you ever venture to say again behind my back that the botanist is a dull, dried-up, unimaginative person, who cares nothing for the beauty of the lovely flowers, but goes in only for classification, herbariums, and sesquipedalian Latin names, I will arise and slay you with my hand in another article just as long and every bit as argumentative as this one. Remember in future that a botanist is a man who loves life in all its forms, and brims over visibly with the joy of living. All others are spurious imitations, and should be promptly sent back to Kew Gardens.—*Murray's Magazine.*



THE DREAM-LOVERS.

[ATHENÆUS, XIII., 35.]

BY ALFRED CHURCH.

ODATIS, child of him who ruled the lands
Eastward from Tanais, in her dreams beheld
Prince Zariadres, whom the tribes obeyed
To Tanais northward from the Caspian Gates,
Beheld, and loved him ; and the Prince beheld
The maid in visions of the night, and loved,—
Fairest of Asian dames the girl, and he
Of Asia's sons the fairest. So the twain,
Though sundered far, were constant each to each.
And Zariadres, when the time was ripe,
Asked her in marriage ; but the King, whose house
But for the girl was childless, lest his realm
Should fret at alien rule, denied the suit ;
And ere the year had circled, he ordained
His daughter's marriage, calling to the feast
Kinsmen, and friends, and princes of the land,
All Scythia's noblest, nor for whom the bride
He purposed and the heirship of his crown
Declared ; but when the revel was at height
Bade fetch the maiden to the hall, and said,

"These be thy suitors, girl. Now take the cup,
 The cup from which the Kings my fathers drank,
 And mix, and give it as thy heart shall choose."
 With one swift glance from under drooping lids
 She scanned the glittering throng, now saw the One,
 The lover of her dream; then slowly turned,
 And sought the board whereon the cups were ranged.
 Seeing her instant fate, but hoping yet
 Wildly against all hope. And he, it chanced,
 Drawn by war rumors to his frontier, lay
 Encamped by Tanais; and he knew her need,
 Though no man told him, for their hearts were one.
 All day he drave across the Scythian plain,
 Nor spared the lash, and when the sun was set
 Came where the King held revel. There he left
 Chariot and charioteer, nor feared to pass,
 In garb of Scythian prince, the palace doors.
 With shout and song the revellers quaffed the wine
 Unheeding, and Odatis at the board
 Stood cup in hand, and slowly mixed the draught,
 While the big tear-drops trickled down her cheek.
 Then the Prince knew the lady of his dreams,
 And whispered, "At thy bidding I am come,
 O best beloved;" and she beheld him stand,
 Unknown, yet known, and smiling through her tears,
 Reached him her hand, nor doubted, and the twain
 Passed from the hall to where the chariot stood.
 Forth sprang the willing steeds, and all the night,
 For Aphrodite gave them strength, devoured
 The plain with feet untiring, till they came
 With morning to the river and the camp.

—Spectator.

THE GENESIS OF THE ELEMENTS.

ALL kinds of matter, say the chemists, whether solid, liquid, or gaseous, are composed of simple substances or elements combined together in an infinite variety of ways. About seventy such elements are known to exist. They combine either in certain fixed and definite proportions by weight represented by relative numbers, or in proportions which are simple multiples of those numbers. These proportional weights are called atomic weights, because, according to Dalton's well-known atomic hypothesis, they are believed to represent the relative weights of the ultimate atoms of the elements. Every element has its own atom with individual properties and an individual weight, and the element is an aggregate of such atoms, each identical with the others. So that if there are seventy elements, there are seventy kinds of atoms, each kind differing from the other kinds in

weight and other properties. When elements combine to form compounds the ultimate particles of the compounds are clusters of elementary atoms, each atom retaining its individuality. Such clusters are called molecules. Thus the molecule, or ultimate particle of water, is a cluster of three atoms, two hydrogen atoms, each weighing one, and one oxygen atom weighing sixteen. The hydrogen atom is the lightest of all, and is taken as unity. We do not know the absolute weight of an atom of oxygen, but we have good reason to believe that it is sixteen times as heavy as an atom of hydrogen, and so for all the other elements. The atomic weights of the elements vary greatly—from hydrogen 1 to uranium 240—and appear at the first glance to be merely capricious. They are not, indeed, as far as we know exact whole numbers.

So stands the basis of chemistry as

represented in our text-books, and it is not wonderful that such a basis should have been found unsatisfactory by many thoughtful men. The problem is singularly stimulating to those whose restless minds are constantly searching for new revelations. Why are there seventy elements, or thereabouts—why not more or less? Why do their atoms, if they have atoms, show such diversity and apparent eccentricity in weight and disposition? Is Nature limited on its lowest side by these atoms? and, if not, whence did they arise? How, on any possible development hypothesis, can we account for their formation from nebulous matter or for their obvious individuality? Is it not possible that there may have been in reality but one elemental matter from which our cosmical elements have been formed? and may we not, with the accumulated observations of modern science, hope to obtain some clew to the mystery, some hypothesis not a dream, which shall show us how the evolution may have advanced?

These and similar questions have haunted the minds of chemists since chemistry became a science. Some glimpse of light has from time to time allured us like an *ignis fatuus*; but no coherent hypothesis was reached, or was indeed possible, until Mr. Crookes, after years of most laborious experimental study and patient thought, found himself, at the last meeting of the British Association, able to suggest one in his address as President of the Chemical Section. Quite recently he has expounded his views anew in a lecture at the Royal Institution, and no one who was present on the latter occasion will forget the eloquence of the lecturer or the brilliance of his experimental illustrations.

It is no easy task to render intelligible to those who are not familiar with chemical theory the great hypothesis which Mr. Crookes has propounded. It is based on no single discovery; and, although its author has contributed much, he lays no claim to the whole of the matter on which it depends. In fact, since Dalton's time material has been slowly collected by a host of workers. Now at last generalization seems possible; and Mr. Crookes has attempted it in no spirit of dogmatism, but

with the honest hope of stimulating further study. He asserts nothing, but suggests a great deal.

The first consideration in the study is the relationship between the numbers which are believed to represent the relative weights of the ultimate atoms of elements with the properties of those elements. Dumas was the first to point out that the atomic weights of many analogous elements were related to one another in a manner too definite to be accidental. Thus, to take only one case, the atomic weights of the very similar metals, lithium, sodium, and potassium, were respectively 7, 23, and 39, 23 being the exact mean of the other two. This provoked curiosity, but pointed to no law. But in 1863 a much more important step was taken. An English chemist, Mr. John Newlands, whose name will be immortal in the history of science, pointed out that, if the elements are arranged in the order of their atomic weights, they are seen to present a uniform sequence of sevens, so that the eighth resembles the first. Thus the eighth from lithium 7 is sodium 23, and the eighth from sodium is potassium 39. So, again, with fluorine, chlorine, bromine, and iodine, and with oxygen, sulphur, selenium, and tellurium, all groups of very similar elements. This "law of octaves" was received with neglect or derision until the researches of Mendeljeff in Russia and Lothar Meyer in Germany showed its supreme importance. Missing links in the chains of octaves were soon observed, and many have already been filled up by researches stimulated by the new law, which was found to be of far deeper significance than its author could have anticipated. The latest expression of it, the immediate precursor and the inducing cause of the Crookes hypothesis, is due to Professor Emerson Reynolds, of Dublin. Unfortunately it is impossible to give an adequate idea of it without a diagram, but some attempt must be made. Imagine a pendulum swinging and slowly coming to rest. Imagine, further, that the pendulum is steadily sinking downward, and, lastly, imagine that a pencil attached to the weight of the pendulum is drawing a line on a vertical sheet of paper behind. On the paper is a perpendicular line

down the middle. It is evident that the pencil will draw a zigzag line on the paper, right and left of the perpendicular. We shall have, in fact, the pattern which was irreverently described by the wits of the British Association as the "Chemical Corset." Now, if the chemical elements are placed on this zigzag line in the order of their atomic weight with an octave on each line from right to left, and another on each line from left to right, we find that the elements in similar position on the zigzag lines, in regard to the central perpendicular line, or, in other words, those that are over one another, are similar in properties in a variety of ways. Without going into details, it may be said that those on any part of the zigzag which are approaching the perpendicular are electro-negative, while those receding from it are electro-positive. All the elements on the right of the perpendicular are dia-magnetic, and of uneven valency, while those on the left are para-magnetic (as iron is), and of even valency. If these words convey no idea to our readers, we can only beg them to believe that they represent very definite differences in physical and chemical properties. Many other well-known analogies and divergencies are shown at a glance in the diagram, which is, indeed, as Mr. Crookes describes it, an interesting and even exciting study for chemists.

But what has all this chemical theory and this "chemical corset" to do with the genesis of the elements? it may well be asked. We must answer with a most meagre and insufficient sketch of Mr. Crookes's hypothesis, advising all those to whom the exercise of the scientific imagination is a pleasure to study the original. Of course, the whole hypothesis rests on imagination, for no eye can see the events it attempts to depict. But it is no dream, for it rests on a solid basis of observation, and it represents at any rate potential truth. Let it be understood at starting that the pendulum illustration to which further reference must be made, with its right and left swing, and its steady descent, is a symbol typifying two distinct influences, the perpendicular descent a fall of temperature, the lateral swing some exercise of force, possibly, as Mr. Crookes suggests, electricity.

Imagine, then, a universe, or a portion of the universe, without form and void, consisting of nothing but a *protyle*, to use Mr. Crookes's convenient word, a substance simpler than all elements and prior to them. This condition is antecedent to the formation of suns and planetary bodies which belong to modern history—a mere twenty million years, according to Sir William Thomson. The *protyle* is at an enormous temperature, which, we presume, means, if heat be motion, in motion of enormous velocity or amplitude. Then begins the cooling, the tendency to equilibrium of temperature, which is the prevalent phenomenon in our cycle of infinite time. As the heat energy of the *protyle* is lost, another energy succeeds it, causing agglomeration of *protyle* into the small masses, or particles which we call atoms. The first atoms formed are the lightest, the hydrogen atoms. Then in the swing of the cosmic pendulum toward the left, to use the symbol once more, come the positive lithium, glucinum, boron, and carbon atoms, each formed at a definite epoch of the grand development. The pendulum swings back and approaches the perpendicular, and nitrogen, oxygen and fluorine, all negative atoms, are formed at successive stages. The perpendicular line is passed, and the positive sodium, magnesium, aluminium, and silicon atoms are formed in turn, the last forming the apex of the angle and being similar in many respects to carbon, which stands at the first apex. So on until the temperature has fallen so low that the atoms begin to combine with one another, perhaps under the same stimulus of electricity; and in future the agglomeration is not of *protyle* to *protyle*, forming atoms, but of atom to atom, forming compounds.

In this manner, or in some manner of which this is symbolical, the elemental forms of matter may have been evolved. Endless questions remain, of course, unsolved; and we cannot expect the writer of such very ancient history to tell us everything. But one paramount question occurs to which Mr. Crookes has devoted the chief labor of many years of his life. Are all the atoms of an element really identical in weight and properties, or is the atomic weight the

mean atomic weight of its atoms? With regard to one element, or to a substance described by that name in our text-books, the element yttrium, an answer can be given. By thousands of operations, the labor of which can hardly be imagined, Mr. Crookes has apparently proved that this element is really a congeries of elements, nearly, but not quite, identical. To follow the previous illustration, there seems to have been at certain stages a dash of irregularity in the swing of the great pendulum, and the single element got muddled up into a lot of similar and insignificant ones. Several cases of this kind occur in the

series of elements, and perhaps we are apt to push hypothesis too far in our attempt to account for them. But *à priori* it seems probable that elementary atoms should have not exactly, but only approximately, the same weights. As far as our knowledge goes, nothing outside of mathematics is uniform or perfect. No two seeds, or crystals, or plants, or orbits are quite identical, and why should atoms differ from the rule? As Mr. Crookes puts it, the atom of calcium has a weight of 40, but possibly some atoms weigh 39 and some 41.—*Saturday Review*.

THE CONDUCT OF AGE.

A GOOD part of the world is almost governed by very old men. The Emperor of Germany was 90 last month; Von Moltke is 86; Prince Bismarck is 71; M. Grévy, 76; and Mr. Gladstone, 77. Yet the great influence which the old undoubtedly tend to acquire in modern times has certainly done nothing to help old people of average calibre to order their life better,—partly, no doubt, because picked lives of exceptional vigor are either no models, or very unfortunate models for men of ordinary type; and partly because, even if they were to tell us their experience, it would not be of much use to us, in consequence of the very different conditions to which men on whose resolves affairs of the greatest moment depend, are subjected,—very different, we mean, from those which surround ordinary people. You could not get much guidance as to how to meet the sense of decaying energy from the example of those whose energy, even when it has been lessened by age, is twice as great as that of ordinary men of the same age, or from those who are kept up to their work by the imperious exigencies of a position in which very one is looking to them for some urgent decision. It would be as wise for a horse to guide his endeavors in old age by the example of the elephant, as for most of us to guide ourselves in that stage of life by the hints which lives such as we have mentioned might supply. Indeed, we

hold that our literature in general often misleads commonplace folks from a closely analogous cause,—that all its most influential portions are due to men of genius, and that men of genius, in their interpretation of life, are very apt to misinterpret the experience of those who are not only not men of genius at all, but who are very apt to be misunderstood by men of genius even when most brilliantly painted by them. The history of the world could not, of course, have been either guided or written except by men of very exceptional endowments; but just for that very reason, the lessons which have been learned from them are often far less applicable than they are supposed to be to their humbler fellow-men who have neither their endowments, nor, in general, that vivid life which usually results from exceptional endowments. And what is true of the misleading effect produced by the teaching of men of high powers generally on those who have very moderate powers, is equally true of the misleading effect produced on men of ordinary vigor by watching the old age of men of very exceptional vigor. We are often told that it is a great mistake to retire early, that the motto of the old should be *Cave de resignationibus*, and so forth. But do the persons who give this advice on the strength of the experience of men of unusual strength of constitution, know what it really means?—that it means duties half-performed or

ill-performed, though protected by a certain traditional respect from sharp criticism; that it means the effort to do what there is no longer the power to do well, and the secret mortification of feeling that it is not well done; that it means the keeping back of the competent to save the pride of the incompetent; and, worst of all, the keeping up of a sort of self-deception on the part of the old, in order that they may reconcile themselves to the part they are playing? No doubt it is true that when old men give up their accustomed tasks in later life, they may often lose health which they might have prolonged a little further into their age, and drop away. Well, is it not better so, if the only mode of retaining bodily health is to affect to do as in former times what men have lost the power to do well? There is no such deficiency in the stock of energy needing work, that those who have only the habit of work without the energy, should keep the work in their own hands. Probably the advice so often given to the old to stick to their work to the last is, in nine cases out of ten, bad advice, advice which takes into account a very small part of the case,—namely, the convenience and habits of the old, and not the convenience and habits of the young; the pride of the old, and not the aspirations of the young; and, finally, the rigidity and inelasticity of the old, and not the pliancy and elasticity of the young.

The truth is, we take it, that very little of our best literature is written for the benefit of old people, and that that which is, is not very likely to do them good. A good work on the best way of growing old is greatly wanted. The willingness to admit that certain portions of one's former work are beyond one is hardly ever pressed upon any one as a duty; yet a duty it undoubtedly is. The evil,—we think we may say the sin,—of deceiving ourselves, and trying to deceive others on the subject, is hardly ever insisted upon; and yet it is a great evil. Doubtless it is very difficult to recall as a practical truth that what we are apt to call the work of life is, and ought to be, the work of only a part of life, and that mortal men, if they live to old age at all, have to learn to die out of life well,—by which, of course, we do

not mean to die physically, but to die to a great many of their former pursuits, with as much meekness and humility as we teach the young to display in their entrance into life. It is the greatest of mistakes to suppose that humility is a duty which belongs exclusively to the young. It is quite as needful to the old, and a great deal more difficult. Pride is a far greater temptation to the old than it is to the young, partly because it necessarily meets with much fewer rebukes, and partly because dignity is so often confounded with pride, while the old find it hard to maintain their dignity (as, however, they often do in the very highest sense) if they sacrifice their pride. Yet to make neither mistake to which pride prompts the old,—neither to hold fast to power which they have lost the art of exerting to the advantage of others, nor to throw up in mortification duties which they could do better than ever because they find that they cannot be successfully combined with other duties which they once discharged well,—is a matter of no little difficulty, and one in which they are very little helped by the moral counsels of the best spiritual advisers. The latter part of the life of the old ought to be, even when it is not, a very gradual dying out of the active work of life, and ought to be a cheerful and serene process, not a gloomy and sullen one. But it is precisely here that men get so little help from the spiritual teachers who are so full of their counsels to the young. Old men hardly ever hear of the special difficulties and temptations of old age, of the duty of cultivating an ungrudging spirit while making this kind of retreat from active influence, of the plausibility of the self-deception which represents a certain gloom or melancholy under such conditions as a perfectly right and natural attitude of mind springing solely from a noble yearning for the sphere of usefulness from which an active mind has been unwillingly driven. The truth, however, is that the self-sacrifice which in youth is oftenest represented by readiness to surrender pleasure for duty, is in age oftenest represented by readiness to surrender what was once duty but is duty no longer, into more vigorous though less practised guardianship.

Considering how carefully childhood and youth are usually made apprenticeships to the practical duties of middle life, nothing is more remarkable than the complete neglect of the hardly less clear duty of making middle life an apprenticeship to the duties of age; of preparing for the time of declining strength, for the time of life suitable to the advising rather than the executing mind, for the freedom and detachment of spirit appropriate to less exhausting labors, for the graceful but unexact dependence which is quite willing to owe much to others, but is fully aware of the conditions under which alone it is possible to owe much to others without being a heavy burden upon them. It seems to us that there is far too little of this kind of deliberate preparation for later years, that men at least, and often women, are far too tenacious of all the practical rights which they gain in middle life, and which, whatever they may say to the contrary, they evidently never dream of relaxing their hold upon, while they live. This is why old age, when it does at last compel them to give up their long-ago enfeebled grasp on their work, is so hopeless and intolerable. They have never prepared themselves for it. This may be excusable in the poor, who are forced to work up to the last limits of their ability, though even in the poor, as they are now educated, there might be much more preparation than there is for the last stage of life. But among the middle-classes nothing is less excusable or more melancholy than to see men jealously holding on to work which is no longer their fit work, and for which others who are far fitter are waiting, simply because they have no other interest in life than that of discharging mechanically duties which it was once their pride to have shown how to discharge with a certain originality. It is no paradox to say that there is an immense deal of youth in age, if people

would only study how to keep it, and not overburden it with a sort of strain for which the physical organization of the old has become unfit. There is no brighter hopefulness than the hopefulness of age,—personal hopefulness for the great change approaching to themselves,—hopefulness of vision for others,—hopefulness of insight for the world. It is only the outworn and the overburdened who have the hopefulness crushed out of them by the sense of a weight of responsibility for active duties which it is no longer possible to carry with ease. In order to bring out this hopefulness to its full brightness, there should be a serious moral preparation in middle life for the approach of the time of peace, a steady discouragement of that jealousy of the young which is so apt to creep on ambitious men, a steady fostering of those quieter and less exciting interests of life which grow in importance as the active strength declines, and a steady grasp on that spiritual life which waxes as the powers of administration wane. Wordsworth says that—

“the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away,
Than what it leaves behind.”

And that is so, no doubt, when age leaves behind all the eager desire to control others which failing energy no longer enables men to gratify. But if we trained ourselves as we might, age would take away the desire as well as the power always to be meddling in the practical control of earth's affairs, and leave only the willingness to counsel others with that disinterested and dispassionate insight which carries the most weight. And if that were so, age would really gain in unobtrusive influence as much as it had lost in executive force. The dregs of a carnal hankering after controlling force, which age now so often leaves behind, is the legacy not of years merely, but of a jealous and unchastened middle life.—*Spectator*.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

BY ANDRÉE HOPE.

RUSSIA, gigantic Russia, superb and powerful though she be, nevertheless conceals beneath her gorgeous robes and

imperial grandeur an awful cancer that poisons the happiness, nay even threatens the very existence of the mighty

Empire. In this vast and magnificent country heroic self-devotion is closely allied to cowardly assassination. The friend we trust may to-morrow be the murderer destined to slay. The hand that clasps yours in kindly pressure may ere long place the cruel dynamite that will not only destroy the enemies of the nation, but that may inflict infinite suffering, if not death, on hundreds of innocent human beings.

To-day the savage cry for blood heeds not that multitudes must be sacrificed to insure the destruction of one, doomed to die by the decree of a secret and irresponsible tribunal.

No man now dare trust his fellow. And alas! for the country where such things can be, women as well as men are but too often the perpetrators of cold-blooded and dastardly murders. Therefore it is that in this gigantic, refined, yet barbarous country, events are occurring day by day that offer the most startling contrasts.

In the following narrative the names of persons and places have been changed and the minor circumstances are fictitious, but the principal incidents are, I believe, true. The terrible details were related to me in Russia by a relative of the unhappy woman I call Countess Nariska.

* * * * *

Long residence with an uncle, who for many years was British Minister at one of the small European Courts, that of C— (I purposely avoid giving the name), led to my acquaintance with numerous members of the principal families of Europe. One of my most intimate friends was a Countess Nadine Fedorovna Nariska, a young Russian widow, rich, handsome, brilliant in conversation and accomplishments, but as peculiar and eccentric as she was handsome and accomplished.

I suppose the sympathy we mutually felt was produced by the complete contrast between us: I was fair, quiet, and, as Nadine said, wofully English in all my ways and ideas. My friend, on the contrary, was fiery, impetuous in speech and action, and changeable as the wind. Her moods were as various as her toilets. Her very beauty was eccentric. Not a feature was regular nor indeed good, but the too great pallor of the creamy skin

seemed to enhance the dusky magnificence of the masses of dark hair coiled around her head, and when some eager thought, some eager word, sent the impetuous blood coursing through her veins, the deep-set eyes glowed with a light that was electric in its effect on those gazing into their sombre depths. But when annoyed or bored—a not unfrequent occurrence—then the mobile face expressed such scornful and mocking contempt, that all beauty in it seemed marred, and a slight cast outward of one of the eyes became distinctly visible, producing a most unpleasant, even sinister effect. But I loved her well, and even pitied her, for during her dark moods, religion became to her a very torture. At such times her mind seemed agonized by belief in every miserable superstition. She would inflict upon herself the severest penances, the longest and most distressing fasts prescribed by the Greek Church. A week later, and she would profess absolute scepticism. Then, intense as was her devotion to the Russian Imperial family, almost slavish indeed, she was almost a Nihilist in the political opinions she expressed. The violence of her language on many subjects frequently caused me cruel alarm on her account. I expostulated, but in vain. She laughed at my fears, and only sought occasion to frighten me still more.

In truth she was a contradiction both in thought and action.

However, her wild, almost savage beauty, her tender, even caressing words, won all hearts. She reigned in our little world a queen. Even the women liked her. As for the men, they were her veriest slaves. The brightness of her words, the softness or the anger expressed in her eyes, were lures no man could resist; but apparently she laughed at all, and professed to despise them all.

A few weeks before the close of her stay at C—, a man arrived who, though showing her almost exaggerated devotion, was—I am convinced—absolutely uninfluenced by her; while she, on her side, though she treated him with even greater rudeness and brusquerie than others, was in some strange fashion subservient to him, and showed a certain deference to his wishes.

He was a countryman of hers—a

Russian, a Count Xavier Perètekoff—tall, handsome, smooth-faced, smooth-tongued, and singularly accomplished. Though eminently courtly in manner, there was ever something in his flattering speeches and whispered words that inspired me with deep mistrust. I was nearly alone in this opinion, however, for he had wonderful success in our little society; nearly every one, from the Court downward, pronouncing him to be one of the most delightful visitors that had ever arrived at C—. His stay, however, was not long. He came, he saw, and, I suppose, conquered. Then he went, and a few days after his departure Countess Nariska left also. Nadine was very tearful and sorrowful when wishing me good-by.

"You will forget me, my Lina," she said, with real feeling in her voice; "your life is a happy one. You belong to a good country, to good people. You have a good heart, a good head; while I—" here she sighed deeply, but would tell me no more.

"No, no," I cried; "yours is the happy life. Young, handsome, rich, with all the world at your feet, you can make of your life what you choose. Your future is in your own hands; you are free to do as you like."

"Free!" she exclaimed, with sombre bitterness; "free! How little you know the realities of Russian life! Who among us is free? The veriest slave is not more bound—" Here she paused, cast a furtive glance around, and for some seconds was silent.

"But, Lina," she continued, "should you ever come to Russia, here are my directions both in Moscow and in the country. I give you both, though it is barely possible you should ever find yourself near so remote, so forlorn a spot, in the poorest and most thinly inhabited part of our wild country. But my lands are there, my people are there, and I must be there myself soon. Farewell, dear, sweet Lina. Do not forget your Nadine."

So my friend and I parted, and, as years rolled on, our severance became complete, and our friendship was but a name, a remembrance only of the past.

These passing years brought many sad changes to me. My dear uncle died, and with him ended my happy life at

C—. Then sorrows came fast and heavily, bringing bad health in their train. Thus it is that now in my declining years I am a constant wanderer, ever seeking health in change of place and scene. It so happened that having passed several months at Athens, and on the Bosphorus, I accompanied some Russian friends to Yalta, a charming little town on the Black Sea. I had intended going on with them to Moscow and St. Petersburg, but a few days before their departure I was seized with an attack of fever, so severe, that it not only prevented my travelling with them, but it would make it imprudent to move for at least ten days or a fortnight. This delay was vexatious, as I had hoped to arrive in Moscow in time for certain grand ceremonies; I had bethought me also of my old friend Countess Nariska. It was now quite fifteen years since we had been together at C—, and nearly ten since we had corresponded.

I had learned that she was still living, very rich and powerful by all accounts. My friends, who were Court people, and belonged to St. Petersburg, knew her only by name, as she never appeared at Court, and of late years had but rarely inhabited her magnificent palace in Moscow, residing almost entirely on her vast but remote country estate. However, I wrote to her, and hoped soon to hear from her.

Troubles never come alone. I was only beginning to recover from the attack of fever when my excellent servant, Giuseppe Moroni, my factotum and courier, received news compelling his instant departure for Italy.

"Be assured, Excellency," he said, "I will return as speedily as possible. In the mean time the proprietor of the hotel here tells me he knows an excellent Russian servant, who well understands travelling, and is acquainted with this country. He will take admirable care of the dear lady until I can rejoin her at Moscow. He is, in fact, waiting without, should her Excellency desire to see him."

I could but signify my assent. I must ere long move somewhere, for after a certain stage of the malady change of air became essential. In that case equally essential would be the services of a man-servant.

Long residence on the Continent had made the acquisition of languages comparatively easy, and I had mastered sufficient Russian for the purpose of travelling; but my good old Scotch maid, Sarah Mackay, once my nurse, but for many years my maid, remained angrily faithful to her own tongue. She was usually so indignant at any new foreigner entering our little establishment, that I much dreaded her resentment on this occasion; but affectionate anxiety for me qualified her disapprobation, so instead of being cross and sulky, she was gracious and condescending, smoothing away difficulties, making, as she said, "the best of things."

She emphasized Giuseppe's good character of the Russian by declaring he was a "weel-faured mon," with a "vera smooth tongue in his head."

I felt such recommendations from both my servants must be sufficient. The newcomer must be engaged.

He was speedily brought into my presence. Serge Kounoff by name, a Russian Tartar by birth. I asked him in Russian a few questions, to which he answered promptly and pleasantly. He knew the country well. Was accustomed to travel. Was convinced he could make her Excellency comfortable. His master, a General of Division, had a command in the Caucasus. He, Serge, had to go to Moscow, and was glad of employment, but was in no hurry if the gracious lady wished to travel slowly.

He was a good-natured-looking fellow. I should have thought his face vacant and rather silly, but for a remarkable pair of little Tartar eyes, so wonderfully sharp and piercing, that they seemed in an instant to have noted everything in the room. Every object, before, on either side, even behind him, had been embraced in a series of rapid and intelligent glances.

It was fortunate I could speak a little Russian, for his English was of the weakest description, and of French and German he professed to be absolutely ignorant. He was not, he said, a courier, only a private servant.

So the matter was arranged, and he entered my service at once. To my great relief Sarah really seemed to like him. Never before had she displayed such good-will toward any foreigner.

She understood his broken English, while he divined her queer Scottish phrases with equal readiness. So my good Giuseppe departed, and, thanks to his care, though I regretted him much, still as far as comfort was concerned I was as well attended to as when he was with me.

Days passed and I got better; but as my health improved, my anxiety to be gone also gained strength. All my friends had now left Yalta, and weakness and loneliness caused time to hang heavy on my hands. The fever I had had is also apt to produce depression, and a tendency to indulge in morbid fears and fancies.

Another reason, though one I scarcely acknowledged even to myself, was that I did not like my new servant (notwithstanding his many good qualities) as much as I had hoped to do. It seems a contradiction, but he was really too clever, too obliging. He seemed ever on the watch to obey my slightest behest. He was ubiquitous. He divined my wishes almost before they were uttered. He always saw everything. He always heard everything. He always knew everything; and I began to feel worried, almost irritated, at such constant surveillance. Yet what could I do? How could I resent service that came from zeal, and from such eager desire to be useful and obliging?

At length, understanding my impatience, the doctor agreed that if I could get a comfortable carriage, and would make but short journeys, I might leave as soon as I pleased. The energetic Serge speedily found such a carriage, and I settled to go first to S—, and there make a halt of some days.

The evening before my departure I went for the last time to a favorite spot commanding a superb view of sea and mountains.

For some time I sat there motionless, revelling in the perfect beauty and charm of the scene, then leaving my little carriage, I entered the garden of a villa, with whose owners I was acquainted. The family had returned to St. Petersburg, so the house was closed, and I believed empty. What was therefore my surprise to see Serge, whom I had left at home packing, descend the steps of the veranda in company with

a gentleman whose face was familiar to me, although I could not recall the name. The two were speaking together earnestly, so intently indeed, that though they passed tolerably near, neither saw me.

All the way home I puzzled myself over the familiar face. I made a careful mental revision of all the acquaintances I had had at Yalta, but no, this somewhat peculiar countenance did not belong to any one I had known here.

When I re-entered my rooms, Serge was diligently at work, as if he had never been away, and when I questioned him as to whom he had been talking with at Villa P——, it struck me that he was inclined to deny the fact of having been there. At any rate he hesitated a moment, and then said he had been asking the owner of the carriage about some alterations that were needed. As he spoke, however, full recognition of the face flashed upon me. The stranger was Count Xavier Perètekoff, somewhat aged, of course, and therefore to a certain extent altered, but the countenance was too remarkable to be ever completely changed.

"No, no!" I exclaimed, "the gentleman I saw is Count Perètekoff, an old acquaintance whom I have not met for years. Should he be in Yalta, I should like much to see him. Take my card at once, and ask him to do me the favor of calling upon me this evening."

"The gracious lady shall be obeyed, but there is no one of that name now in Yalta. The person to whom your servant was speaking is Alexis Petewitch Strogoff, and he by this time is already on his way to Sevastopol."

I said no more, but I was nevertheless convinced the stranger whom I had seen was my former acquaintance Count Perètekoff. I could not be mistaken. Not only were the features similar, but the figure, movements and the peculiar turn of the head were identical.

I hardly know why I wished to see Count Perètekoff again. I had never known him well, nor had I much liked him. The wish probably arose from his being associated with days long past, and also I thought he might have told me something about my old friend Nadine.

I hoped, however, to see her ere long,

and in the bustle and business of preparing for a long journey I speedily forgot this little incident.

Serge proved himself an invaluable courier. But notwithstanding all his care my health suffered from the journey. Far from the change being of use, the attacks of fever were more frequent and more severe, and rendered me day by day weaker and more depressed.

On the evening of the fourth day I felt so ill, that continued travelling seemed almost insupportable, and yet, where to stop? The post-house at which we had arrived was the most miserable place I had yet seen. The house belonged to the staroste, or chief man of the village. His wife had died but a few hours previous to our arrival, and her corpse was lying in an adjoining chamber. The women assembled were crying and howling in a frightful manner; of the men, including the bereaved husband, not one seemed even partially sober. The brandy-bottles were handed about, drink being offered liberally to all newcomers. I never saw so revolting, so degrading a scene. To remain there was impossible.

I groaned forth my desire to continue our journey, though I knew the next post was a distant one, the roads were terrible, and every jolt caused me exquisite pain.

The horses were being harnessed, when Sarah jumped out to see if the carriage could not be drawn into some yard, a little removed from the noisy crowd, so that I might rest quiet, at any rate, for the night; but even that comfort was unattainable; the village was squalid even beyond the generality of small Russian villages. It was a mass of mud and dirt, and reeked with evil smells. It would not be safe to remain in the forest, for the wolves were about, and great packs of them had already been seen in the neighborhood.

While Sarah was thus occupied, Serge came to the carriage, and said in a low voice, as if anxious not to be heard by the people about,

"If the gracious lady would not object, only a few versts from here is the great property of Vlovna, where her Excellency would find herself admirably placed. It belongs to the family Nariski, and doubtless Nadine Fedorovna

would be glad to receive so distinguished a guest."

"What!" I cried in astonished delight, and feeling better in a moment from having such good news, "the Countess Nariscka lives near here! she is the friend whom I hope to see in Moscow. Let us go there at once."

Serge gave some orders to the coachman, who was already in his place, and said he would drive on before us to choose the best road, and also to inform the Countess Nariscka of my coming.

In another minute he had jumped into a little telega that was standing near, and had driven off.

I sank back in the carriage, inexpressibly relieved at the prospect of having some comfortable rest under the roof of a kind friend, instead of having to pass the night in a wretched post-house, or else being obliged to endure for many hours the jolts and jerks of an ill-built carriage.

Even this little excitement, however, had made me feel weak and faint, and Sarah returning at this moment, shaking her head, and pulling a long face at the ill-success of her search, devoted herself for the next quarter of an hour to administering sal-volatile, and rubbing my cold hands. At last I fell asleep, and slept until rudely awakened by the violent movements of the carriage. I roused myself, and called to the driver to go more carefully, and also slower, for we were being dragged at headlong speed over a track that did not deserve the name of road, being but a series of holes and sloughs of mud.

The man answered in a patois I did not understand, and only whipped his horses into a more furious pace. I looked out for Serge, but he and his telega had disappeared. By the fading light I saw we were surrounded by forest. As far as eye could reach were interminable vistas of stunted fir-trees. We were evidently traversing one of those desolate tracts that in some parts of Russia extend over thousands of versts, and through which one may travel for hours without finding human habitation.

A sudden terror seized me. Two women in such a lonesome place, absolutely in the power of such a wild creature as the driver, who now, by loud

cries and fierce gestures, was urging his horses to increased exertion. Again I called to him, and now to entreat to be taken back to the village we had left. It would be better to endure miseries we knew, rather than continue this journey through so dark and ugly a forest. But my entreaties were useless. The man either could not or would not understand.

Why had I allowed Serge to go? Why, indeed, had he left us in such a position? Alas! we were helpless. We could but be patient, and hope the best.

A drizzling rain was now falling, adding to the gloom of approaching night. To give myself courage, and also to comfort Sarah, I told her of our unexpected good luck in finding ourselves so near an old friend, for we were going to Countess Nariscka. Sarah expressed herself greatly pleased, and for some time we talked about the comforts we should have later, and so consoled ourselves for present pains.

"Countess Nariscka is such a true friend," said I, "and she is so accustomed to our English ways, that I dare say we shall find ourselves quite at home at Vlovna, and so—"

I was going on, when Sarah with a stifled shriek caught my arm. "Oh! dear Miss Selina, my dear, dear child, don't go there! Whatever we do, don't go there! You think I can't understand, but I do. I pick up many things. That is a wicked place. A horrible place. People shudder when it is spoken of. For God's sake, don't go there!" and Sarah, trembling violently, held me tight in an agony of nervous terror.

Such words were not only an unexpected shock, but a dreadful one. Still, remembering my dear old friend, I could not believe they could relate to *her*. "Tell me all you know at once," said I decidedly. "What have you heard? What do you know?" Closely did I cross-question Sarah, but her answers were both incoherent and incredible. I gathered, however, that her alarm was principally caused by fear of ghosts, vampires, and such other evil creatures, so, knowing that, like many Highlanders she was a profound believer in witchcraft, evil omens, and sinister portents, my mind was somewhat relieved.

In little more than another hour we were evidently approaching the confines of the forest. Large irregular patches of ill-cultivated ground were now visible in the moonlight. Here and there was a miserable hovel, but at this hour of the night neither man nor beast were seen. As we passed through the collection of cabins that might be called the village, we could hear in the sheds an occasional stamping of horses' feet, and from the dwellings alongside, larger, though scarcely perhaps more cleanly than the stables, we could also hear the heavy snores of their probably intoxicated owners. The place we had left was squalid and wretched, but how much better than that where we now were! But a short distance from the village appeared a great mass of buildings, and the carriage passing through some lofty wooden doors and entering a courtyard, drew up before the portico of an immense house, a palace apparently in extent.

The white façade glittered in the moonlight, great pillars encircled the court, but the same light showed how ruined and dilapidated were the buildings, and all the many ornaments belonging to them. The plaster was peeling off the walls; of the pillars, many were broken; some, indeed, had fallen, and were lying unheeded on the ground.

The wooden roof was partly bleached from age, and was partly green from the mass of weeds and moss with which it was in many places covered. Several of the windows were boarded. In short, this grand house was but a fitting adjunct to the wretched village that belonged to it. Everything testified to hopeless neglect. The very air seemed tainted by the mould and decay around.

Alas! poor Nadine, can this be your home? I thought. It was piteous to think one so brilliant, so gifted, so calculated to shine in the world, should be compelled to pass even a portion of her life in so deplorable a dwelling, and I gave a sigh for her and another for myself, that we should be obliged to remain, even one night, in a place that seemed little better than a ruin.

Several servants in shabby liveries soon appeared, and I was conducted into the house, of which the interior was more comfortable, and better kept than

the exterior led one to expect. The vast salon into which I was ushered looked however very bare and cheerless, but then the five large windows without curtains or blinds allowed the dismal landscape without to be seen in all its dreariness. Immediately beneath these windows was a sort of garden, if ragged patches of grass, a few half-empty flower-beds, and some groups of stunted bushes, can deserve to be so called. Between this and the dark line of forest the moon's rays glittered upon sundry patches of water, stagnant pools oozing from the boggy ground, and the moonlight, mingling with the light of the lamps in the salon, gave a curiously weird character to the desolate scene.

"Nadine Fedorovna will speedily wait upon her Excellency," said a servant.

I murmured the necessary civilities in reply, though feeling somewhat pained at so ceremonious and chilling a reception from a friend, once so much attached to me. For some minutes after the servant left I waited patiently; but as time went on, and the mistress of the mansion did not appear, I became nervous and uneasy. So, rising from my chair, I began pacing up and down the immense apartment. The floor and walls were of yellow marble. Huge chairs, sofas, and tables were arranged along these walls. Of other signs of habitation there were none, but the air was warm and agreeable from the gilded stove that stood in one corner.

I had made a few turns, and was at the extreme end of the room, when I heard approaching footsteps. I turned quickly, as the doors were thrown open somewhat ceremoniously by a chamberlain or groom of the chambers, with other servants, and a lady entered.

I stood petrified. Could this be Nadine? This aged, yellow, faded woman? She was wrapped in a dressing-gown of magnificent silk. Costly lace hung about her arms and throat; but gown and lace had been carelessly thrown on, and her hair had been negligently twisted beneath a chenille net. Round her waist was knotted a common rope, and to this was attached a multitude of crosses and little images of saints, some adorned with jewels of considerable value, others coarsely fash-

ioned in lead or tin. Her whole appearance was untidy and ill-cared for; but it was the changed face that struck me with such infinite pain and amazement. The brilliant, wild, bright beauty had absolutely gone. Not a trace was left. Sallow and sunken, the once lovely countenance had lost all its fresh and beautiful outlines. The features were exaggerated; the nose pinched, the mouth swollen; the cast in the eye, once quite bewitching in its strange peculiarity, was now simply a defect and a deformity. The figure had lost all youthfulness of shape, and the hair was streaked with many lines of white.

But even worse than the loss of mere beauty was the haggard expression, the hopeless misery denoted by that careworn face. It told alike of severe physical pain, and even greater mental suffering.

I was stricken dumb. I was motionless with amazed distress. But great as was my surprise, my pain, it seemed nothing as compared with that of Nadine.

She stared at me for a moment in bewildered astonishment, then throwing her arms wildly in the air, she uttered a sharp cry.

"Merciful Heaven! is it possible, can it really be Selina Brownlow!"

In spite of the cry, the amazement, the changed person, I recognized the loving feeling of my old friend.

I hastened toward her. I seized her outstretched hands. I kissed her with the hearty enthusiasm of old days.

"Dearest Nadine, say at any rate you are glad to see your old, old Lina once again; but have you not seen my messenger, have you not received my letters to Moscow?"

"What messenger? What letters? No, no; yes . . . no. Oh, Lina! why did you come here? What miserable chance brought you to this . . .?"

She fell upon my neck in a passion of tears, and kissed me with an affection that her words belied.

I knew not what to feel, what to think. Such a reception was as distressing as it was unexpected.

Fortunately at this moment the usual tea was brought in, and there entered at the same time a harsh-visaged young lady, whom Nadine shortly introduced

as her *dame de compagnie*, Mademoiselle Tatjana Durscka.

The young lady bowed silently, looked askance at me, and proceeded to make the tea.

Nadine also relapsed into moody silence. Occasionally she clenched her hand, and muttered something to herself; but she did not speak again to me, and seemed preoccupied with anxious thought.

I, feeling singularly uncomfortable and distressed, also remained silent. Even the hot and refreshing tea failed to have its usual restorative effect, and I only felt anxious to go to bed, in order that as early as possible on the morrow I might quit this inhospitable dwelling.

As soon as the opportunity occurred, therefore, I shortly and ceremoniously asked Nadine if she would give me hospitality for that night, as I feared the next station was too far to permit of my journey being continued at so late an hour.

"Hospitality!" cried Nadine, suddenly rousing herself, "how can you speak so cruelly, Lina, as if you did not very well know that I would gladly give you everything I possess; ah! everything, everything, not to have you here," she muttered to herself in a low voice.

"But, Lina," she continued aloud, "why did you not come to Moscow, there we might have been so happy together, while now I doubt whether you—"

Mademoiselle Durscka, who was leaving the table, pushed the tray hastily aside, and one of the beautiful teacups falling to the ground was broken to pieces. The *dame de compagnie* exhausted herself in the most humble excuses and apologies, to which Nadine paid no sort of attention, but darting an angry glance at her, she took my arm, and begged me to accompany her to the bedchamber prepared for me.

I was convinced the *accident* was intentional, either to attract Nadine's attention, or to recall something to her memory.

We passed through several salons and antechambers, until we arrived at that where I was to sleep. Comfortable *portières* hung over the doors and windows. The bed, in German fashion, stood at a considerable distance from

the wall, and was quite shrouded by the curtains that were drawn closely around it. The air was warm and comfortable from the well-managed stove. In an opposite corner, partly hidden by a screen, was a small bed for Sarah.

To my surprise, however, Sarah was not there, neither had Serge appeared. I inquired for both, but was told Sarah was having tea. "Serge is no doubt drunk by this time," said Nadine quietly, "but, my dear," she continued, "you and I will have some supper here, away from Tatjana Andreovna's tiresome company."

Several servants now appeared, bringing all the materials for supper, and having arranged a table for two, and placed on it dishes that sent forth a most appetizing odor, they withdrew.

To my extreme surprise, before giving any of the meat to me, Nadine examined it most critically; then, with a sudden exclamation, she hurried to the window, opened it, and threw out the whole contents of the dish. By the splash that ensued there was water, a moat probably on this side of the house.

Can she be mad? I thought, and a sudden fear came over me, as I looked at the wild, haggard face, the untidy costume, the changed appearance of my old friend.

But she again took her place at the table quietly, saying something about the cook's insisting upon putting spices or condiments into some dishes that would be sure to be disliked by, and would probably disagree with a foreigner.

"One of our horrid national dishes," she said with a forced laugh. But, I thought, why throw it out of the window? Still I remembered that Nadine had always been eccentric, she had never done anything like other people, and probably our separation for so many years made her actions appear to me even more extraordinary than before.

Many dishes had been prepared, excellent in material, and well cooked, one more of which Nadine threw away; and until all had been examined she was uneasy and restless, but at last we fell back into our old intimacy and talk. As of old, I told Nadine every circumstance connected with my life; and also, as before, while apparently talking most openly about everything, and seeming to

give me every confidence, she in reality told me little or nothing.

At length she rose to leave. Embracing me most affectionately, even passionately, she whispered in my ear—

"Mind, Lina, and attend carefully to what I say; do not eat or drink *anything*, except what I give you. Remember what I say, only that which I give you; take nothing from any other person. Our people are not to be trusted."

Then promising to send Sarah immediately, she went.

I was literally thunderstruck at such a warning. What could she mean? Were there poisoners around my friend, in her own house?

Again the idea of insanity occurred to me, and gained ground in my mind, as I remembered all the more than strange peculiarities my old friend had exhibited ever since I had been here.

Then how singular it was that I had never seen my servants since my arrival! Sarah's absence, especially, was extraordinary. Sarah, who watched over me with such care, and who never before had left me for many hours alone!

I was thoroughly perplexed, and uncomfortable, and until my faithful attendant came, could not resolve to go to bed, although I felt the aguish fever was returning, and I was now thoroughly exhausted with so much fatigue and emotion.

At length I heard somebody coming—heavy, vague footsteps that moved awkwardly over the marble floors.

The door opened, and Sarah appeared, bearing in her hand a large silver goblet. But could this be Sarah? My horror was unspeakable. My good, my faithful friend and servant was absolutely overpowered by drink.

She stumbled into the room, and stared wildly and stupidly at me, while the very atmosphere around her seemed infected by the horrid stuff she had been drinking.

I rushed to her.

"Oh my dear, dear Sarah!" I cried, "what have you been doing? You must be ill. You cannot knowingly have done this;" and I burst into tears at the sight of such degradation in my dear old friend.

I seated her in a chair, and dashed cold water in her face. This seemed

to rouse her a little, though not effectually. She still grasped tightly the goblet, which contained a quantity of sweet wine, and muttered something in an incoherent and unconnected manner about its being a sleeping-cup prepared by the hands of, and sent me by, Countess Nariska.

I tried to take it from her, but she resisted my attempt, and before I could prevent her, had lifted it to her lips, and taken a long draught. Scarcely had she done so, than she fell back in the heavy sleep, or rather stupor of intoxication.

Seldom had I shed more bitter tears than I did over the miserable and shameful figure of my dear old friend. She was hanging partly over the chair. I could not bear to see her thus, so pushing and dragging it along the smooth floor, I managed to get to the side of my bed, which was the nearest, and placing my poor Sarah upon it as well as I could, I hoped in a few hours she might sleep off the results of her terrible condition.

I could not rest myself—I was far too disturbed, too pained, too unhappy. I got out my little book of prayers, and endeavored to soothe and tranquillize my mind by reading, and praying over the beautiful words and meditations it contained. Then I dozed from time to time. At last I suppose I must have fallen really asleep; but I was awakened suddenly by hearing deep, half-stifled but terrible groans from the bed. I hastened to the side of my poor, unhappy Sarah, and found that though still insensible, she was evidently suffering severely.

That she was in a most dangerous condition I could not doubt; both her appearance and her convulsive breathing convinced me of that. I never travelled without medicines, but in such a case I knew not what were the necessary remedies.

Severe as were the pains, the pressure on the brain seemed the most alarming symptom. I dragged aside all the curtains, threw open, though with some difficulty, the windows, and then rubbed the poor sufferer until she became a little easier; but help and medical advice she must have.

I searched vainly for a bell; none could I find, neither was there one in the antechamber.

Heedless of the danger of losing my way, and becoming confused in a large, strange house, I hurried on, leaving the doors open as I passed.

Some of them, however, were locked; occasionally, therefore, I had to retrace my steps, so I became very much puzzled; but on I must go, as help was absolutely necessary, and of course with a servant there would be no difficulty in returning to my apartment.

Entering one small room very quickly, a sudden gust of wind extinguished the candle I carried with me. The moon, however, was shining through the uncurtained windows, and I could see a door nearly opposite, toward which I hastened, all the more comforted as I fancied I could hear subdued voices. Some persons, therefore, were awake in this huge wilderness of a house, and I should now soon have help. I hurried toward it, and pushing it open, found myself in a small gallery overlooking a vast and lofty hall. But I with difficulty restrained the shriek that nearly burst from my lips, and I almost fell to the ground with horror at the appalling scene before me.

Was I in Pandemonium? Was I witnessing a Sabbath of evil spirits? Could the beings before me be really men and women?

A dense mist partially filled the vast space below, and the air was heavy with sulphureous and other evil vapors. A few smoky lamps were suspended at rare intervals against the walls; but the principal light came from the lurid flames that burst forth at intervals from a species of furnace standing upon a table or altar placed at the far end.

From time to time a hand appeared from the gloom, and threw powder or other fuel into this furnace, and then the flames flared upward with a blue and ghastly light, showing distinctly the awful figures that moved around.

It was difficult to believe they were human beings, so weird and terrific was their aspect. Most were nude to the waist, the few clothes that covered them being little else than filthy rags. Blackened with dirt, bleeding from recently

inflicted wounds, many staggering under the weight of heavy chains, they moved slowly about their ghostly fire.

Occasionally a few words were said, then the frightful crash of a whip falling upon human flesh was heard, and succeeded by deep, heart-rending groans from the unseen sufferer.

At first, between terror and astonishment, I could hardly distinguish objects; then, to my horror, I perceived that many of these wretched beings were women!

Of what horrible ceremony was I an unwilling witness? I dared not cry aloud, I was far too overwhelmed with terror; I moved gently back, hoping to refind the door by which I had entered. Carefully I passed my hand along the wall, but neither opening nor lock could I discover. Again and again I tried. The gallery was small, and not an inch had I left unfelt. My poor Sarah! at all risks, however, I must get help for her, and I was about to cry aloud for aid, when my own name, spoken distinctly, and by a voice I knew, caught my ear.

"Your prayer could not be received, Nadine Fedorovna; the Englishwoman, Selina Brownlow, is already dead. Her money was necessary to the cause. Had her life been spared, secrecy could not have been secured. There would have been scandal, and inquiry. It was impossible, therefore, to accede to your petition. In deference, however, to your wishes her death was insured by kind and gentle means. Be content, and be silent. The moment of our devotion approaches. The heroism of our nature is about again to be put to the test. We must show by courageous endurance of bodily suffering, that our hearts are steadfast to the Great Cause, and that no tortures that can be inflicted upon us by our enemies, the Tyrants, to destroy whom we readily dedicate our lives, can suffice to weaken our courage, or force us to betray those who have engaged with us to conquer or to die.

"Approach those who are prepared."

More fuel was cast on the furnace, from which was now shot forth lurid and fitful flames, making visible many long thin rods of iron that were projecting from it.

The speaker seized one with his naked

hand, and brandishing it aloft, endured without cry or groan the exquisite suffering it must have caused him. A frenzy now seized the wretched crowd; they threw themselves upon the red-hot bars, burning themselves, burning others, as if they were incapable of feeling, or of understanding what torture meant.

Then there was a sullen lull, and low, suppressed groans and cries came from the miserable wretches.

Through the mist and smoke I could at intervals distinguish the writhing figures beneath.

Then the horror of the hideous sight, the awful sounds, the madness of the scene came upon me also in deepest intensity, and in my lofty gallery I fell crouching in the remotest corner, groaning heavily with those beneath in the agony of their sufferings, and from my own terror-stricken sympathy. But far away, hidden in the dimness of the great height, and by the wreathing smoke, none saw, none heeded me.

Again was the voice of the unseen speaker heard.

"These are the torments we testify can be endured for the Cause," he said in deep, hollow tones, that showed how strongly mental resolve was struggling to subdue bodily anguish. "None have faltered, none have shrunk affrighted from the stern ordeal.

"But woe to that man or woman who does retract, who hesitates when the supreme moment arrives! We swear, and let each man and each woman approach and swear, that whatever be imposed upon them, that duty they will fulfil, be it the sacrifice of husband, wife, child, parent, or of all that life holds dear.

"Woe to the degraded wretch who fails to obey!

"We swear that not one torture that can be inflicted on human frame shall he or she be spared."

Then all drew near, and each resolutely took an oath, so awful in its words and character, that I dare not repeat it here.

Amid all my terror, amid all the agonies of my mind, a murmured prayer rose to my lips that Almighty Mercy might not record, might blot out the impious threats, the impious desires.

Again there was silence for a few mo-

ments ; and then again the same voice spoke.

"It were best that the bodies of the two women should be disposed of as secretly as possible."

As he spoke, there was a sound of steps as of persons moving, then a door closed, and once more silence fell upon the assembly.

I know not how long it lasted ; it seemed an age, it was probably minutes, when those who had departed reappeared, bearing between them a lifeless figure.

"Oh, my Sarah, my dear, dear, faithful servant ! can it indeed be you so cruelly done to death ? Oh, my friend, my old once loving friend ! is it possible that you have thus violated every law of hospitality, that you have thus requited years of loving friendship ?"

But now many persons, I could not distinguish how many, rushed into the hall in headlong haste.

The other, the lady, was said by deep and angry voices, she has gone, she has escaped. The windows were open, she must have fled by the moat. There must be traitors among us. And a muttered roar of suppressed fury rolled through the vast hall.

A second's pause, a second's indecision, then the stern and cruel voice of the President again was heard.

"We need have no fear. The wolves are about. They are all around. They must already have found their prey. But," and here the cruel voice gave forth its harsh and guttural tones more slowly and more savagely than before, "he who quails at the sacrifice of wife, or child, or of all he holds most dear, is unworthy to be the leader of noble and devoted hearts.

"Bring hither Nadine Fedorovna Perètekoff. I, her husband, devote my wife to the torture that her weakness and her cowardice have merited."

A miserable, trembling woman was pushed, or dragged, before the hideous altar. By the light that came from its quivering flames I could see the convulsed, agonized features, the deathly pallor of my most unhappy friend.

She fell on her knees.

"Oh ! Xavier, Xavier ! pardon—pardon ! I could not kill her—I loved her

so. She has been so good to me. She loved me. Ah ! none have ever loved me as she has done. She asked of me food and shelter. No, I could not kill her. Oh ! Xavier, Xavier ! have mercy ! I have given you all—all. For the love of the Blessed Virgin, spare me this once ! By the memory of our dead children, spare me ! Kill me if you will, but torture me no more ! See how I have suffered, see how I have suffered ! No, no," she cried, as she writhed in abject terror on the ground, "I can bear no more. Kill me, kill me, for the love of our Merciful Lady !"

The wretched creature burst into bitter tears, and tossed her arms wildly in the air. Then I saw the scarred and tortured flesh, the twisted and distorted limbs, the hideous tokens of man's sinful lust for power, of his wicked crushing of wretched instruments for the sake of carrying out his own ends.

Without replying, he who stood before the altar, the man who in the world was the fascinating, accomplished Count Xavier Perètekoff, the husband of the beautiful and wealthy Countess Nariscka, now the avowed leader of a band of traitorous assassins and self-torturers, seized a large and heavy whip.

I heard the rush the thongs made as they were whirled through the air. I heard the horrid thud as they fell upon the bared shoulders of the victim.

A shrill scream broke the silence, and again the awful weapon descended.

I could endure no more—I could forbear no longer.

"Nadine ! Nadine !" I shrieked. "I am here, I am here ! You shall not suffer for me. Let them kill me if they will. God will avenge me. God will punish their wicked cruelty ; but you shall *not* be tortured for me !"

Again I shrieked loudly in the exquisite agony of my mind. Then a mist came over me, and I fell to the ground ; but hardly had the words left my lips when there was a sudden rush from below. I was surrounded by a horde of blackened and half-naked savages. They seized me, they dragged me down. They pulled me to the spot where my unhappy friend, dabbled with blood, lay before the glowing furnace. A cruel smile curled round the lips of

one who in days gone by had never opened them to me, save to utter flattering speeches or honeyed words.

"You dare be present at a meeting of the Secret Society! You dare pretend to save one justly condemned! Know that you are yourself doomed," and quick as lightning a long, sharp knife glittered in his upraised hand.

The steel just grazed my forehead, as I was dashed to the ground, dragging another victim upon me in my fall. A deep hollow groan; a hideous stream of blood, and then, as if the demons of this awful Pandemonium had been let loose upon us, yells and curses rent the air. The doors were dashed inward, a sudden rush of men poured into the hall. Blows and shrieks resounded on every side; strong men were hurled backward, and cast to the ground by the powerful force brought against them. Women fought like demons, but were remorselessly shot, or cut down by the sword. But few minutes elapsed ere the whole band was overpowered. Not a man escaped, and then Serge—yes, Serge—came to me, no longer my servant, but now arrayed in gorgeous uniform, the officer in command of the attacking party. The keen, searching eyes seemed yet more keen as they looked resolutely and fiercely around. The firmly closed mouth, the square strong jaw, now seen, made the features I had once thought vacant, appear stern, severe, and implacable.

"A carriage awaits you, Madame," he said, as he raised me from the ground, "and an escort through the forest will insure your safety. You will pardon the deception I was forced to practice in order to unearth this nest of assassins and traitors. Without your unconscious aid we could not have made the necessary arrests. This great duty compelled me, though most reluctantly, to deceive you. By taking the place of your servant, and so selling you into the power of my friend Count Perètekoff,"—and here he laughed a low, cruel laugh—"I was enabled to take these wretches red-handed, and so insure the fate they have so long richly deserved."

While he spoke, the prisoners were being removed, and at this moment Count Xavier Perètekoff, heavily manacled, blackened with smoke, and still

bleeding from the many wounds he had received during the desperate struggle, was being forced from the room.

He turned, ere his captors could drag him through the doorway, and raising his shackled hands, shook them at his wife and myself with an expression of savage hate, that will remain with me to my dying day.

"Fool and coward," he said, "may you die the death you so well merit—and I—I curse myself for having been such a miserable fool as to trust a woman."

Even as he spoke, another prisoner, a yet more hideous object than himself, from bleeding wounds, and from impatient fury, in whom naught told of woman save the long hair streaming down her back, pressed a little forward, and whispered in his ear. It was the *dame de compagnie*, Tatjana Andreovna Durscka.

"Yes, yes," he muttered, "you perhaps are faithful. Faithful," he added with a grim laugh, "for we shall share the gallows and the hangman, or, still worse, the mine."

I turned to Serge.

"I cannot go," I said resolutely, "without my dear companion and servant; nor can I at present leave my poor friend, who is, I fear, severely wounded."

I was kneeling upon the ground, and supporting the head of my unhappy and unconscious Nadine.

"Poor wretch!" Serge replied, looking carelessly at the miserable object before him. "She has been only a tool and a victim. These traitors have long suspected her, and but for her wealth, which they could not get at without her aid, would ere this have accomplished her death. But they have tortured her into silence and submission. Her heart was good, and she was faithful to our Father the Czar. Still it is better as it is. Justice could not now have spared her."

Oh, merciful Heaven! how that graceful, beautiful creature had been tortured! How maimed and lacerated was that once exquisite form!

It needed not much skill to see that life was now ebbing fast. Her sorrows and her pains were now fast drawing to a close.

Each breath sent the life-blood rush-

ing from the gaping wound she had received in saving my life. The convulsive sob with which she drew this breath, the slowly glazing eyes, said that death was very near.

I raised her poor head. I pressed her against my heart. I kissed the suffering face, over which the gray shadow of the last moment was now fast descending.

The fading eyes sought mine. The pallid lips quivered, and she struggled to speak.

"My Lina," she faintly murmured. "God be praised! I die in loving arms. This—this is rest."

But even as she spoke a sudden terror came upon her. She started in wild alarm.

"For God's dear sake, a priest!" she cried, "a priest to hear my confession. To absolve me from my great sins."

The crimson stream poured fast from her lips—she sank back gasping and suffocated by the strangling blood.

Again I raised her, signing to Serge to hold before her, so that her dying eyes might rest upon them, the little image and crucifix that every Russian soldier carries over his heart.

The lips quivered yet more weakly, slowly and faintly came the word,

"Forgive"—

A quick convulsion passed over the livid features. A sharp spasm shook the hitherto motionless limbs. Again the blood rushed in a purple torrent from her mouth. A momentary but desperate struggle for breath, and then one of the most beautiful and gifted women I have ever known lay dead upon the floor of her own hall, a victim to the cruel and selfish ambition of the man to whom she had given everything.

Serge would not permit longer delay. He hurried me from the ghastly scene, where the body of my unhappy friend was only one among the many dreadful objects that lay around.

A carriage was in waiting, in which had already been placed my poor Sarah, still insensible from the effects of the poisonous narcotics that had been administered to her.

Scarcely had I taken my seat, than the horses started at a hand-gallop. A detachment of dragoons closed around, and by the faint light of the dawn that was now gleaming palely between the stunted trees of the forest, we were rapidly borne away from the spot where I had passed hours of such infinite agony—a night so infinitely terrible.—*Murray's Magazine.*

THE TRUE STORY OF "PICKWICK."

A JUBILEE BIOGRAPHY.

BY F. G. K.

PERHAPS no work in Literature, certainly none in Fiction, can lay claim to a more interesting history than that attending the production of the "Pickwick Papers" of Charles Dickens. On the 31st of March, 1836, this great epic "began putting forth monthly those two green leaves from England's famous tree," and it was completed in November of the following year, just fifty years ago.

In tracing the origin of "Pickwick," we find that it followed closely on the heels of those remarkable delineations of cockney life and London scenes known as "Sketches by Boz," the work

of a youthful genius whose progress in life, at that time, was so heavily handicapped by a multitude of adverse circumstances. During the production of these remarkable "Sketches," and the greater portion of "Pickwick," young Charles Dickens resided in chambers in Furnival's-inn, Holborn, the building then occupied by him thus becoming one of those literary landmarks of which London has reason to be proud. A well-known American writer, Mr. N. P. Willis, once wrote an account of a visit paid by him, in these early days, to Dickens's chambers, accompanied by Mr. Macrone, who was then publishing the

"Sketches." He says that he ascended "a long flight of stairs to an upper story, and was ushered into an uncarpeted, bleak-looking room, with a deal table, two or three chairs, and a few books, a small boy and Mr. Dickens for the contents." He seems to have been particularly struck by the obsequiousness of Dickens toward his employer, whose visit had apparently quite overpowered him! and proceeds to describe the personal appearance of the author of "Pickwick." According to his version, the young writer very much resembled his own portrayal of Dick Swiveller, "minus the swell look, for, with close-cropped hair, scant clothes, and a ragged office coat which was exchanged for a shabby blue one, he stood by the door, collarless and buttoned up, the very personification of a close sailer to the wind." We accept these details with considerable caution, for, relying upon statements emanating from more authentic sources, we learn that Dickens, at the time referred to, was in receipt of a handsome salary for his duties as a reporter on the staff of the "Morning Chronicle," and always dressed himself in a showy and expensive style.

One of the most astounding facts in connection with "Pickwick" is the extreme juvenility of its author when it was written. He says that he was a young man of two or three-and-twenty, when Messrs. Chapman and Hall, then newly started in business, waited upon him with a proposition that something should be published monthly in shilling numbers, and that the "monthly something" should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by an artist named Seymour, whose humorous delineation of Cockney sporting life had become famous. The idea propounded to Dickens was, that a "Nimrod Club," the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing Seymour's designs. But Dickens preferred that the plates should arise naturally out of the text, thus giving him a freer range of English scenes and people. "My views," said he, "being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number, from the proof sheets of which Mr. Sey-

mour made his drawing of the club, and that happy portrait of its founder, by which he is always recognized, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour."

The earliest notification the public received of the intended publication of "Pickwick" was by means of the following advertisement in the "Times," March 26th, 1836:

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.—On the 31st of March will be published, to be continued monthly, price One Shilling, the first number of the POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB, containing a faithful record of the Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures, and Sporting Transactions of the Corresponding Members. Edited by Boz. Each Monthly Part embellished with four Illustrations by Seymour. Chapman and Hall, 186 Strand; and of all Booksellers.

Each number was issued in a green wrapper, having an appropriate design by Seymour, representing scenes of fishing, shooting, and groups of sporting implements. The first part contained twenty-four pages of text and four illustrations, an arrangement which did not entirely commend itself to those engaged in its production. Before the question of alteration could be discussed, a melancholy event happened—the death of Seymour by his own hand. With the second number an Address to the public was issued, in which this sad fact was announced; an apology was offered for the appearance of that number with only three plates, and a promise made that the succeeding numbers should be presented on an improved plan. This promise was accordingly fulfilled, for the quantity of letterpress was increased to thirty-two pages, and the number of plates diminished to two, in every monthly part.

The publishers, who experienced much difficulty in finding a suitable successor to Seymour, succeeded in engaging the services of Mr. R. W. Buss, who, as events quickly proved, was unable to cope with the technicalities of the art of etching, and this resulted in the failure and prompt cancelling of the two plates produced by him when only a few copies had been circulated. This incompetency on the part of Buss created a

fresh vacancy for an illustrator, and it is interesting to learn that an application for the post was made by Thackeray, who, if successful, thought it would prove an admirable opportunity for following his favorite pursuit. Fortunately for him and for the world he failed to procure the position he so ardently desired, otherwise it is more than probable that "Vanity Fair" would have been lost to us, and "Esmond" never have been written; his failure as an artist luckily determined him to adopt literature as a profession. The other and successful competitor was Hablot K. Browne, whose soubriquet of "Phiz" is familiar to all readers of Dickens, Ainsworth, and Lever; and it is recorded that when he was selected as the illustrator of the "Pickwick Papers," his generous rival was the first to tell him the good news, and to offer his congratulations.

"Phiz's" instinctive grasp of the thought and style of his famous colleague proved invaluable, and from the "Pickwick" days until nearly the end of the series of Dickens's novels he continued to thoroughly identify himself with those inimitable creations. It is indeed greatly due to the artist that the characters and scenes therein are so firmly grafted on our memories. As Seymour was the originator, in a pictorial sense, of the ever-popular Mr. Pickwick, so was "Phiz" the designer of the immortal Sam Weller. The illustration in which Sam is first represented, in the act of cleaning boots, was the result of "Phiz's" initial effort, although three other designs which he subsequently etched appear prior to this.

The publishers of "Pickwick" sent out, "on sale or return," fifteen hundred copies of each of the first five numbers to all parts of the provinces, but the only result was an average sale of fifty copies of each number! The publication was practically a failure, and it was seriously debated whether it should be discontinued or not. In the fourth number Sam Weller had appeared on the scene, and fortunately at this juncture, attracted great attention, calling forth great admiration by the freshness and originality of the conception. Sam was received with acclamation by all, and rose to an unheard-of popularity.

The sale of the ensuing numbers suddenly increased, and at the completion of the work it had attained to forty thousand copies! Messrs. Chapman and Hall were naturally very much gratified by this improved state of affairs, for "Pickwick" was saved from ruin; and when the twelfth number was reached they sent the author a check for £500, as a practical expression of their gratification. During the publication of the work Dickens received, from the same source, several checks, amounting to £3000, in addition to the fifteen guineas per number which it was agreed should be paid him. It was understood at the time that Messrs. Chapman and Hall made a clear profit of nearly £20,000 by the sale of the "Pickwick Papers," after paying author's expenses.

Sam Weller was obviously the turning point in Dickens's fortune, and probably such extraordinary success strengthened the author's determination to live by his pen, a course which has been more than justified. His prospects having considerably improved, he married, and removed from Furnival's Inn to more congenial quarters in Doughty Street, from whence is dated the dedication of "Pickwick" to his friend Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, M. P.

The course of "Pickwick" did not run smoothly, for, as we have already stated, there was, in the beginning of its career, a panic caused by the suicide of Seymour, followed by the failure of Buss as an illustrator, and, lastly, the apparent probability of the failure of the work itself, a result most happily averted. Before many more numbers had been issued Dickens was greatly affected by the terribly sudden death of his sister-in-law, to whom he was most tenderly attached. He was so much prostrated by this domestic affliction that for two months he was unable to continue the work, which was necessarily suspended during that time. In consequence of false rumors having reached him respecting the reason of this enforced delay, he issued an address in the fifteenth number, which he considered was "rendered necessary by various idle speculations and absurdities" that had been propagated. "By one set of intimate acquaintances, especially well informed, he has been killed outright; by an-

other, driven mad; by a third, imprisoned for debt; by a fourth, sent per steamer to the United States; by a fifth, rendered incapable of any mental exertion forevermore—by all, in short, represented as doing anything but seeking in a few weeks' retirement the restoration of that cheerfulness and peace of mind which a sad bereavement had temporarily deprived him."

The twentieth and last number of "Pickwick" was published in November, 1837. The months during which these twenty numbers were issued were eventful ones in Dickens's life. They saw the rise of his fame and fortune, his marriage, the birth of his first child (the present Charles Dickens, who recently edited a Jubilee Edition of the "Pickwick Papers"), and his first great grief; and they left famous the young man who previously was almost unknown.

A few words must be said about the illustrations. Seymour completed only seven plates, four of which appeared in the first number, and three in the second. Buss succeeded him with two plates, entitled respectively *The Cricket Match* and *The Fat Boy Awakes*, which, as has been related, were suppressed immediately after publication. They have been severely criticised on account of poverty of execution; but the artist was not altogether at fault, for he worked under great and unforeseen difficulties, being quite unfamiliar with the technique of the etching process. The artist's son, in explaining the circumstances connected with Buss's engagement, states that a member of the firm of Chapman and Hall pressed him very much to undertake the work, and promised him consideration for want of practice. After much persuasion he consented to put aside the picture he was preparing for exhibition, and began to experiment with various operations of etching and "biting in," producing a plate with which the publishers expressed themselves satisfied. The two subjects named above having been selected, Buss ventured to draw them upon the plate, but, owing to his inexperience, the etching ground was not properly prepared, and broke up under the needle point. Time was precious, and, nervously afraid of disappointing the publishers and the public, the plates were put into

the hands of an experienced engraver to be etched. Buss therefore is responsible only for the designs, as not a line of them was etched by him, and consequently the touch of the original work was wanting. No opportunity was given him of issuing fresh plates of his own production, for he promptly received an intimation that the work of illustrating the "Pickwick Papers" had been placed in other hands. It is interesting to learn that the price paid for each plate was fifteen shillings.

"Phiz" was also unaccustomed to the precarious process of "biting in" the plates. When they had reached that stage he handed them over to Mr. Robert Young, who, in earlier days, was a fellow-pupil with him at Finden's, the engraver, and who readily undertook that portion of the work, both on that occasion and for the subsequent writings by the same pen. The first two plates, out of the total number of thirty-four produced by "Phiz," were indistinctly signed "Nemo." Other artists have availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them by the various characters and scenes described in "Pickwick" by designing additional plates and woodcuts, for sale in a separate form. Among these "extra illustrations" may be named those executed by "Crowquill," Onwhyn, Heath, Sir John Gilbert, R.A., Sibson, and "Phiz" himself, most of which are very rare and eagerly sought after by the collector. The latest set of new plates were recently designed by F. W. Pailthorpe, a certain number being colored by hand.

An attempt is frequently made to trace the originals of the characters in any great work of fiction. So far as "Pickwick" is concerned, we learn that Seymour (whose first conception of the founder of the club was that of a long thin man) availed himself of a description given by Mr. Chapman of a friend of his named John Forster, afterward Dickens's friend and biographer, and represented as "a fat old beau who would wear, in spite of the ladies' protests, drab tights and black gaiters," and who lived at Richmond. This is Mr. Pickwick as we know him. The origin of his name may be traced to that of a Bath coachman, for it is recorded

that Dickens rushed into the publisher's office one day exclaiming "I've got it. Moses Pickwick, Bath, Coach-master." He had seen that name painted on the door of a stage-coach which had just passed along the street. In the story, Samuel was substituted for Moses. It has been suggested that Mr. Pickwick took his name from an English village of that name; but the former theory is undoubtedly correct, and receives corroboration in the form of an obituary notice published in a provincial newspaper in 1838, announcing the decease, at Bath, "of Mr. Eleazer Pickwick, the well-known West of England Coach Proprietor," a contemporary, if not a relative, of the Moses Pickwick mentioned above.

Some writers affirm that Sam Weller's living prototype was a character named Simon Spatterdash (in Samuel Beazley's play, called "The Boarding House"), "a local militiaman, whose chief peculiarity lay in his quaint sayings and out-of-the-way comparisons." The part was taken by a low comedian named Samuel Vale; and it is argued that "Weller" is a form of "Veller," and the latter a comparative form of Vale. Weller is not an uncommon name, and it is more than probable that Dickens borrowed it from his nurse, whose maiden name was Weller. That lady, who afterward married a Mr. Gibson, a shipwright in Chatham Dockyard, is, we believe, still living. The Granby Head in High Street, Chatham, was kept at one time by a Thomas Weller, and the transitions from Tommy Weller to Tony Weller (Sam's respected parent), and Granby Head to Marquis of Granby, are not very violent ones, and incline us to the belief that the real origin of the inn and its master must be looked for at Chatham. Mrs. Lynn Linton, who once lived at Gad's-hill Place, says that "old Mr. Weller was a real person, and we know him. He was 'Old Chumley' in the flesh, and drove the stage daily from Rochester to London and back again . . . the good-natured, red-faced old fellow." Tony, as in the case of other characters portrayed by the great novelist, is probably the representative of a type rather than of an individual.

We are enabled to throw some light,

for the first time, on the origin of some of the minor characters in "Pickwick." During the interval (1827-28) spent by Dickens as a clerk in the office of Messrs. Ellis and Blackmore, lawyers, of Gray's Inn, he availed himself of such a favorable opportunity of observing the distinctive peculiarities of lawyers, their clerks and clients. Unmistakable portraits of many with whom he thus came in contact may be discovered in the pages of "Pickwick." Mr. Blackmore, the junior partner of the firm, believed that the character of Perker was intended for his colleague Mr. Ellis, for he certainly possessed some of Perker's peculiarities, especially that of being an inveterate snuff-taker. One of Dickens's fellow-clerks at that time, who is now carrying on a legal practice in the provinces, has no doubt that he is the artful clerk described in the 30th chapter, and that Dickens himself is the office lad in his first surtout. Another colleague, named Potter, was the salaried clerk, and had previously figured in one of the "Sketches by Boz," entitled "Making a night of it."

Some years after the publication of "Pickwick" in its entirety Charles Dickens was subjected to great annoyance by an absurd claim, made by the widow of Seymour, that the work was originated by that artist. She even ventured to publish a pamphlet, in which she endeavored to show the fallacy of Dickens's statements respecting his share of the undertaking, asserting that "Mr. Dickens edited a work called the 'Pickwick Papers,' which was originated solely by my husband in the summer of 1835, and but for a cold (which brought on a severe illness) which he caught on Lord Mayor's Day, on taking his children to view the procession from the Star Chamber, would have been written, as well as embellished, by himself; this cause alone prevented him from doing so, as the numerous periodicals he was constantly engaged upon had greatly accumulated during his illness." Many years after, Seymour's son revived the calumny, when Dickens at once wrote a crushing reply to the "Athenæum," emphatically denying the truth of the imputation, and, in a letter to his eldest son a few days later, he said that he had never so much as seen Seymour but

once in his life, and that was some eight-and-twenty hours before the artist's death. The accuracy of this was confirmed by his wife and his brother Frederick, who were present at that short interview with Seymour.

It was not of Pickwick, but of Oliver Twist, that George Cruikshank used to claim the origin. He used to get very angry on this point, and wrote letters to the newspapers about it.

The enthusiastic fervor with which "Pickwick" was received could not be ignored. Tradesmen on the look-out for novelties took the hint, and presently Pickwick chintzes figured in linen-draper's windows, Weller corduroys in breeches-makers' advertisements, and the Pickwick cigar—known to this day as the Penny Pickwick—was introduced, as a compliment to our author, by a London tobacco manufacturer. Then there were Pickwick clubs (of the convivial sort), Pickwick hats, Pickwick canes, with tassels, and Pickwick coats of peculiar cut and color. Boz cabs rattled through the streets, and even now may be purchased both Pickwick cigar-lights and Pickwick pens. This popularity is indicated in other ways, for there are at least nine plays founded on "Pickwick," and the song of the Ivy Green is the subject of five different musical adaptations. The book and its author were however subjected to a less pleasing form of popularity, for certain "gutter-blood hacks" availed themselves of such prosperity by issuing numerous works pirating and plagiarizing Dickens's masterpiece. No less than fourteen of these productions were published, relating, in a greater or less degree, to "Pickwick," and they included "The Posthumous Papers of the Cadgers' Club," "The Posthumous Papers of the Wonderful Discovery Club," "The Posthumous Notes of the Pickwickian Club," "Pickwick in America," and "Pickwick Abroad; or, the Tour in France." The author of the last-named work is G. W. M. Reynolds, who there professed to record the further adventures and subsequent marriage of the hero. Dickens naturally resented such audacity, and finally succeeded in checkmating the publishers.

"Pickwick," at the outset, met with the same fate as that which attends the

publication of almost every work, namely, adverse criticism. It is amusing to read, in these days, the various predictions as to its fate and that of our author. A "Quarterly" reviewer availed himself of Tom Paine's familiar prophecy, that the writer had risen like a rocket and would come down like the stick; many other critics wrote disparagingly of the work, and some would not acknowledge or recognize the humor of Sam Weller. A leading American journalist, Mr. Richard Grant White, has described Mr. Pickwick's body-servant as "a monster, as monstrous as those human forms with wings that we call angels, or those horses with long spiral horns growing from their foreheads that we call unicorns." Another Transatlantic critic inquires, "What man, capable of refinement, would choose to be a buffoon?" and suspects such a man as he who calls himself by such "a mountebank designation as 'Boz' to be some clown of a circus or bear-garden, escaped from his employer. What right," he asks, "has he that we should suppose him anything better than a Jack-Pudding of a drunken club?" When the ninth number had appeared, the "Athenæum" informed its readers that the "Pickwick Papers" were made up of "two pounds of Smollett, three ounces of Sterne, a handful of Hook, a dash of a grammatical Pierce Egan,—incidents at pleasure served with original sauce *piquante*." A reviewer in "Fraser's Magazine" called Mr. Pickwick "an idiotic lump of bland blockheadism," and "principal jackass in a club of jackasses." A writer in the "Dublin Review" had a serious quarrel with the "Pickwick Papers," condemning it as being "not only thoroughly vulgar, but groveling," and complaining of its "pot-house flavor." "We hold it," continues this critic, "a public misfortune that a book in which a habit admitted by public opinion to be vile and demoralizing, and which is likewise a deadly sin, is treated jocularly, as good fun, and without a hint of its danger and disgrace, should be so widely popular as the 'Pickwick Papers.'" It seems that some of our author's acquaintances joined in this outcry, for he afterward wrote, "My friends told me it was a

low, cheap form of publication, by which I should ruin all my rising hopes ; and how right my friends turned out to be, everybody now knows."

The effect of such discouraging opinions was considerably counteracted by the success of "Pickwick," which was real and everywhere noticeable. "Judges on the bench and boys in the street, gravity and folly, the young and the old, those who were entering life and those who were quitting it, alike found it to be irresistible." Thomas Carlyle told Mr. Forster the anecdote of a solemn clergyman who had been administering ghostly consolation to a sick person, and who, as he left the room, heard the sick person ejaculate, "Well, thank God, 'Pickwick' will be out in ten days, any way!" Mary Russell Mitford, in a letter to a friend advising her to borrow the "Pickwick Papers," informed her that "Sir Benjamin Brodie takes it to read in his carriage, between patient and patient ; and Lord Denman studies 'Pickwick' on the bench while the jury are deliberating." Lord Chief Justice Campbell once told Dickens that he would prefer the honor of having written that book to the honors which his professional exertions had obtained for him ; and Harriet Martineau considered it to be scarcely surpassable in humor.

During the twelve years succeeding the novelist's death more than four million volumes of his works were sold in England alone, and a long way the first on this astonishing list stands "Pickwick"! Nor has Mr. Pickwick's popularity been confined to English-speaking people ; for translations have been published, from time to time, in France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Sweden, Hungary, Holland, Denmark, and probably in many other European if not Asiatic countries. In 1838, the year following the completion of the first English edition, it was pirated in Van Diemen's Land, and there issued with lithographed copies of the original illustrations. In England, "Pickwick" has gone through many editions, the cheapest being that recently offered to the public by an enterprising firm of stationers at the price of one penny! The first issue is naturally the rarest and most valuable, and a perfect set of the

twenty parts, as issued, fetches an almost prohibitive price. The sum of £28 was recently paid, in the salerooms, by an enthusiastic collector for such a copy, which is nearly unique in respect to condition and general perfection.

An examination of a number of copies of presumably first editions of "Pickwick" results in the discovery that each varies somewhat from the other. This is especially noticeable in the illustrations ; and it can be readily understood when it is explained that the enormous demand for impressions necessitated the re-etching of the plates, which showed signs of deterioration after a certain number had been printed. When "Phiz," for this reason, reproduced his designs, he availed himself of that opportunity of improving them, both in composition and detail. The first impressions may be distinguished from those which followed by the absence of engraved titles, and collectors must be careful to observe that the original parts should contain the Seymour and Buss plates as etched by those artists, and not merely the reproductions by "Phiz."

In concluding this brief *résumé* of the history of "Pickwick," we cannot resist noting the various changes in our social life which have occurred during the half-century that has elapsed since the completion of the work, nor fail to observe how the physiognomy of the London streets, as described in its pages, differs from the London of to-day. "In the interests of the study of the history of civilization," writes Mr. Sala, "it is well worth the while of the inquirer—leaving, for the nonce, the literary merits of the performance entirely on one side—to plod carefully through the pages of 'Pickwick,' and mark the many and important changes which have taken place in our national manners since the book made its appearance." It is the fashion to decry Dickens, and to predict that "Pickwick," in consequence of these alterations in our social customs, will lose its hold upon public favor ; but we venture to agree with Mr. Sala, when he says that "there are people who, like the face of the Queen on the postage-stamps, never grow older. They are eternal ; for they are the children of Genius ; and it matters little if the por-

trait of Mr. Pickwick were surmounted by a towering periwig, or encircled by an Elizabethan ruff, or draped in a Roman toga, it would still be one of those por-

traits which break Time's heart, and make Death gnaw his bony digits in despair."—*Temple Bar*.

TRANSYLVANIAN PEOPLES.

BY E. GÉRARD.

TRANSYLVANIA has not inaptly been described as a storehouse of different nationalities, and it would probably be hard to find, either in the old world or the new, another country containing such heterogeneous racial elements within the limited space of 54,000 square kilomètres. Here we find the fiery Magyar, the melancholy Roumanian, the stolid Saxon, the merry, thieving Tzigane, the wily Jew, and the solemn Armenian, all living together cheek by jowl in about the following proportions:—

Roumanians	1,200,400
Hungarians	652,200
Saxons	211,400
Tziganes	80,000
Jews	24,000
Armenians	8,000

Though each of these half-dozen races is as virtually different from the other five as an Englishman is unlike a Frenchman, or a Pole differs from a Spaniard, though each, in possessing its own religion, customs and superstitions, its individual interests and aspirations, well deserves the attention of any ethnologist, there are two which seem to me of peculiar and paramount interest, as embodying the spirit of the past and of the future in sharp and effective contrast. In the one we have the memory, in the other the promise of a noble manhood, for if the Saxons were men but yesterday, so the Roumanians will be men to-morrow; and while the former are rapidly degenerating into mere fossil antiquities, physically deteriorated from constant intermarriage, and morally opposed to any sort of progress involving amalgamation with the surrounding races, so the latter will be at their prime a few generations hence, when they have had time to shake off the habits of slavery and have learned to recognize their own value.

These Saxons, whom we find to-day living in isolated colonies all over Transylvania, appear to have come hither about seven centuries ago at the invitation of the Hungarian king, Geysa II. In thus summoning German colonists to replenish the scantily peopled land, the Hungarian king displayed wisdom and forethought far in advance of his time, as was proved by the result. It was a bargain by which both sides were equally benefited, and consequently induced to keep the contract, for while the Germans obtained freedom which they could not have in their own country, so their presence was a guarantee to the monarch that this province would not be torn from his crown.

The question of what precise part of the German Fatherland was the home of these outwanderers is enveloped in some obscurity. They have retained no certain records to guide us to a conclusion, and German chroniclers at that time make no mention of their departure. Doubtless the Crusades, which were then engrossing every mind, caused these emigrations to pass comparatively unnoticed. Only a sort of vague floating tradition is preserved to this day in many of the Transylvanian villages, where, on winter evenings, some old grandam, shrivelled and bent, sitting ensconced behind the blue-tiled stove, will relate to the listening grandchildren crowding around her knees, how many, many hundred years ago their ancestors once dwelt on the sea-shore, next to the mouth of four rivers, which all flowed out of a larger and mightier river. In this shadowy description, probably the river Rhine is to be recognized, the more so that in the year 1195 these German colonists are, in a yet existing document, referred to as Flanderers. The name of *Sachsen* (Saxons), as they now call themselves, was only much

later used as their general designation. Although the Hungarian kings kept their given word to the emigrants right nobly, yet these latter had much to suffer, both from Hungarian nobles jealous of their privileges, and from the more ancient inhabitants of the soil, the Wallachians, who, living in the mountains in a thoroughly barbaric state, used to make frequent raids down into the plains and valleys, there to pillage, burn and murder whatever came in their way. If we add to this the frequent invasions of Turks and Tartars, it is a positive marvel how this handful of Germans, brought into a strange land and surrounded by enemies on all sides, should have maintained their independence and preserved their individuality under such combination of circumstances. They built churches and fortresses, they founded schools and guilds, they made their own laws and elected their own judges; and, in an age when Hungarian nobles could scarcely read or write, these little German colonies were so many havens of civilization amidst a howling wilderness of ignorance and barbarism.

Whoever has lived among these Transylvanian Saxons, and has taken the trouble to study them, must have remarked that not only seven centuries' residence in a foreign land has made them lose none of their identity, but that they are in fact *plus catholiques que le pape*—that is to say, more thoroughly Teutonic than the Germans living to-day in the original Fatherland; and it is just because of the adverse circumstances in which they were placed, and of the opposition which met them on all sides, that these people have kept themselves so conservatively unchanged. Feeling that every step in another direction would be a step toward an enemy, finding that every concession they made was in danger of becoming the link of a captive's chain, no wonder they clung stubbornly, tenaciously, blindly, to every ancient custom and superstition, to each peculiarity of language and costume in a manner which has probably not got its parallel in history. Left on their native soil, and surrounded by friends and countrymen, these people would undoubtedly have followed the current of time, and have changed as

other nations have changed. Their isolated position and the peculiar circumstances of their surroundings have kept them what they were. Like a faithful portrait taken in the prime of life, the copy still goes on showing the bloom of the cheek and the light of the eye long after Time's destroying hand, withering the original, has caused it to lose all resemblance to its former self; and it is with something of the feeling of gazing at such an old portrait that we contemplate these German people, who dress themselves to-day like old bas-reliefs of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and continue to hoard up provisions within the fortified church-walls as in the days when besieged by Turk or Tartar.

From an artistic point of view, these Saxons are decidedly an unlovely race, having something unfinished and wooden in their general appearance. Looking at them, I always felt myself irresistibly reminded of the figures of Noah and his family out of a cheap—a very cheap—toy Noah's ark. Nor is their expression an agreeable one, something hard and grasping, avaricious and mistrustful, characterizing them as a rule. But this is scarcely their fault, their expression, like their character, being but the natural result of circumstances, the result of seven centuries' stubborn resistance and warfare. The habit of mistrust developed almost to an instinct cannot so quickly be got rid of, even if there be no longer cause to justify it. This defensive attitude toward strangers manifested by the Saxons makes it, however, difficult to feel prepossessed in their favor. Taken in the sense of antiquities, they are, no doubt, extremely interesting, but viewed as living men and women they are not attractive, and though one cannot help admiring the solid virtues and independent spirit which have kept them what they are, yet somehow they contrive to make these very virtues disagreeable, and to appear to disadvantage beside their less civilized, less educated, and less scrupulous neighbors the Roumanians.

It is interesting to trace by what means these Saxons have contrived to keep themselves intact from all outward influences. Not without difficulty, as we see by ancient chronicles, has their costume been kept thus rigidly un-

changed, for here, like elsewhere, even among these quiet, practical, prosaic, and unlovely people, the demon of vanity has been at work, and much eloquence was expended from the pulpit, and many severe punishments had to be prescribed, in order to subdue the evil spirit of fashion threatening to spread over the land at various times. So in 1651 we find a whole set of dress regulations issued by the bishop of one of the Transylvanian districts, of which here are a few samples:—

1. The men shall wear neither blue nor yellow boots, nor shall the women venture to approach the holy sacrament or the baptismal font in red shoes; and whosoever conforms not to this regulation shall be refused admittance to church.

2. All imitations of the Hungarian dress in the matter of waistcoats, braids, galloons, etc., are proscribed to the men.

3. It is likewise forbidden for men and for serving-men to wear their hair in a long foreign fashion, hanging down behind, for that is dishonor. "If a man have long hair it is a shame unto him" (1 Cor. xi. 14).

4. The peasant folk shall wear no high boots, and no wide woollen hats, nor an embroidered belt, for he is a peasant. Who is seen wearing such will expose himself to ridicule, and the boots shall be drawn off his legs that he shall go barefoot.

5. The women shall avoid all that is superfluous in dress, nor shall they make horns upon their heads.* Rich veils shall only be worn by such as are entitled to them. Neither shall any woman wear gold cords beneath her veil, not even if she be the wife of a gentleman. Silk caps with gold stars are not suitable for every woman. More than two handsome jewelled pins shall no woman wear; and if she require more than two for fastening her veil, let her take small pins. Not every one's child is entitled to wear corals round its neck. Let no woman copy the dress of noble dames, for it is not suitable for us Saxons.

6. Let the *Herren Töchter* (gentle-

men's daughters) not make the use of gold braids over common, but let them content themselves with honorable fringes. The serving-girls shall go without broad fringes, nor may they purchase silk cords of three yards' length, else they will be stripped off their heads and nailed against the church wall. Nor is it allowed for peasant maids to wear crooked (probably puffed) sleeves.

Apparently these stringent injunctions had the desired effect of keeping female (and male) vanity in check for a time; but scarcely a hundred years later we find a new set of dress rules delivered from another pulpit, and up to this day the undue length of a ribbon, or an excessive number of head-pins, is matter for reproof in every Saxon community.

Another characteristic feature of Saxon peasant life which has much contributed to their rigid conservatism, are the different associations or confraternities existing in each village. These consist of the *Bruderschaft* (brotherhood), the *Nachbarschaft* (neighborhood), and the *Schwesterschaft* (sisterhood).

To the first-named institution, the *Bruderschaft*, belong all young men of the parish from the date of their confirmation up to that of their marriage. This community is governed by laws in which the respective duties of its members as citizens, sons, brothers and suitors are distinctly traced out. In their outward form these brotherhoods have some resemblance to the religious confraternities in Catholic countries, and most probably they originated in the same manner; but while these latter have degenerated into mere outward forms, the Saxon *Bruderschaften* have retained the original spirit of these institutions, which principally consisted in the reciprocal guard their members kept over each other's morality. The head of the *Bruderschaft* is called the *Alt-knecht*. He is chosen every year, but can be deposed in the interval if he prove unworthy of his post. It is his mission to watch over the other members, keep order and dictate punishments, but when he is caught erring himself the *Alt-knecht* incurs a double forfeit. The finable offences are numerous, and are taxed at ten, fifteen, twenty kreutzers and upward, according to the heinousness of the offence. Here are a few of

* This would seem to be an allusion to the Roumanian fashion in certain districts of twisting up the veil in the shape of two horns.

the delinquencies which are subject to penalty :—

1. Carelessness and slovenliness in attire, every missing button having a fine attached to it.

2. Bad manners at table, putting the elbows on the board or striking it with the fist.

3. Irregularity in church attendance.

4. Misbehavior in church, such as yawning, stretching, etc. Also falling asleep during the sermon, a very heavy fine being put upon snoring.

5. Having worn colored hat ribbons, or whistled loudly in the street on a fast day.*

Also the relations of the young men to the fair sex, and the etiquette of dancing and spinning meetings is accurately chalked out—for nowhere is village etiquette more strenuously observed than among these Saxon colonists—and there are countless little forms and observances which to neglect or transgress would be as grave as to reverse the respective orders of claret and champagne at a fashionable dinner-party, or for a lady to go to Court without plumes. The laws of precedence are here every whit as clearly defined as among our upper ten thousand, and the punctilio of a spinning-room quite as formal as the ordering of her Majesty's drawing-room.

No youth is permitted to enter the spinning-room in his week-day clothes, and the exact distance the men are allowed to approach the spinning-wheel of any girl is in some villages precisely defined by inches. A fine of ten kreutzers (twopence) is attached to the touching of a maiden's breast-pin, while stealing a kiss always proves a still more expensive amusement.

Dancing usually takes place on Sunday afternoon, either in the village inn,

or in the open air in summer at some convenient spot, under a group of old trees, or a rustic shed erected for the purpose; the permission to dance having each time been formally requested of the pastor by the head of the brotherhood. The couples are often settled beforehand by the *Alt knecht*, and it is not allowed for any youth to refuse the hand of the partner assigned to him. However hot be the weather the men must retain their heavy cloth coats during the first round dance, and only when the music strikes up for the second time does the *Alt knecht* give the signal for lightening the costume by laying aside his own coat and permitting the girls to divest themselves of their uncomfortable high stiff caps.

On his marriage each youth ceases to be a member of the *Bruderschaft*, on leaving which both he and his bride must pay certain taxes in meat, bread and wine to the confraternity. In some districts it is usual for the young couple to attend the village dances for a period of six months after their marriage, but more usually dancing ceases altogether with matrimony. In one or two villages there prevails a custom of the married women dancing every fourth year only.

After his marriage a man becomes a member of the *Nachbarschaft*, or neighborhood. Every village is divided into four neighborhoods, each one governed by a head called the *Nachbarvater*. This second confraternity is regulated much in the same manner as the *Bruderschaft*, with the difference that the regulations thereof apply more to the reciprocal assistance which neighbors are bound to render each other in various household and domestic contingencies. Thus a man is only obliged to assist those that belong to his *Nachbarschaft* in building a house, cleaning out wells and extinguishing fires. He must also contribute provisions on christening, wedding, or funeral occasions, and lend plates and jugs for the same.

The *Nachbarvater* must watch over the order and discipline of his quarter, and enforce the regulations issued by the pastor or by the village *maire* or *Hann*, as he is here called. This authority extends even to the interior of each household, and he is bound to report to the pastor the names of those who absent

* After concluding this article I learn from a current newspaper that the late king of Bavaria, whose tragical death was lately in every mouth, attempted to revive in Munich these German brotherhoods such as they used to be in the Middle Ages. He constituted himself the head of the confraternity, and chose the costume to be worn by the members on grand occasions.

These mediæval figures, with their wide flapping hats, their pilgrim staffs and cockle shells, were among the most noteworthy figures at the royal funeral.

themselves from church. He must fine the men who have neglected to approach the sacrament, as well as the women who have lingered in the churchyard wasting their time in senseless gossip. Children who have been overheard speaking disrespectfully of their parents, couples whose connubial quarrels are audible in the village street, dogs wantonly beaten by their masters, vain young matrons who have exceeded the prescribed number of glittering pins in their head-dress, or girls surpassing their proper allowance of ribbon, all come under his jurisdiction, and the *Nachbarvater* is himself subject to punishment if he neglect to report a culprit, or show himself too lenient in the dictation of punishment.

It is by the rigid observance of many such rules that the Transylvanian Saxons have now become a curious remnant of the Middle Ages—a living anachronism in the nineteenth century; for such as these people wandered forth from the far West to seek a home in a strange land seven centuries ago, such we find them again to-day, like a corpse frozen in a glacier, which comes to light unchanged after a long lapse of years.

There has been of late years so much learned discussion about the origin of the Roumanians that it were presumption to advance any independent opinion on the subject. German writers—more especially Saxon ones—have been strenuous in deriding all claim to Roman extraction, contending that whatever Roman elements remained over after the evacuation of this territory, must long since have been swallowed up in the great rush of successive nations which passed over the land in the early part of the Middle Ages. Roumanian writers, on the contrary, are fond of laying great stress on the direct Roman lineage which it is their pride to believe in, sometimes, however, injuring their own cause by over-anxiety to claim too much, and laying too little stress on the admixture of Slav blood which is as surely a fundamental ingredient of the race. One of the more impartial Roumanian writers, Joán Slavici, states the case with greater fairness when he writes as follows:—

“If we simply were to deny the crossing of Roman with Slav blood, then the whole question of Roumanian origin loses its significance;

if, however, we admit the Roumanians, though undoubtedly descended from the Romans, to be a people more nearly related to the Slav than to the Teutonic race, it must be conceded that such fusion could only have taken place where a Slav race already existed previous to the advent of the Roman conquerors. That people, therefore, whose progressive development have produced the present Roumanian race, did not exist before this fusion took place, and thereto its origin is distinctly to be traced. The ethnographical importance of the Roumanians, therefore, does not lie in the fact of their being descendants of the ancient Romans, nor in that of their connection to the long-vanished Dacians, but simply and entirely therein that this people, placed between two sharply contrasting races, form an important connecting link in the chain of European tribes.”

The classical type of feature, so often met with among Roumanian peasants, pleads strongly for the theory of Roman extraction, and if just now I compared the Saxon peasants to Noak's ark figures rudely carved out of the coarsest wood, the Roumanians as often remind me of a type of face chiefly to be seen on cameo ornaments, or ancient signet rings. Take at random a score of individuals from any Roumanian village, and, like a handful of antique gems which have been strewn broadcast over the land, you will there surely find a goodly choice of classical profiles worthy to be immortalized on agate, onyx, or jasper.

An air of plaintive melancholy generally characterizes the Roumanian peasant: it is the melancholy of a long-subjected and oppressed race; but spite of his degradation the Roumanian not unfrequently possesses a grace and inherent dignity of deportment totally wanting in his Saxon neighbor. There is a wealth of unraised treasure, of ability in the raw block, and of uncultured talent lying dormant in this ignorant peasantry, who seem only lately to have begun to understand that they need not always bend their neck beneath the yoke of other nations, and that slavery and humiliation are not inevitable conditions of their existence. Devoid of all artistic training, and until quite lately possessing no sort of national literature of their own, there are here to be found the elements of both poet and painter. The Roumanian folk-songs betray alike pathos and imagination; the pictures adorning each village church are wanting neither in harmony of color nor of design. Encouragement and training alone are required to mature

these gifts to the highest pitch demanded by culture.

In order to understand the Roumanian we must first of all begin by understanding his religion, which alone gives us the clew to the curiously contrasting shades of his complicated character. A French writer, speaking of the Wallachians (as they were then called) some forty years ago, says :—

"Aujourd'hui leur seul mobile est la religion, si on peut donner ce nom à l'ensemble de leurs pratiques superstitieuses ;" and another author remarks, with equal justice, that the whole life of a Wallachian is taken up in devising talismans against the devil.

It is supposed that the Roumanians were very early converted to Christianity—probably in the third century. Old chronicles of the thirteenth century, however, make mention of them as a people, "which, though professing the Christian faith, is yet nevertheless given to the practice of manifold Pagan rites and customs, wholly at variance with Christianity," and even to-day the Roumanians are best described by the paradoxical definition of Christian-Pagans, or Pagan-Christians.

True, the Roumanian peasant will never fail to uncover his head whenever he pass by a wayside cross, but his salutation to the rising sun will be at least equally profound ; and though he goes to church and abstains from work on the Lord's Day, it is by no means certain whether he does not regard the Friday (Vinere) dedicated to Paraschiva (Venus) as the holier day of the two. The list of the other un-Christian festivals is lengthy, and still lengthier that of Christian festivals, in whose celebration Pagan rites and customs may still be traced.

Whoever buries his dead without placing a coin in the hand of the corpse is regarded as a Pagan by the orthodox Roumanian. *Nu i de legea noastra* ("he is not of our law"), he says of such a one, meaning, "he is not of our religion," and whosoever lives outside the Roumanian religion, be he Christian, Pagan, Jew, or Mohammedan, is regarded as unclean, and, consequently, whatever comes in contact with any such individual is unclean likewise.

The Roumanian language has a

special word to define this uncleanness—*spurcat*, which somewhat corresponds to the *koscher* and *unkoscher* of the Jews. If, for instance, any animal fall into a well of drinking water, then the well forthwith becomes *spurcat*, and *spurcat* likewise whosoever drinks of this water. If it is a large animal, such as a calf or goat, which has fallen in, then the whole water must be baled out, and should this fail to satisfy the conscience of any ultra-orthodox proprietor, then the Popa must be called in to read a mass over the spot where perchance a donkey has found a watery grave ; but when it is a man who has been drowned there, no further rehabilitation is possible for the unlucky well, which must therefore be filled up and discarded as quite too hopelessly *spurcat*.

Every orthodox Roumanian household possesses three different classes of cooking and eating utensils : unclean, clean for the meat days, and the cleanest of all for fast days. The cleansing of a vessel, which through some accident has become *spurcat*, is only conceded in the case of very large and expensive articles, such as barrels and tubs, copious ablutions of holy water, besides much scouring, scraping, and rubbing, being resorted to in such cases. All other utensils which do not come under this denomination must be simply thrown away, or at best employed for feeding the domestic animals. The Roumanian who does not strictly observe all these regulations is himself *spurcat*, this same measure being applied to all individuals, who are therefore considered to be clean or unclean, according to their observance of these rules. The uncleanness, however, is not supposed to be in the individual but in his laws, which fail to enforce cleanliness ; therefore it is the law which is unclean, *legé spurcat*, which for the Roumanian is synonymous with un-Christian. For instance, a man who eats horse-flesh is necessarily a Pagan in his eyes.

This recognition of the uncleanness of most of his fellow-creatures is, however, wholly free from either hatred or contempt on the part of the Roumanian. On the contrary, he shows much interest in foreign countries and habits, and when desirous of affirming the high char-

acter of any stranger, he says of him that he is a man who keeps his own law, *tine la legea lui*, spite of which eulogium the Roumanian will refuse to wear the coat, or eat off the plate of this honorable stranger.

The idea so strongly inrooted in the Roumanian mind, that they alone are Christians, and that consequently no man can be a Christian without also being a Roumanian, seems to imply that there was a time when the two words were absolutely identical, and that surrounded for long by Pagan nations, with whom they could hold no sort of community, they lacked all knowledge of other existing Christian races.

On the other hand, these people are curiously liberal toward strangers in the matter of religion, allowing each one, whatever be his confession, to enter their churches and receive their sacraments; nor is it allowed for a Popa to refuse the administration of a sacrament to whosoever apply to him, be he Catholic, Protestant, Turk, or Jew, provided the applicant submit to receive it in the manner prescribed by the Oriental church.

The position occupied by the Roumanian clergyman toward his flock is such a peculiar one that it deserves a few words of notice. Though his influence over the people is unlimited, it is no wise dependent on his personal character. It is quite superfluous for the Popa to present in his person a model of the virtues he is in the habit of describing from the altar, and he may for his part be drunken, dishonest, ignorant and profligate to his heart's content, without losing one whit of his prestige or spiritual head. His official character is absolutely intangible, and not to be shaken by any private misdemeanor, and the Roumanian proverb which says, "*Face sice Popa dar unce face el*," that is, "Do as the Popa tells you, but do not act as he does," defines his attitude with perfect accuracy. Only the Popa has the privilege of wearing a beard, as he alone is privileged to indulge in certain pet vices which it is his mission officially to condemn, and, like the goodly virtue of charity, this beard must often be said to cover a very great multitude of sins.

Of recent years no doubt—thanks

chiefly to the enlightened efforts of the late Archbishop Schaguna—much has been done to raise the moral standard of the Roumanian clergy in Transylvania, but there remains still much to do before the prevailing coarseness, ignorance and hypocrisy too often characterizing this class can be removed. At present the average village Popa is simply a peasant with a beard, who on week-days goes about his agricultural duties like any other villager, digging his potatoes or going behind the plough; his wife is a simple peasant woman, and his children run about as dirty and dishevelled as any other brats in the village.

A distinguishing quality of the Roumanian race is the touching family affection which mostly unites all relations. Unlike the Saxon, who seeks to limit the number of his offspring, the poor Roumanian, even when plunged in the direst poverty, welcomes each new-born child as another gift of God, while to be a childless wife is regarded as the greatest of misfortunes. Perhaps it is because the Roumanian has himself so few wants, that he feels no anxiety about the future of his children; and therefore the rapid increase of his family occasions him no sort of uneasiness. Having next to no personal property, he is a stranger to the cares which accompany their possession, and the whole programme of his life of admirable simplicity may be thus summed up:

In early infancy the Roumanian babe is more or less treated as a bundle, often slung on its mother's back, packed in a little oval wooden box, and thus carried about wherever she goes; if to work in the field she attaches the box to the branch of a tree, and when sitting at market it may be stowed away on the ground between a basket of eggs and a pair of cackling fowls, or a squeaking sucking-pig. When, after a very few months, the baby outgrows the box and crawls out of its cocoon, it begins to share its parent's food (mostly consisting in maize flour boiled in water or in milk), and soon learns to manage for itself. When it has reached a reasonable age, which in this case means five or six, it is old enough to assist its parents in gaining an honest livelihood, which, as generally understood by the

Roumanians, means helping them to steal wood in the forest. Later on the boy is bound over as swine or cowherd to some Saxon landowner for a period of several years, on quitting whose service after the appointed term, he is entitled to the gift of a calf or pig. Once in possession of a calf the Roumanian lad considers himself a made man for life. He has no ground of his own, but such petty considerations not affecting him, he proceeds to build wherever best suits his purpose. Stone or brick hardly ever enters into the fabrication of his building; the framework is roughly put together of wooden beams, and the walls composed of wattled willow twigs plastered with clay, while the roof is covered with thatch of reeds, or wooden shingles, according as he happens to live nearest to a marsh or a forest.

The inside of a Roumanian's hut is, however, far less miserable-looking than its outward appearance would lead us to suppose. The walls are all hung with a profusion of holy pictures, mostly painted on glass, and the furniture brightly adorned in rough but not in-artistic designs—the Roumanian's passion for thus ornamenting all his wood-work leading him to paint even the yoke of his oxen and the handles of his tools.

There is usually a new-born baby swinging in a basket suspended from the rafters, and always a weaving-loom set up at one end of the room. The produce of this loom—gay-looking stuff striped in effective Oriental patterns of blue, scarlet, and white, often with gold or silver threads introduced in the weaving—are suspended from ropes, or displayed along the walls. Each village has its own set of colors and patterns, according to its particular costume, and every Roumanian woman spins, dyes, and weaves as a matter of course. In some places you never see a Roumanian woman without her distaff; she even takes it with her on the way to market, and may frequently be seen trudging along the road a distance of several miles twirling the spindle as she goes.

The men do not seem to share this love of labor, but have, on the contrary, much of the Italian *lazzarone* in their composition, not taking to any sort of manual labor unless driven to it by necessity. The life of a shepherd is the

only calling which the Roumanian really embraces *con amore*, and his love for his sheep may truly be likened to the Arab's love of his horse. A real Roumanian shepherd, bred and brought up to the life, has so completely identified himself with his calling, that everything about him, food and dress, mind and matter, has, so to say, become completely sheepified. Sheep's milk and cheese form the staple of his nourishment, his dress principally consists of sheepskin, four sheep furnishing him with a coat which lasts through life, one new-born lamb giving him the cap he wears, and when he dies a tuft of snowy wool is attached to the wooden cross which marks his last resting-place. His mental faculties are entirely concentrated on the study of his sheep; and so sharpened have become his perceptions on this one point, that the shepherd is able to divine and foretell to a nicety every change of the weather merely from observing the demeanor of his flock. The idyllic bond between shepherd and sheep has formed the subject of many quaintly graceful Roumanian folk-songs, which want of space forbids me here from quoting.

Forests have no charm for the Roumanian shepherd, who regards each tree as an enemy depriving his sheep of their rightful nourishment, and he covertly seeks to increase his pastures by setting fire to the woods whenever he can hope to do so with impunity. Whole tracts of noble forests in Transylvania have thus been laid waste, and it is much to be feared that fifty years hence the country will present a bleak and desolate appearance, unless energetic measures are taken to do away with this abuse.

The Roumanian is very obstinate in character, and is hard to convince. He does nothing without reflection, and often he reflects so long that the time for action has passed. This slowness has become proverbial, the Saxon saying, "God give me the light which the Roumanian always gets too late." In the same proportion as the Roumanian is slow to make up his mind, he is also slow to change it. Frankness is not regarded as a virtue, and the Roumanian language has no word which directly expresses this quality. Hungarians, on the contrary, regard frankness and truth-

speaking as a duty, and are, therefore, laughed at by the Roumanians, who consider as a fool any man who injures himself by speaking the truth. Of pride, also, the Roumanian has little notion; he has been too long treated as a degraded and serf-like being; and what he understands by that word would rather seem to express the child-like vanity of a handsome man who sees himself admired. Revenge is cultivated as a virtue, and whoever would be considered a respectable man must keep in mind the injuries done to him, and show resentment thereof on fitting occasions. Reconciliation is regarded as opprobrious, and forgiveness of wrongs degrading. But the Roumanian's rage is stealthy and disguised, and while the Hungarian lets his anger openly explode, the Roumanian will dissemble, and mutter between his teeth, *tine mente* ("thou shaltst remember"), and his memory is good, for he does not suffer himself to forget. When an injury has been done to him, henceforward it becomes his sacred duty to brood over his vengeance. He may not say a good word more to his enemy, nor do him a service, but must strive to injure him to the best of his ability, with, however, this nice distinction, that he himself do not profit by the injury done. Thus it would not be consistent with the Roumanian's code of honor were he to steal the horse or ox of his enemy, but there can be no objection to his inducing another man to do so. Such behavior is considered only right and just, and by acting in this manner he will only be fulfilling his duty as an honest and honorable man.

Much of the spirit of the ancient Spartans lies in the Roumanian conception of virtue and vice. Stealing and drunkenness are not considered to be intrinsically wrong, only the publicity which may attend these proceedings conveying any sense of shame to the offender. Thus, a man is not yet a thief because he has stolen, and whoever becomes accidentally aware of the theft should, if he have no personal interest in the matter, hold his peace. Even the injured party whose property has been abstracted is advised, if possible, to reckon alone with the thief, without drawing general attention to his fault.

Neither is drunkenness necessarily de-

grading; on the contrary, every decent man should get drunk on fitting occasions, such as weddings, christenings, etc., and then go quietly to a barn or loft and sleep off his tipsiness. *Bea-cat vrei apoi te culcu si dormi* ("Drink thy fill and then lie down and sleep") says their proverb; but any man who has been seen reeling drunk in the open street, hooted by children and barked at by dogs, and were it only once, is henceforward branded as a drunkard. It is therefore the duty of each Roumanian who sees a drunken man to conduct him quietly to the nearest barn.

Another curious side of the Roumanian's morality is the point of view from which he regards personal property, such as grain and fruit. In general whatever grows plentifully in the fields, or as he terms it, "whatever God has given," may be taken with impunity by whoever passes that way, but with the restriction that he may only take so much as he can consume at the moment. The proprietor who makes complaint at having his vineyard or his plum-trees rifled in this manner only exposes himself to ridicule.

Whoever carries away of the grain or fruits with him is a thief, but strictly speaking only then when he sells the stolen goods, not when he quietly shares it with his own family.

The Roumanian looks only at deeds and results, motives being absolutely indifferent to him. So the word "passion" he translates as *pâtima*, which really expresses weakness. Whatever is bad is weak. Thus an *om pâtime*, a weak man, may either mean a consumptive invalid, a love-sick youth, or a furious ruffian. Passion of all kind is a misfortune which should excite compassion but not resentment, and whoever commits a bad action is above all foolish because it is sure to be found out sooner or later.

Mr. Patterson in his very interesting work on Hungary and Transylvania, gives an anecdote which aptly characterizes the nature of the Roumanian's morality: "Three Roumanian peasants waylaid and murdered a traveller, dividing his possessions between them. Among these they discovered a cold roast fowl, which they did not eat, however, but gave to the dog, as being a fast-day they feared to commit sin by

tasting flesh. This was related by the murderers themselves when captured and driven to confess their crime before the justice."

While on the subject of fasts I may as well mention that those prescribed by the Greek Church are numerous and severe, and it is a well-ascertained fact that the largest average of crimes committed by Roumanians occur during the season of Lent, when the people are in a feverish and over-excited state from the unnatural deprivation of food. In the same way the Saxon peasants are most quarrelsome and vindictive immediately after the vintage, when the cellars are full of new wine and cider, and most connubial quarrels terminating in divorce originate at that time.

The inhabitants of each Roumanian village are divided into three classes :

First, the distinguished villagers—front men, called *fruntasi* or *oameni de frunta*.

Secondly, the middle men, *mylocasi* or *oameni de mana adona*—men of second-hand.

Third, the hind-men, or *codas*.

Each villager according to his personal gifts, family and fortune, is ranged into one or other of these three classes, each having their respective customs, rights and privileges, which no member of another class dare infringe upon. Thus the *codas* may do much which would not be proper for the other two classes. The *mylocasi* have, on the whole, the most difficult position of the three, and are judged most severely, being alternately accused of presumption in imitating the manners of the *fruntas*, and blamed for demeaning themselves by copying the irregular habits of the *codas*.

Nor is the position of the front men entirely an easy one. Each of these has his party of hangers-on, friends, and admirers, who profess a blind faith and admiration for him, endorsing his opinion on all occasions, and recognizing his authority in matters of dispute. His dress, his words, his actions, must all be strictly regulated on the axiom *Noblesse oblige*, but woe to him if he be caught erring, for only in the case of the Popa is it allowable for practice to differ from preaching.

Each village has its own costume as regards colors and details, though all

partake of the same general character, which, in the case of the women, is chiefly represented by a long alb-like under-garment reaching to the feet, and above it two straight-cut Roman aprons front and back. The subject of Roumanian female costume offers a most bewildering field for description, as the *nuances* and varieties to be found would lead us on *ad infinitum* were we to attempt to enumerate all those we have come across. Thus in one village the costume is all black and white, the cut and make of an almost conventual simplicity forming a piquant contrast to the blooming faces and seductive glances of the beautiful wearers, who give the impression of being a band of light-hearted maidens masquerading in nun's attire. In other hamlets, blue or scarlet are the prevailing colors ; and a few steps over the Roumanian frontier will show us glittering costumes all covered with embroidery and spangles, rich and gaudy as the robes of some Oriental princess stepping straight out of the "Arabian Nights."

The head-dress also varies with the different localities ; it is sometimes a brightly colored shawl or handkerchief, oftener a filmy veil embroidered or spangled, and worn with ever-varying effect. It may either be wound round the head turban-fashion, or else twisted up into Satanela-like horns, now floating down the back like a Spanish mantilla, or again coquettishly drawn forward, and concealing the lower part of the face.

Whatever is tight or constrained-looking is considered to be unbeautiful ; the folds must always flow downward in easy lines, the sleeves should be full and bulging, the skirt long enough to conceal the feet, so that in dancing only the toes are visible.

The men have also much variety in their dress for state occasions, but for ordinary wear they confine themselves to a plain coarse linen shirt, which hangs out over the trousers like a workman's blouse, confined to the waist by a gigantically broad leather belt, red or black in color, and with various receptacles for holding money, firearms, knife and fork, etc., etc. The trousers, which fit rather tightly to the leg, are in summer of linen, in winter of a rough sort of white cloth.

Both sexes wear on the feet a sort of leather sandal called *Opintschen*, beneath which the feet are swaddled and protected by wrappings of linen and woollen rags.

To be consistent with the Roumanian's notion of cleanliness, his clothes should by right be spun, dyed, woven and made at home. He may be occasionally obliged to purchase some article of a stranger, but in such cases he is always careful to select a dealer of his own nationality.

The marriageable girls sometimes wear a head-dress richly embroidered with pearls and coins. This is a sign that her trousseau is ready, and that she only waits for a suitor.

In some districts it is customary for the young man who is seeking a girl in marriage, to go straight at the painted wooden chest containing her dowry, and only if satisfied by the appearance of its contents, of the skill and industry of his intended, does he proceed to the formal demand of her hand. If, on the contrary, the coffer proves to be ill-supplied, he is at liberty to beat a retreat, and back out of the affair. In one village the matter has been still further simplified, for there, during the Carnival time, the parents of each marriageable daughter are in the habit of organizing a sort of standing exhibition of the maiden's effects in the dwelling-rooms, each article displayed to the best advantage, hung against the walls, or spread out upon the benches. The would-be suitor is thus enabled to review the situation by merely pushing the door ajar, and need not even cross the threshold if the show fall short of his expectations.

An orthodox Roumanian wedding should last seven days and seven nights, neither more nor less, but as there are many who cannot afford this sacrifice of time, they circumvent the difficulty by interrupting the festivities after the first day and taking them up again on the seventh.

In some districts a pretty little piece of acting is still kept up on the wedding morning. The bridegroom, surrounded by his friends, arrives on horseback at full gallop before the house of his intended, and roughly calls upon the father to give him his daughter. The old man denies having any daughter, but

after some mock wrangling he goes into the house and leads out a toothless old woman, who is received with shouts and clamor, then after a little more fencing he goes in again, and returns this time leading the true bride dressed in her best clothes, and with his blessing gives her over to the bridegroom.

Elsewhere I have alluded to some of the Roumanian customs attending death and burial, such as the lighted candle, without which no one should be allowed to expire, and the funeral banquets (*pomanas*) held at intervals in memory of the departed. When the corpse has been laid out for burial, duly washed and equipped for his long journey, and supplied with the money supposed to be necessary for clearing the ferries on the way to Paradise, then the wailing and mourning begin. Women alone are allowed to take part in these lamentations (called *bocete*), and all women related to the deceased by ties of blood and friendship are bound to assist as mourners, also all such whose families have been on unfriendly terms with the dead should now appear to ask his forgiveness.

The corpse remains exposed a full day and night in the chamber of death, and during that time must never be left alone, nor must the lamentations be allowed to cease for a single minute. It is therefore usual to have hired women to act the part of mourners, by relieving each other at intervals in singing the mourning songs.

The men related to the deceased also spend the night in the house, keeping watch over the corpse. This is called the *priveghia*, which, however, has not necessarily a mournful character, as they pass the time with various games, or else seated at table with wine and food before them. The mass for the departed soul should, if possible, be said in the open air, and when the coffin is lowered into the grave the vessel containing the water in which the corpse has been washed must be shattered to atoms on the spot.

Whoever dies unmarried must never be carried by married bearers to the grave; a married man or woman is carried by married men, a youth by other youths, while a maiden is carried by maidens with hanging dishevelled hair.

In every case the rank of the bearers must correspond to that of the deceased, and a *fruntas* can as little be carried by *mylocasi* as the bearers of a *codas* may be higher than himself in rank. During six weeks after the funeral, the women of the family let their hair hang unplaited in sign of mourning. It is, moreover, not uncommon to hear of people who have vowed themselves to perpetual mourning, in memory of some beloved deceased one, as was the case with an old peasant in one of the Transylvanian villages, who was pointed out to me as having worn no head-covering, summer and winter, for over forty years, in memory of his only son.

In the case of a man who has died a violent death, and in general of all such as have expired without a light, none of these ceremonies take place. Such a man has neither right to *bocete*, *priveghia*, mass, nor *pomana*, nor is his body laid in consecrated ground. He is buried wherever the body is found—on the mountain or in the heart of the forest, where he met with his death—his last resting-place only marked by a heap of dry branches, which each passer-by is expected to add to by throwing a bundle of twigs—a handful of thorns, as they express it—on the spot. This is the only mark of attention to which such deceased may lay claim, and consequently to the Roumanian's mind no thought is so dreadful as that of dying deprived of light.

The Roumanian does not seem to be courageous by nature, or to love warfare for its own sake, as does the Hungarian, neither does courage exactly take rank as a virtue in his estimation; for courage implies a certain recklessness of consequences, and, according to his way of thinking, every action should be circumscribed and only performed after due deliberation. When, however, driven to it by circumstances, and brought to recognize the necessity, he can fight bravely and is a good soldier.

The Roumanians have often been called slavish and cringing; but is it not impossible that they should be otherwise, if we consider their past history, oppressed and trampled on, persecuted and treated as vermin by the surrounding races? Little more than a century ago it was illegal for any Roumanian

child to frequent a German or Hungarian school, while at the same period the Roumanian clergy were compelled to carry the Calvinistic bishop on their shoulders to and from his church whenever he chose to exact their service. Among the many inhuman laws framed against them was one which continued in force up to the seventeenth century, ordering that each Wallachian out of the district of Poplaka, in the neighborhood of Hermanstadt, who injured a tree, if only by peeling off the bark, was to be forthwith hung up to the self-same tree. "Should, however, the culprit remain undiscovered," prescribes the law, "then shall the community of Poplaka be bound to deliver up for execution some other Wallachian in his place."

The faults of the Roumanians are the faults of all slaves; they are lazy, not being yet accustomed to work for themselves nor caring to work for a master, and have acquired cunning and deceit as the only weapons wherewith to meet tyranny and cruelty. Occasionally they have cast off their yoke and taken cruel revenge on their real or imaginary oppressors, as in 1848, when, instigated and stirred up by Austrian agents, they rose against their masters, the Hungarian noblemen, whom they put to death with many torturing devices, crucifying some and burying others up to the neck, cutting off tongues and plucking out eyes as a diabolical fury suggested. Such acts of cruelty of which the Roumanians were guilty at this period have deprived them of much of the sympathy to which they might have laid claim as a suffering and oppressed race; but those people who have a thorough knowledge of the Roumanian character, and are able to estimate correctly all the influences brought to bear upon them at that time, do not hesitate to affirm that these people were far more sinned against than sinning, and cannot really be held responsible for the atrocities they perpetrated. Even Hungarian nobles, themselves the greatest sufferers by all that happened, are wont to speak of them with a sort of pitying commiseration, as of poor misguided creatures led astray by unscrupulous agents, and quite unable to understand the heinousness of their behavior.

Perhaps no other race possesses in

such marked degree the blind and immovable sense of nationality which characterizes the Roumanians. They hardly ever mingle with the surrounding races, far less adopt manners and customs foreign to their own. This singular tenacity of the Roumanians to their own dress, manners and customs is probably due to the influence of their religion, which teaches that any divergence from their own established rules is sinful. In some districts where attempt was made (in the time of Maria Theresa) to replace the Greek Popas by other clergymen belonging to the united faith, the people did not rebel, but simply absented themselves from all church attendance. Cases are known of villages whose churches remained closed over thirty years because the people could not be brought to accept the change.

It is a remarkable fact that even in cases of intermarriage, the seemingly stronger-minded and more vigorous Hungarians are absolutely powerless to influence the Roumanians. Thus the Hungarian woman who weds a Roumanian husband will necessarily adopt the dress and manners of his people, and her children will be as good Roumanians as though they had no drop of Magyar blood in their veins, while the Magyar who takes a Roumanian girl for his wife not only utterly fails to convert her to his ideas, but himself, subdued by her influence, will imperceptibly begin to lose something of his nationality. This is a fact well known, and much lamented by the Transylvanian Hungarians, who live in anticipated apprehensions of seeing their people ultimately dissolving into Roumanians; and this fear it is which makes the present Hun-

garian Government devote such iron energy to the task of Magyarizing all people within the frontier—a task which the opposition of Croats, Serbs, and Slovacks, the stubborn conservatism of the Saxons, and the eager aspirations of the Roumanians, bids fair to render little short of herculean. It is not easy to foresee the end of this portentous struggle, which is a question of no less than life or death on either side. Given a quarter century of peace for Hungary, it is just possible that the Government may accomplish the object pursued with such relentless persistency; but does any one believe in such peace just now when the Eastern Question daily becomes more ominously interrogative? And how is it possible to doubt that the war, which, in some shape or other, must come before long, is the opportunity many await for slipping off unwelcome chains?

For the dwindling handful of Saxons indeed no resurrection seems possible, for are they not doomed to moulder away in their self-spun cobwebs? But for the Roumanians, in virtue of their rapidly increasing population, of the thirst for knowledge, and the powerful spirit of progress which have arisen among them of late years, it is scarcely hazardous to prophesy that the future has much in store, and that a day will come when other nations, having degenerated and spent their strength, these descendants of the ancient Romans, rising phoenix-like from their ashes, will step forward with a whole fund of latent power and virgin material, to rule as masters where formerly they have crouched as slaves.—*Contemporary Review*.

GENERAL LEE.*

BY GENERAL LORD WOLSELEY.

THE history of the war between the Northern and Southern States of North America is yet to be written. General Long's work on the great Confederate

general is a contribution toward the history of that grand but unsuccessful struggle by the seceding States to shake off all political connection with the Union Government. It will be read with interest as coming from the pen of one who was Lee's military secretary, and its straightforward, soldier-like style will

* "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee: his Military and Personal History." By General A. L. Long and General Marcus J. Wright. London. 1886.

commend it to all readers. It is not my intention to enter upon any narrative of the events which led to that fratricidal war. The unprejudiced outsider will generally admit the sovereign right, both historical and legal, which each State possessed under the constitution, to leave the Union when its people thought fit to do so. At the same time, of Englishmen who believe that "union is strength," and who are themselves determined that no dismemberment of their own empire shall be allowed, few will find fault with the men of the North for their manly determination, come what might, to resist every effort of their brothers in the South to break up the Union. It was but natural that all Americans should be proud of the empire which the military genius of General Washington had created, despite the efforts of England to retain her Colonies.

It is my wish to give a short outline of General Lee's life, and to describe him as I saw him in the autumn of 1862, when at the head of proud and victorious troops he smiled at the notion of defeat by any army that could be sent against him. I desire to make known to the reader not only the renowned soldier, whom I believe to have been the greatest of his age, but to give some insight into the character of one whom I have always considered the most perfect man I ever met. Twenty-one years have passed since the great Secession war ended, but even still, angry remembrances of it prevent Americans from taking an impartial view of the contest, and of those who were the leaders in it. Outsiders can best weigh and determine the merits of the chief actors on both sides, but if in this attempt to estimate General Lee's character I offend any one by the outspoken expression of my opinions, I hope I may be forgiven. On one side I can see, in the dogged determination of the North, persevered in to the end through years of recurring failure, the spirit for which the men of Britain have always been remarkable. It is a virtue to which the United States owed its birth in the last century, and its preservation in 1865. It is the quality to which the Anglo-Saxon race is most indebted for its great position in the world. On the other hand, I can recognize the chivalrous valor of those

gallant men whom Lee led to victory : who fought not only for fatherland and in defence of home, but for those rights most prized by free men. Washington's stalwart soldiers were styled rebels by our king and his ministers, and in like manner the men who wore the gray uniform of the Southern Confederacy were denounced as rebels from the banks of the Potomac to the headwaters of the St. Lawrence. Lee's soldiers, well versed as all Americans are in the history of their forefathers' struggle against King George the Third, and believing firmly in the justice of their cause, saw the same virtue in one rebellion that was to be found in the other. This was a point upon which, during my stay in Virginia in 1862, I found every Southerner laid the greatest stress. It is a feeling that as yet has not been fully acknowledged by writers on the Northern side.

" Rebellion, foul dishonoring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft hath stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained.
How many a spirit born to bless
Hath sunk beneath thy withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success,
Had waited to eternal fame."

As a looker-on, I feel that both parties in the war have so much to be proud of, that both can afford to hear what impartial Englishmen or foreigners have to say about it. Inflated and bubble reputations were acquired during its progress, few of which will bear the test of time. The idol momentarily set up, often for political reasons, crumbles in time into the dust from which its limbs were perhaps originally moulded. To me, however, two figures stand out in that history towering above all others, both cast in hard metal that will be forever proof against the belittling efforts of all future detractors. One, General Lee, the great soldier : the other, Mr. Lincoln, the far-seeing statesman of iron will, of unflinching determination. Each is a good representative of the genius that characterized his country. As I study the history of the Secession war, these seem to me the two men who influenced it most, and who will be recognized as its greatest heroes when future generations

of American historians record its stirring events with impartiality.

General Lee came from the class of landed gentry that has furnished England at all times with her most able and distinguished leaders. The first of his family who went to America was Richard Lee, who in 1641 became Colonial Secretary to the Governor of Virginia. The family settled in Westmoreland, one of the most lovely counties in that historic state, and members of it from time to time held high positions in the government. Several of the family distinguished themselves during the War of Independence, among whom was Henry, the father of General Robert Lee. He raised a mounted corps known as "Lee's Legion," in command of which he obtained the reputation of being an able and gallant soldier. He was nicknamed by his comrades, "Light Horse Harry." He was three times governor of his native state. To him is attributed the authorship of the eulogy on General Washington, in which occurs the so-often-quoted sentence, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," praise that with equal truth might have been subsequently applied to his own distinguished son.

The subject of this slight sketch, Robert Edward Lee, was born January 9th, 1807, at the family place of Stratford, in the county of Westmoreland, state of Virginia. When only a few years old his parents moved to the small town of Alexandria, which is on the right bank of the Potomac River, nearly opposite Washington, but a little below it.

He was but a boy of eleven when his father died, leaving his family in straitened circumstances. Like many other great commanders, he was in consequence brought up in comparative poverty, a condition which has been pronounced by the greatest of them as the best training for soldiers. During his early years he attended a day-school near his home in Alexandria. He was thus able in his leisure hours to help his invalid mother in all her household concerns, and to afford her that watchful care which, owing to her very delicate health, she so much needed. She was a clever, highly-gifted woman, and by

her fond care his character was formed and stamped with honest truthfulness. By her he was taught never to forget that he was well-born, and that, as a gentleman, honor must be his guiding star through life. It was from her lips he learned his Bible, from her teaching he drank in the sincere belief in revealed religion which he never lost. It was she who imbued her great son with an ineradicable belief in the efficacy of prayer, and in the reality of God's interposition in the every-day affairs of the true believer. No son ever returned a mother's love with more heartfelt intensity. She was his idol, and he worshipped her with the deep-seated, inborn love which is known only to the son in whom filial affection is strengthened by respect and personal admiration for the woman who bore him. He was her all in all, or, as she described it, he was both son and daughter to her. He watched over her in weary hours of pain, and served her with all that soft tenderness which was such a marked trait in the character of this great, stern leader of men.

He seems to have been throughout his boyhood and early youth perfect in disposition, in bearing, and in conduct—a model of all that was noble, honorable, and manly. Of the early life of very few great men can this be said. Many who have left behind the greatest reputations for usefulness, in whom middle age was a model of virtue and perhaps of noble self-denial, began their career in a whirlwind of wild excess. Often, again, we find that, like Nero, the virtuous youth develops into the middle-aged fiend, who leaves behind him a name to be execrated for all time. It would be difficult to find in history a great man, be he soldier or statesman, with a character so irreproachable throughout his whole life as that which in boyhood, youth, manhood, and to his death, distinguished Robert Lee from all contemporaries.

He entered the military academy of West Point at the age of eighteen, where he worked hard, became adjutant of the cadet corps, and finally graduated at the head of his class. There he mastered the theory of war, and studied the campaigns of the great masters in that most ancient of all sciences. Whatever he

did, even as a boy, he did thoroughly with order and method. Even at this early age he was the model Christian gentleman in thought, word, and deed. Careful and exact in the obedience he rendered his superiors, but remarkable for that dignity of deportment which all through his career struck strangers with admiring respect.

He left West Point when twenty-two, having gained its highest honors, and at once obtained a commission in the Engineers. Two years afterward he married the grand-daughter and heiress of Mrs. Custis, whose second husband had been General Washington, but by whom she left no children. It was a great match for a poor subaltern officer, as his wife was heiress to a very extensive property and to a large number of slaves. She was clever, very well educated, and a general favorite: he was handsome, tall, well made, with a graceful figure, and a good rider: his manners were at once easy and captivating. These young people had long known one another, and each was the other's first love. She brought with her as part of her fortune General Washington's beautiful property of Arlington, situated on the picturesque wooded heights that overhang the Potomac River, opposite the capital to which the great Washington had given his name. In talking to me of the Northern troops, whose conduct in Virginia was then denounced by every local paper, no bitter expression passed his lips, but tears filled his eyes as he referred to the destruction of his place that had been the cherished home of the father of the United States. He could forgive their cutting down his trees, their wanton conversion of his pleasure grounds into a graveyard; but he could never forget their reckless plunder of all the camp equipment and other relics of General Washington that Arlington House had contained.

Robert Lee first saw active service during the American war with Mexico in 1846, where he was wounded, and evinced a remarkable talent for war that brought himself prominently into notice. He was afterward engaged in operations against hostile Indians, and obtained the reputation in his army of being an able officer of great promise. General Scott, then the general of greatest repute

in the United States, was especially attracted by the zeal and soldierly instinct of the young captain of Engineers, and frequently employed him on distant expeditions that required cool nerve, confidence, and plenty of common sense. It is a curious fact that throughout the Mexican war General Scott in his despatches and reports made frequent mention of three officers—Lee, Beauregard, and McClellan—whose names became household words in America afterward, during the great Southern struggle for independence. General Scott had the highest opinion of Lee's military genius, and did not hesitate to ascribe much of his success in Mexico as due to Lee's "skill, valor, and undaunted energy." Indeed, subsequently, when the day came that these two men should part, each to take a different side in the horrible contest before them, General Scott is said to have urged Mr. Lincoln's Government to secure Lee at any price, alleging he "would be worth fifty thousand men to them." His valuable services were duly recognized at Washington by more than one step of brevet promotion: he obtained the rank of colonel, and was given command of a cavalry regiment shortly afterward.

I must now pass to the most important epoch of his life, when the Southern States left the Union and set up a government of their own. Mr. Lincoln was in 1860 elected President of the United States in the Abolitionist interest. Both parties were so angry that thoughtful men soon began to see war alone could end this bitter dispute. Shipwreck was before the vessel of state, which General Washington had built and guided with so much care during his long and hard-fought contest. Civil war stared the American citizen in the face, and Lee's heart was well nigh broken at the prospect. Early in 1861 the seven Cotton States passed acts declaring their withdrawal from the Union, and their establishment of an independent republic, under the title of "The Confederate States of America." This declaration of independence was in reality a revolution: war alone could ever again bring all the States together.

Lee viewed this secession with horror. Until the month of April, when Virginia, his own dearly-cherished State,

joined the Confederacy, he clung fondly to the hope that the gulf which separated the North from the South might yet be bridged over. He believed the dissolution of the Union to be a dire calamity not only for his own country, but for civilization and all mankind. "Still," he said, "a Union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets, and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness, has no charm for me." In common with all Southerners he firmly believed that each of the old States had a legal and indisputable right by its individual constitution, and by its act of Union, to leave at will the Great Union into which each had separately entered as a Sovereign State. This was with him an article of faith of which he was as sure as of any Divine truths he found in the Bible. This fact must be kept always in mind by those who would rightly understand his character, or the course he pursued in 1861. He loved the Union for which his father and family in the previous century had fought so hard and done so much. But he loved his own State still more. She was the Sovereign to whom in the first place he owed allegiance, and whose orders, as expressed through her legally-constituted government, he was, he felt, bound in law, in honor, and in love to obey without doubt or hesitation. This belief was the main-spring that kept the Southern Confederacy going, as it was also the cornerstone of its constitution.

In April, 1861, at Fort Sumter, Charleston Harbor, the first shot was fired in a war that was only ended in April, 1865, by the surrender of General Lee's army at Appomattox Court House in Virginia. In duration it is the longest war waged since the great Napoleon's power was finally crushed at Waterloo. As the heroic struggle of a small population that was cut off from all outside help against a great, populous and very rich Republic, with every market in the world open to it, and to whom all Europe was a recruiting ground, this Secession war stands out prominently in the history of the world. When the vast numbers of men put into the field by the Northern States, and the scale upon which their operations were carried on, are duly considered, it must be regarded

as a war fully equal in magnitude to the successful invasion of France by Germany in 1870. If the mind be allowed to speculate on the course that events will take in centuries to come, as they flow surely on with varying swiftmess to the ocean of the unknown future, the influence which the result of this Confederate war is bound to exercise upon man's future history will seem very great. Think of what a power the re-United States will be in another century! of what it will be in the twenty-first century of the Christian era! If, as many believe, China is destined to absorb all Asia and then to overrun Europe, may it not be in the possible future that Armageddon, the final contest between heathendom and Christianity, may be fought out between China and North America? Had secession been victorious, it is tolerably certain that the United States would have broken up still further, and instead of the present magnificent and English-speaking empire, we should now see in its place a number of small powers with separate interests.

Most certainly it was the existence of slavery in the South that gave rise to the bitter antagonism of feeling which led to secession. But it was not to secure emancipation that the North took up arms, although during the progress of the war Mr. Lincoln proclaimed it, for the purpose of striking his enemy a serious blow. Lee hated slavery, but, as he explained to me, he thought it wicked to give freedom suddenly to some millions of people who were incapable of using it with profit to themselves or the State. He assured me he had long intended to gradually give his slaves their liberty. He believed the institution to be a moral and political evil, and more hurtful to the white than to the black man. He had a strong affection for the negro, but he deprecated any sudden or violent interference on the part of the State between master and slave. Nothing would have induced him to fight for the continuance of slavery: indeed he declared that had he owned every slave in the South, he would willingly give them all up if by so doing he could preserve the Union. He was opposed to secession, and to prevent it he would willingly sacrifice everything except honor and duty, which forbid him to desert his

State. When in April, 1861, she formally and by an act of her Legislature left the Union, he resigned his commission in the United States army with the intention of retiring into private life. He endeavored to choose what was right. Every personal interest bid him throw in his lot with the Union. His property lay so close to Washington that it was certain to be destroyed and swept of every slave, as belonging to a rebel. But the die was cast; he forsook everything for principle and the stern duty it entailed. Then came that final temptation which opened out before him a vista of power and importance greater than that which any man since Washington had held in America. General Long's book proves beyond all further doubt that he was offered the post of commander-in-chief of the Federal army. General Scott, his great friend and leader, whom he loved and respected, then commanding that army, used all his influence to persuade him to throw in his lot with the North, but to no purpose. Nothing would induce him to have any part in the invasion of his own State, much as he abhorred the war into which he felt she was rushing. His love of country, his unselfish patriotism, caused him to relinquish, home, fortune, a certain future, in fact everything for her sake.

He was not, however, to remain a spectator of the coming conflict; he was too well known to his countrymen in Virginia as the officer in whom the Federal army had most confidence. The State of Virginia appointed him major-general and commander-in-chief of all her military forces. In open and crowded convention he formally accepted this position, saying, with all that dignity and grace of manner which distinguished him, that he did so "trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens." The scene was most impressive: there were present all the leading men of Virginia, and representatives of all the first families in a State where great store was attached to gentle birth, and where society was very exclusive. General Lee's presence commanded respect, even from strangers, by a calm self-possession and dignity, the like of which I have never seen in other men. Naturally of strong passions, he kept them under perfect con-

trol by that iron and determined will of which his expression and his face gave evidence. As this tall, handsome soldier stood before his countrymen, he was the picture of the ideal patriot, unconscious and self-possessed in his strength: he indulged in no theatrical display of feeling: there was in his face and about him that placid resolve which bespoke great confidence in self, and which in his case—one knows not how—quickly communicated its magnetic influence to others. He was then just fifty-four years old, the age of Marlborough when he destroyed the French army at Blenheim: in many ways and on many points these two great men much resembled each other. Both were of a dignified and commanding exterior: eminently handsome, with a figure tall, graceful, and erect, while a muscular, square-built frame bespoke great activity of body. The charm of manner, which I have mentioned as very winning in Lee, was possessed in the highest degree by Marlborough. Both, at the outset of their great career of victory, were regarded as essentially national commanders. Both had married young, and were faithful husbands and devoted fathers. Both had in all their campaigns the same belief in an ever-watchful Providence, in whose help they trusted implicitly, and for whose interposition they prayed at all times. They were gifted with the same military instinct, the same genius for war. The power of fascinating those with whom they were associated, the spell which they cast over their soldiers, who believed almost superstitiously in their certainty of victory, their contempt of danger, their daring courage, constitute a parallel that is difficult to equal between any other two great men of modern times.

From the first Lee anticipated a long and bloody struggle, although from the bombastic oratory of self-elected politicians and patriots the people were led to believe that the whole business would be settled in a few weeks. This folly led to a serious evil, namely, the enlistment of soldiers for only ninety days. Lee, who understood war, pleaded in favor of the engagement being for the term of the war, but he pleaded in vain. To add to his military difficulties, the

politician insisted upon the officers being elected by their men. This was a point which, in describing to me the constitution of his army, Lee most deplored. When war bursts upon a country unused to that ordeal, and therefore unskilled in preparing for it, the frothy babbling of politicians too often forces the nation into silly measures to its serious injury during the ensuing operations. That no great military success can be achieved quickly by an improvised army is a lesson that of all others is made most clear by the narrative of this war on both sides. All through its earlier phases, the press, both Northern and Southern, called loudly, and oftentimes angrily, for quick results. It is this impatience of the people, which the press is able to emphasize so strongly, that drives many weak generals into immature action. Lee, as well as others at this time, had to submit to the sneers which foolish men circulated widely in the daily newspapers. It is quite certain that under the existing condition of things no Fabius would be tolerated, and that the far-seeing military policy which triumphed at Torres Vedras would not be submitted to by the English public of to-day. Lee was not, however, a man whom any amount of irresponsible writing could force beyond the pace he knew to be most conducive to ultimate success.

The formation of an army with the means alone at his disposal was a colossal task. Everything had to be created by this extraordinary man. The South was an agricultural, not a manufacturing country, and the resources of foreign lands were denied it by the blockade of its ports maintained by the fleet of the United States. Lee was a thorough man of business, quick in decision, yet methodical in all he did. He knew what he wanted. He knew what an army should be, and how it should be organized, both in a purely military as well as an administrative sense. In about two months he had created a little army of fifty thousand men, animated by a lofty patriotism and courage that made them unconquerable by any similarly constituted army. In another month, this army at Bull Run gained a complete victory over the Northern invaders, who were driven back across

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XLV., No. 5

the Potomac like herds of frightened sheep. As the Federals ran, they threw away their arms, and everything, guns, tents, wagons, etc., was abandoned to the victors. The arms, ammunition, and equipment then taken were real godsend to those engaged in the organization of the Southern armies. Thenceforward a battle to the Confederates meant a new supply of everything an army required. It may be truthfully said, that practically the Government at Washington had to provide and pay for the arms and equipment of its enemies as well as for all that its own enormous armies required. The day I presented myself in General Lee's camp, as I stood at the door of his tent awaiting admission, I was amused to find it stamped as belonging to a colonel of a New Jersey regiment. I remarked upon this to General Lee, who laughingly said, "Yes, I think you will find that all our tents, guns, and even the men's pouches are similarly marked as having belonged to the United States army." Some time afterward, when General Pope and his large invading army had been sent back flying across the Maryland frontier, I overheard this conversation between two Confederate soldiers: "Have you heard the news? Lee has resigned!" "Good G——!" was the reply, "what for?" "He has resigned because he says he cannot feed and supply his army any longer, now that his commissary, General Pope, has been removed." Mr. Lincoln had just dismissed General Pope, replacing him by General McClellan.

The Confederates did not follow up their victory at Bull's Run. A rapid and daring advance would have given them possession of Washington, their enemy's capital. Political considerations at Richmond were allowed to outweigh the very evident military expediency of reaping a solid advantage from this their first great success. Often afterward, when this attempt to allay the angry feelings of the North against the Act of Secession had entirely failed, was this action of their political rulers lamented by the Confederate commanders.

In this article to attempt even a sketch of the subsequent military operations is not to be thought of. Both

sides fought well, and both have such true reason to be proud of their achievements that they can now afford to hear the professional criticisms of their English friends in the same spirit that we Britishers have learned to read of the many defeats inflicted upon our arms by General Washington.

What most strikes the regular soldier in these campaigns of General Lee is the inefficient manner in which both he and his opponents were often served by their subordinate commanders, and how badly the staff and outpost work generally was performed on both sides. It is most difficult to move with any effective precision young armies constituted as these were during this war. The direction and movement of large bodies of newly-raised troops, even when victorious, is never easy, is often impossible. Over and over again was the South apparently "within a stone's throw of independence," as it has been many times remarked, when, from want of a thoroughly good staff to organize pursuit, the occasion was lost, and the enemy allowed to escape. Lee's combinations to secure victory were the conceptions of a truly great strategist, and, when they had been effected, his tactics were also almost always everything that could be desired up to the moment of victory, but there his action seemed to stop abruptly. Was ever an army so hopelessly at the mercy of another as that of McClellan when he began his retreat to Harrison's Landing after the seven days' fighting round Richmond? What commander could wish to have his foe in a "tighter place" than Burnside was in after his disastrous attack upon Lee at Fredericksburg? Yet in both instances the Northern commander got safely away, and other similar instances could be mentioned. The critical military student of this war who knows the power which regular troops, well-officered and well-directed by a thoroughly efficient staff, place in the hands of an able general, and who has acquired an intimate and complete knowledge of what these two contending American armies were really like, will, I think, agree that from first to last the co-operation of even one army corps of regular troops would have given complete victory to whichever side it fought on. I

felt this when I visited the South, and during the progress of the war I heard the same opinion expressed by many others who had inspected the contending armies. I say this with no wish to detract in any way from the courage or other fighting qualities of the troops engaged. I yield to none in my admiration of their warlike achievements; but I cannot blind myself to the hyperbole of writers who refer to these armies as the finest that have ever existed.

Those who know how difficult it is to supply our own militia and volunteer forces with efficient officers can appreciate what difficulties General Lee had to overcome in the formation of the army he so often led to victory. He had about him able assistants, who, like himself, had received an excellent military education at West Point. To the experienced soldier it is no matter of surprise, but to the general reader it will be of interest to know that, on either side in this war, almost every general whose name will be remembered in the future had been educated at that military school, and had been trained in the old regular army of the United States. In talking to me of all the Federal generals, Lee mentioned McClellan with most respect and regard. He spoke bitterly of none—a remarkable fact, as at that time men on both sides were wont to heap the most violent terms of abuse upon their respective enemies. He thus reproved a clergyman who had spoken in his sermon very bitterly of their enemies:—"I have fought against the people of the North because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the South her dearest rights; but I have never cherished toward them bitter or vindictive feelings, and I have never seen the day when I did not pray for them." I asked him how many men he had at the battle of Antietam, from which he had then recently returned. He said he had never had, during that whole day, more than about thirty thousand men in line, although he had behind him a small army of tired troops and of shoeless stragglers who never came up during the battle. He estimated McClellan's army at about one hundred thousand men. A friend of mine, who at that same time was at the Federal headquarters, there made similar inquiries. General Mc-

Clellan's reply corroborated the correctness of Lee's estimate of the Federal numbers at Antietam, but he said he thought the Confederate army was a little stronger than that under his command. I mention this because both those generals were most truthful men, and whatever they stated can be implicitly relied on. I also refer to it because the usual proportion throughout the war between the contending sides in each action ranged from about twice to three times more Federals than there were Confederates engaged. With reference to the relative numbers employed on both sides, the following amusing story was told to me at the time. A deputation from some of the New England States had attended at the White House, and laid their business before the President. As they were leaving Mr. Lincoln's room one of the delegates turned round and said: "Mr. President, I should very much like to know what you reckon to be the number of rebels in arms against us." Mr. Lincoln, without a moment's hesitation, replied: "Sir, I have the best possible reason for knowing the number to be one million of men, for whenever one of our generals engages a rebel army he reports that he has encountered a force twice his strength: now I know we have half a million of soldiers in the field, so I am bound to believe the rebels have twice that number."

As a student of war I would fain linger over the interesting lessons to be learned from Lee's campaigns: of the same race as both belligerents, I could with the utmost pleasure dwell upon the many brilliant feats of arms on both sides; but I cannot do so here.

The end came at last, when the well-supplied North, rich enough to pay recruits, no matter where they came from, a bounty of over five hundred dollars a head, triumphed over an exhausted South, hemmed in on all sides, and even cut off from all communication with the outside world. The desperate, though drawn battle of Gettysburg was the death-knell of Southern independence; and General Sherman's splendid but almost unopposed march to the sea showed the world that all further resistance on the part of the Confederate States could only be a profitless waste of blood. In

the thirty-five days of fighting near Richmond which ended the war of 1865, General Grant's army numbered one hundred and ninety thousand, that of Lee only fifty-one thousand men. Every man lost by the former was easily replaced, but an exhausted South could find no more soldiers. "The right of self-government," which Washington won, and for which Lee fought, was no longer to be a watchword to stir men's blood in the United States. The South was humbled and beaten by its own flesh and blood in the North, and it is difficult to know which to admire most, the good sense with which the result was accepted in the so-called Confederate States, or the wise magnanimity displayed by the victors. The wounds are now healed on both sides: Northerners and Southerners are now once more a united people, with a future before them to which no other nation can aspire. If the English-speaking people of the earth cannot all acknowledge the same Sovereign, they can, and I am sure they will at least combine to work in the interests of truth and of peace, for the good of mankind. The wise men on both sides of the Atlantic will take care to chase away all passing clouds that may at any time throw even a shadow of dispute or discord between the two great families into which our race is divided.

Like all men, Lee had his faults: like all the greatest of generals, he sometimes made mistakes. His nature shrank with such horror from the dread of wounding the feelings of others, that upon occasions he left men in positions of responsibility to which their abilities were not equal. This softness of heart, amiable as that quality may be, amounts to a crime in the man intrusted with the direction of public affairs at critical moments. Lee's devotion to duty and great respect for obedience seem at times to have made him too subservient to those charged with the civil government of his country. He carried out too literally the orders of those whom the Confederate Constitution made his superiors, although he must have known them to be entirely ignorant of the science of war. He appears to have forgotten that he was the great Revolutionary Chief engaged in a great Revo-

lutionary war: that he was no mere leader in a political struggle of parties carried on within the lines of an old, well-established form of government. It was very clear to many at the time, as it will be commonly acknowledged now, that the South could only hope to win under the rule of a Military Dictator. If General Washington had had a Mr. Davis over him, could he have accomplished what he did? It will, I am sure, be news to many that General Lee was given the command over all the Confederate armies a month or two only before the final collapse; and that the military policy of the South was all throughout the war dictated by Mr. Davis as president of the Confederate States! Lee had no power to reward soldiers or to promote officers. It was Mr. Davis who selected the men to command divisions and armies. Is it to be supposed that Cromwell, King William the Third, Washington, or Napoleon could have succeeded in the revolutions with which their names are identified, had they submitted to the will and authority of a politician as Lee did to Mr. Davis?

Lee was opposed to the final defence of Richmond that was urged upon him for political, not military reasons. It was a great strategic error. General Grant's large army of men was easily fed, and its daily losses easily recruited from a near base; whereas if it had been drawn far into the interior after the little army with which Lee endeavored to protect Richmond, its fighting strength would have been largely reduced by the detachments required to guard a long line of communications through a hostile country. It is profitless, however, to speculate upon what might have been, and the military student must take these campaigns as they were carried out. No fair estimate of Lee as a general can be made by a simple comparison of what he achieved with that which Napoleon, Wellington, or Von Moltke accomplished, unless due allowance is made for the difference in the nature of the American armies, and of the armies commanded and encountered by those great leaders. They were at the head of perfectly organized, thoroughly trained and well disciplined troops; while Lee's soldiers, though gallant and daring to a

fault, lacked the military cohesion and efficiency, the trained company leaders, and the educated staff which are only to be found in a regular army of long standing. A trial heat between two jockeys mounted on untrained horses may be interesting, but no one would ever quote the performance as an instance of great racing speed.

Who shall ever fathom the depth of Lee's anguish when the bitter end came, and when, beaten down by sheer force of numbers, and by absolutely nothing else, he found himself obliged to surrender! The handful of starving men remaining with him laid down their arms, and the proud Confederacy ceased to be. Surely the crushing, maddening anguish of awful sorrow is only known to the leader who has so failed to accomplish some lofty, some noble aim for which he has long striven with might and main, with heart and soul—in the interests of king or of country. A smiling face, a cheerful manner, may conceal the sore place from the eyes, possibly even from the knowledge of his friends; but there is no healing for such a wound, which eats into the very heart of him who has once received it.

General Lee survived the destruction of the Confederacy for five years, when, at the age of sixty-three, and surrounded by his family, life ebbed slowly from him. Where else in history is a great man to be found whose whole life was one such blameless record of duty nobly done? It was consistent in all its parts, complete in all its relations. The most perfect gentleman of a State long celebrated for its chivalry, he was just, gentle, and generous, and child-like in the simplicity of his character. Never elated with success, he bore reverse, and at last complete overthrow, with dignified resignation. Throughout this long and cruel struggle his was all the responsibility, but not the power that should have accompanied it.

The fierce light which beats upon the throne is as that of a rushlight in comparison with the electric glare which our newspapers now focus upon the public man in Lee's position. His character has been subjected to that ordeal, and who can point to any spot upon it? His clear, sound judgment, personal courage, untiring activity, genius for war,

and absolute devotion to his State mark him out as a public man, as a patriot to be forever remembered by all Americans. His amiability of disposition, deep sympathy with those in pain or sorrow, his love for children, nice sense of personal honor and genial courtesy endeared him to all his friends. I shall never forget his sweet, winning smile, nor his clear, honest eyes that seemed to look into your heart while they searched your brain. I have met many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mould, and made of different and of finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as a being apart and superior to all others in every way: a man with whom none I ever knew, and very few of whom I have read, are worthy to be classed. I have met but two men who realize my ideas of what a true hero should be: my friend Charles Gordon was one, General Lee was the other.

The following lines seem written for him:

"Who is the honest man?"

He who doth still and strongly good pursue,

To God, his country and himself most true;

Who when he comes to deal

With sick folk, women, those whom passions sway,

Allows for this, and keeps his constant way."

When all the angry feelings roused by Secession are buried with those which existed when the Declaration of Independence was written, when Americans can review the history of their last great rebellion with calm impartiality, I believe all will admit that General Lee towered far above all men on either side in that struggle: I believe he will be regarded not only as the most prominent figure of the Confederacy, but as the great American of the nineteenth century, whose statue is well worthy to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington, and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of all his countrymen.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE CANADIAN FISHERIES DISPUTE.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

NOTHING can be more painful and annoying than a dispute between friends. The annoyance becomes doubly unpleasant when any accusation is made by either side of conduct unbecoming a neighbor, a brother, and a Christian. Yet this is in some measure the charge brought against the Canadians by the good people of Gloucester, Massachusetts. From this thriving and energetic little city sail the swarm of white-winged schooners which, splendidly equipped and manned by seamen who are often British-born, and are always of British stock, make havoc among the mackerel and cod, menhaden, herring, and capeling, around the north-eastern shores of the American continent. Is the accusation made by these pushing fishermen just? It has been made before when similar circumstances arose, and when privileges, to which the men had been admitted for the sake of other

concessions made by themselves and their inland fellow-citizens, had been withdrawn, not by the action of Canadians, but by the desire of their own representatives. They have now placed an almost prohibitive duty on all the fruit of Canadian fisheries, that is on all fish caught by Canadian vessels, while they themselves are left in possession of much that in Europe would go to swell their neighbor's wealth in inshore fishery. Perhaps it may be thought that such a high tariff placed on all things Canadian is hardly the sign we should like to see of perfect amity, for it is a wealthy people which imposes this on a weaker and poorer ally. Yet no Canadian has felt tempted to ask that State embassies be sent because he cannot introduce himself to the oyster-beds of Maryland. His own fisheries represent his "one ewe lamb." It is all that he has in material wealth, now that the

forests are largely cut down ; and unless he keep a hold on what he has left, he is at the mercy of the first bold bargainer who comes along. And there are some very bold bargainers with whom he has to deal.

"How many times," said an energetic French Canadian, "had not our men been molested? Had it not happened that they had been excluded from their own banks of Notamquan, because American fishing vessels happened to be there first, filling the harbor? Have not the Canadian banks been covered with large numbers of their fishing vessels which injured very materially the operations of our fishermen? How many times have numbers of them anchored in our harbors, inside the moorings of our men, and prevented the setting of nets which were going to provide them with bait for the morrow's work, and how often have they in running out during the night torn and destroyed many of those nets, worth from twenty to forty dollars, by catching them with their vessels? I do not speak," he said, "of the number of times in which we have suffered depredations, trespasses, etc., etc." Such and similar complaints were made in the Dominion House of Commons by men who spoke the naked truth. This is enough to show that there is a great deal to be said on the other side. But the harm is done by a few men only.

The American public has over and over again given an example to the nations of the Old World in holding aloft that torch of liberty which consists in the assertion of the soundness of contract—the obligation of treaty—the principle that a nation's word is a nation's bond. From that holy alliance with international right and moral duty they will never swerve. And this feeling is reciprocated by their northern brothers. When a few years ago complaints were made that raids were feared from the great Sioux chief who had taken refuge in Canada, assurance was made doubly sure, and he was so guarded and warned, and finally starved, that he crossed the line and surrendered to the American frontier forces. When, again, it was urged that on the great lakes salvage for vessels in danger was not sufficiently secured, Canada, disregarding

the belief that no case had occurred to warrant the views of the citizens interested in such salvage work on the south shore, increased her vessels of succor, and sent a circular to all her customs officials that the widest interpretation was to be given to their instructions, that in no case of danger being apparent was any vessel, coming from no matter where, to be debarred from rendering assistance.

Now as to this horrible charge of unfriendliness, etc., on the present occasion. The state of affairs under which it is made is this. Greatly desiring a continuance of the reciprocal arrangement which lasted for twelve years until 1885, whereby there was free fishing for all fishermen, and free entry for the fish into the New England markets, Canada was disappointed in her desire, and the party in power at Washington said, "No, the fishery is not worth our concessions of free entry for your fish and oil and raw materials, and we shall not renew it. The condition of things existent before the arrangement is sufficient for us." What was this? It was the condition made by the treaty of 1818, which had been modified only during the two terms during which the Americans allowed the reciprocity treaties to endure. It is, then, simply and solely to the treaty of 1818 that we must look. And the respective rights were sharply enough defined by that document. A long stretch of the shore of the north of the St. Lawrence, from opposite Anticosti eastward, the whole of the western and a great part of the southern shore of Newfoundland, together with the Magdalen Islands, lying in the heart of some of the best fishing districts, were left for the free use of foreign fishermen. The only exception made was in case of settlement, and settlement has been so sparse that this exception has not entered as a factor into the question. There is thus a great territorial shore always open by treaty. This was a concession of magnitude, but it was not to serve as a wedge for the splitting of the Canadian right to their own fisheries. Such rights are nowhere so well understood as in America. Each State may make its own regulations with regard to its fisheries, so long as the free use of the waters for

purposes of navigation and commercial intercourse be not interrupted. The Federal United States Government has again and again exercised its rights in regard to the whole coast, by giving and withdrawing permission to fish within the three-mile limit of the shore. Maryland's armed cruisers have more than once used force to protect her valuable oyster-beds, visiting all trespassers with fine and forfeit. Each European power has done the same, and it was essential to the independence of Canada that such rights should be hers, in regard to her shore, as were her neighbors' rights in regard to theirs. Yet so anxious has the Dominion been to show consideration, kindness, forbearance, and goodwill, that for a whole half-year during 1885, after the lapse of the treaty, this right was not exercised, and American vessels were allowed to fish when, how, and where they chose. Nor did the fact that the Canadians were during this time excluded from the American shores make them alter. In other years they had shown the same forbearance. Unwilling to exercise their prohibitory rights, if any other scheme would serve, they had tried if it were not possible to get the Americans to take out licenses, charging a moderate license fee in each case. It was found that the more numerous the guests became, the smaller grew the revenue of the Hotel! The goodwill was frustrated because few of the visitors would take out the license. As the Irishman said of a request to pay interest on a loan advanced to him, "It spoiled all the grace of the gift." The concession was abused, and it became impossible any longer to continue it. But these experiences did not hinder the exercise of consideration. When lately a few vessels were seized, out of the large number which had to be questioned, and were even in doubtful cases allowed to go free, a fine was imposed in lieu of the forfeiture of the boat. While determined to accept only the treatment solemnly accorded to her by treaty, a right never rescinded or modified in one iota by any commercial arrangement made by Great Britain, the Dominion has shown in the most signal manner her desire to bear as gently as possible on the peccant piscators. No one need imagine that either the deep-

sea fishermen or the trading vessels are injured for the sake of these trespassers. These two form two classes perfectly distinct from each other, and for both full provision is made by treaties which the Canadians observe with cheerful loyalty, for it is for their own interests. Each coasting vessel has only to call at customs ports, where she may trade, transfer cargo, and do as she pleases, which includes the purchase of bait for her fishing consorts at sea. But fishing boats are specially provided for also; they must also call at customs ports. They can repair, get water and wood and shelter, but cannot get bait, because human virtue could not resist in such a case the use of the bait in sailing out within the three-mile limit, for there is bait that can be used within the three-mile line as well as outside of it. If nets be more used than bait for deep-sea fishing at present, there is no warranty that this will last.

To the United States her fishing industry is as nothing. There is such abundance and variety of industry there that the number of fishermen is small. But Canada out of her small population has about 50,000 men engaged in this industry. The people largely live by it, and they believe that they follow their pursuit with the systems and in the manner best calculated to preserve the riches of the sea. In this they are probably quite right. Conclusions drawn from our experience of the deeper waters on this side of the Atlantic are wholly inapplicable to the shallower seas and vast banks of New England, Canada, and Newfoundland. The Americans by a too indiscriminate and wholesale use of their rivers have destroyed them. There is hardly a salmon to be seen in rivers where, within the memory of man, they were abundant.

Just as in Scotland the servants were said to make a stipulation that they should not always have salmon to eat, so in the neighborhood of the Connecticut the apprentice was wroth if he got that dish more than twice a week. In his report of 1880, Dr. Baird says that salmon were found even to the Housatonic, though there is no evidence that they occurred in the Hudson or farther to the south. The shad was found in every stream of this coast from Georgia

to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and although still ascending most of these waters during the spring, has been sadly reduced in abundance. Martin's *Gazetteer of Virginia*, published in 1834 at Alexandria, states that the preceding year 25,500,000 of shad were taken by the various Potomac fisheries, as well as 750,000,000 of fresh-water herrings. This by a moderate estimate would amount to 600,000,000 pounds of fish secured in six weeks in this single system of waters. This *Gazetteer* also states that during the same year nearly 1,000,000 barrels of fish were packed on the Potomac, requiring as many bushels of salt. These were consumed in the United States or shipped to the West Indies and elsewhere. What is the condition of things at the present time? In 1866 the catch of shad on the Potomac had dwindled to 1,326,000; in 1878 to 224,000, the latter not one per cent of the yield of 1833. The catch of herring in 1833, estimated at 750,000,000, had been reduced in 1866 to 21,000,000; in 1876 to 12,000,000; and in 1878 to 5,000,000; again less than one per cent of the yield of the first-mentioned period. John Josselyn in 1660 says 3,000 striped or rock bass were taken in one haul in New England. Mr. J. Morton says of the Merrimac he has seen stopped in that river at one time as many fish as would load a ship of 100 tons. In the early days of the Republic the entire Atlantic shore abounded in fish of all kinds. Where cod, mackerel, and other species are now found in moderate quantities, they then occurred in incredible masses.

Again, the question of bait is inextricably mixed up in the fishing question, and the means of preventing a disappearance of bait-fish, such as has happened on many portions of the American shore, must also be considered. A Commission composed of men of science could do this adequately. They could go round the coasts together taking evidence, sifting it, rejecting what is doubtful, and probably agreeing in many points where evidence was concurrent and good. The right to sell bait and obtain it is an indefeasible right belonging to each nation which owns the shore. It is a right which has been guarded and recognized in every treaty.

Shell-fish were always expressly mentioned as reserved. Clams, etc., were considered the best bait, but all were to be kept, of whatever sort; and the rights every people keep in regard to the three-mile line, within which their jurisdiction extends off shore, protect not only the shallows where the fish chiefly lie, but especially preserve the bait grounds, without which sea-fishery cannot easily be carried on. Much has been conceded, as already said, on this point when Newfoundland, the Magdalen Islands, and the Labrador coast were allowed to be used by all for bait or fish. To concede any more without compensation in reciprocal friendliness in tariff arrangements would be for one party to the bargain to "give himself away." That it is admitted to the full that the possession of the bait grounds and the protection of the bait (as in the treaty of 1818) is an unquestioned right, may be gathered from the fact that the United States Commissioners during previous negotiations desired to have the privilege of taking bait included with other advantages required by them. This the British representatives declined during the negotiations of 1818. Further, when again Great Britain claimed compensation when the privilege of buying bait was allowed, the United States declined to entertain the idea on the expressly stated ground that the purchase of the coveted article was an *incidental privilege* that could at any time be withdrawn. This was in 1878. So far the right is indisputable, and it is equally indisputable that the property in bait is a most valuable one, for which concessions of equal value should be given if a bargain is to be struck. If the 1st article of the treaty of 1818 be not written on the winds, there can be no dispute on this point.

Mr. Earl, a distinguished American gentleman, in speaking of the cod-fishery of Cape Ann, speaks of the importance of obtaining and preserving bait with so large a fleet engaged wholly in handlining and trawling. On its abundance or scarcity depends largely the success or failure of the season's work. Codfish, though they have the habit of snapping at and at times swallowing anything that may come in their way, are on the whole dainty fish, and when one

expects to be successful in catching them for profit, he must have not only a good quantity of bait, but also a kind that the fish are known to prefer. So fastidious are the fish that the fishermen have different names for the various schools derived from the kind of bait on which they live during the fishing season. We often hear them speak of the clam school, the herring school, and the squid school; and when securing bait they will at times pay exorbitant prices for that kind on which the fish are known to be feeding, rather than take an equally good quality of another kind at much lower rates.

Besides clams (a shell-fish) and fresh and frozen herring, squid are used, and fresh and salt menhaden, the capeling and alewives—all fish found in abundance on the sea-banks. Clams are used principally during the summer months, and at other times when bait is scarce. They occur in numbers along the muddy flats of the shore between tide-marks, being small and scattered near the line of high water, but gradually increasing in size and number toward the low-water line. An energetic worker can dig from seven to nine bushels at a single tide, making two-thirds of a barrel of bait; but near Gloucester the flats have been dug over so frequently that the clams are becoming scarce, and the fishermen are often obliged to buy their supply at other places, at an average price of four to five dollars per barrel.

The sporling (young herring) average six inches in length. The supply comes now wholly from Ipswich Bay. They are taken at night within a short distance of the shore. A torch is placed in the bow of the boat, and two men row it rapidly through the water. The third secures the fish as they gather in front of the boat attracted by the light. A good dipper will often catch half a bucket at a single dip. This bait does not last, and a fresh supply must be obtained each day. The herring appear in the Cape Ann markets in December, from which time they are used as bait till April, when the weather becomes so warm that they cannot be obtained. The supply comes largely from the coasts of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, where the fish are abundant during the greater part of the winter. Many of the larger Cape

Ann vessels engage in the frozen herring trade, visiting those points where the herring chance to be most abundant, and bringing large takes to the principal New England markets. Formerly they supplied themselves with nets, but of late they have found it cheaper to buy the fish of the natives. The herring are first frozen on the shore, then thrown with a little straw into the hold. A vessel thus loaded carries from three to four hundred thousand fish. The price used to vary from twenty-five cents to one dollar per hundred. After the season for frozen herring is over there is often great difficulty in procuring bait of any kind. In the spring of 1879 shore fishing was almost wholly suspended for several weeks on this account. Though that season was exceptional owing to the absence of menhaden from the Gulf of Maine, yet the question of the bait supply has for years been growing more serious, and the difficulty of obtaining it has been constantly increasing. The expense has also been proportionately increased, until it now seriously reduces the profits of the business.

This shows how important a property bait has become. The bait obtainable from the United States was of no advantage to Canadians. Menhaden were, it was alleged, of value, and it is true as stated that the menhaden are only to be found in United States waters. But menhaden are by no means indispensable for mackerel-fishing; other fish baits plentiful in British waters are as good, especially those small fishes caught chiefly with seines inshore. British fishermen can find quite enough at home.

Can any one after reading this doubt that there is an overwhelming temptation to follow where such a prize as that offered in squid, capeling, and herring can be procured? Further, can it be doubted that, once the bait is procured, it would be a matter of the utmost difficulty to keep the three-mile-from-shore limit intact? Not only the British navy, but the armed police of half a dozen of the naval powers would not be sufficient to guard adequately such an extent of waters. The harm done to the southern fisheries and bait grounds is undoubted. Does not all this again point to the wisdom of ascertaining by

what means—whether by restriction in the use of certain engines, or by time restrictions—the “harvests of the sea” had best be preserved? Were any points agreed upon on such subjects it might hereafter be possible to allow the general obtaining of bait, or that bait should be sold at certain ports to all. It should always be remembered that there is no restriction now existing against authorized traders calling at ports where there are certain houses for the purchase of bait. But they must in Canada, as elsewhere, be prepared to prove they are not transgressing the laws. Any American vessel of the trading class can call at present, and can take to the fishing vessels on the banks at sea all they need. And this brings us to the customs regulations complained of. It has always been held that a fishing vessel is not a trader, and that they by the treaty of 1818 can call at ports only to procure shelter, wood, and water, or for repairs. There is no inhumanity here, but a simple arrangement made and agreed upon, in order that trespass on grounds sacred by treaty rights shall be prevented. Such necessary prohibitions are not confined to the one continent, but *mutatis mutandis* are in force here to guard English shore fisheries and to prevent violations of customs law. Under European treaties the home “headlands” definition is, that bays are inviolate when the headlands are ten miles apart. But a special treaty covers the Canadian ground, leaving certain shores free and reserving others. It will be observed that shell-fish have always been strictly excepted from any privileges granted. We must glance at the treaty of 1818, which is now in force on the cessation of the salutary twelve years’ arrangement for the joint use of the fisheries, which was unhappily discontinued at the desire of the American Government in 1885. It will be as well also to give very briefly the facts since the separation between England and her American colonies, and we will shortly cite subsequent events. England after the war at first denied the right of those who had formed a separate government to fish in British waters, but afterward allowed their fishermen to do so where the shores were not settled, but nowhere if settled. In 1783 the rights accorded were not so

large as those enjoyed before the war, for it was not permitted to land in order to dry and cure fish in Newfoundland, and elsewhere, but only where no settlement had been made, so that it was provided that as British subjects spread along the shores they should have exclusive rights. After the war of 1812 it was agreed by the British representatives at Ghent that the claims of the Americans to use the fisheries as though they were still British subjects could not be sustained. Orders were, however, sent out to the Governor of the British North American Colonies, in order to prevent collisions, not to interfere with citizens of the United States engaged in fishing off Newfoundland, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or on the high seas, but to prevent them from using the British territory for purposes connected with the fishery, and to exclude their fishing vessels from harbors, bays, etc. Several captures of fishing vessels resulted, and in 1818 Article 1 of this convention said: “It is agreed that the United States shall have forever, in common with British subjects, the liberty to take fish of every kind on that part of the southern coast of Newfoundland which extends from Cape Ray to the Ramean Islands, on the western and northern coast of Newfoundland from Cape Ray to the Ramean Islands, on the western and northern coast of Newfoundland from Cape Ray to the Quirpon Islands, on the Magdalen Islands, on all coasts of Labrador from Mount Joly through Belleisle and northward. Also that American fishermen shall have liberty forever to dry and cure fish in any of the unsettled bays of South Newfoundland and of Labrador; but so soon as these are settled, or any part of them, it shall not be lawful to dry or cure fish without previous agreement. The United States renounce forever any liberty heretofore enjoyed to take, dry, or cure fish on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbors not included in the above limits. Provided that American fishermen be allowed to enter such bays and harbors for the purpose of shelter, of repairing damages therein, of buying wood, of obtaining water, and for no other purpose whatever. But they shall be under such restrictions

as shall be necessary to prevent them taking, drying, and curing fish therein, or in any other manner whatever abusing the principles hereby reserved to them."

Ample margin was by this left to guard against any abuse. And soon afterward the United States Government loyally warned their subjects that they were to observe strictly the limits assigned. In 1847 the first proposal for a free exchange of natural products between the two countries was made, but nothing was done until 1854, when Lord Elgin completed the arrangement which lasted until 1866, when it was terminated by the Americans, to the regret of all who had benefited by the good understanding it had long insured. Then the license system was tried; but our visitors would not buy the licenses, and would fish without them, so that this amiable attempt on our part to please them at small cost failed. Mitigations of the penalties imposed by law were of little avail, although often given. Trespassers came and seizures constantly occurred, with consequent irritation; and in 1871 the second Reciprocity Treaty, lately abrogated, was negotiated. The Canadians, eager as usual to show their goodwill, allowed the freedom of the in-shore waters before the treaty went into operation, and this was acknowledged as a "liberal and friendly" act by the United States.

The high authority of Webster is always justly cited in support of our claim. Here again the amiable desire to keep on good terms with America has been signally shown. Over and over again have these rights been waived, and strongly and legally as they are at the present moment held, I do not know that they have of late been enforced. It is probable that in some cases fishing within such limits might be allowed without detriment, and that in others it should be prevented. Where a tideway is strong, the action of boats throwing out the offal and refuse of the fish they

catch need not harm the banks. On the other hand, where such refuse can float about in the same place, and is not carried rapidly away by the action of currents, the fishing would probably be rapidly destroyed. If, for instance, in parts of the Bay of Chaleurs such action were allowed, the mercantile houses of Jersey might put on mourning with their Canadian friends who dwell along the bright shores where the red rocks are honeycombed into fantastic shapes, from New Carlisle to the strange island arches of Percé. Few fish would be seen, and the Lenten fasters of Portugal, and Spain, and Italy would deplore the rise in the cost of the splendid dried cod now sent to them by Jean Baptiste. Here again is a reason for a scientific commission which can prejudice no cause and compromise no position, while it may serve as the basis for some agreement founded on common-sense and international comity and interest. Ample evidence of an accommodating spirit has been given by Canada, but this must not and cannot prejudice her right to use her shores for her own benefit. It will be much to be regretted if courtesy and kindness be found to bring forth crops of new demands. No restriction in commercial intercourse is intended or exercised. Any such contention, if now put forward, would be a totally new line of argument, advanced as heavy artillery to cover the rush of skirmishers. It would be an attack, not the exercise of friendly rivalry in industry. Let facts be first ascertained by a scientific commission as to the best common use of these sea harvests, and then it will be time to see whether natural products cannot again pass the boundary lines under some provision made for the good of both peoples. Meantime Dr. Baird and Sir W. Dawson may do much to help both, if they be allowed, and if the politician does not sit down upon the lamp of science and leave us all to darkness and recrimination. — *Fortnightly Review*.

THE MINDS OF SAVAGES.

WE do not yet know all there is to be known about the earliest savage life of which we have any proof. We can trace with some approach to accuracy the mode of life in the Bronze Age, and even in the Stone Age; but we know but little of the minds of the men who lived then, of the extent or limits of their knowledge, or of the powers of thought which they possessed. It is quite possible that, as regards the latter, we habitually underrate them. No less than three distinct and perceptible influences tend to make modern observers sceptical, or even contemptuous, as to the intellectual powers of savages. Civilization, to begin with, of itself produces scorn, often an overweening scorn, for barbarism, and especially barbarism of the rougher, or, to speak more definitely, the hunting type. It seems to the dweller in Paris or London, himself cultivated till he hardly knows what in him is natural and what acquired, as if the savage who faces the weather naked, who lives in a cave on the side of a hill, and who grows nothing, could hardly have a mind at all. If he had one, why did he not make himself comfortable, build a hut, grow corn, and, above all, put on clothes? Then there is just now an unconscious *wish* among most scientific men to prove the truth of evolution by showing that man was once mentally of a very low type, and thus to diminish the gulf, otherwise so impassable, which separates him from the animal world. If they could only prove that he was once incapable not only of expressing, but of forming an abstract idea, they would secretly be all delighted. And, thirdly, a system has grown up of interpreting one race of savages by another which directly tends to lower our judgment of the powers of all. The philosophers know with a certain intimacy one class of savages, the Negroids of the Australasian Pacific, in whom mental power is extraordinarily small; and because they live much as European savages lived, they assume that both must have reached about the same mental standard. Yet in a thousand years, the relics remaining of the fishermen of

Devon and those remaining of the clam-eaters of the Australian coast will be almost indistinguishable. It is at least equally possible that the difference produced by what we call race were as pronounced in the Stone Age as they are now, that the minds of whole tribes may have been as separate as the minds of nations now are, and that mental capacity may in some races and under some circumstances have reached a higher level than we fancy, before man devoted his powers to becoming comfortable at all. A naked troglodyte Newton may be unthinkable, because the word "Newton" embodies certain moral qualities; but a naked troglodyte philosopher or student of physics is not unthinkable at all. Diogenes, according to the legend, nearly was one; and a Jain teacher probably exists who would puzzle most undergraduates, and who lives naked in a mat hut. While caves were warm and easily made, there was in Europe little reason to build huts; the notion of growing cereals probably came late, for no beast plants them, and the idea that a seed will grow if you bury it, must without experience have seemed hopelessly wild; and as to clothes, whole races still think them an almost unendurable restraint and burthen. A Negro or an Australian, or a Kaffir of Dr. Moffatt's country, even when semi-civilized, is conscious of an almost irresistible impulse to throw his clothes away, and restore himself to his original liberty of motion. If mind in the Stone Age of Europe had not advanced beyond its present level among Melanesians, how are we to account for facts such as those detailed by Mr. Horsley at the Royal Institution of Friday week? The ignorance of the darker savages of to-day of almost all operations of surgery is absolutely marvellous; yet Mr. Horsley showed on conclusive evidence that in France, savages who used only stone, dwelt in caves, and probably had no idea of clothes, constantly performed the delicate operation on the skull called trephining, or, as it used to be called by the unlearned, trepanning. They cut and raised the

fractured bone of the skull successfully. No less than sixty skulls and fragments of skulls upon which this operation has been performed exist in the museums of France, and it is clear that it was one of the best known and most frequently practised. Mr. Horsley, finding that the fracture was almost always on the vertex of the skull, suggests that it produced epilepsy, and that trephining was performed to prevent this result, as well as to alleviate frightful headaches; but there is another possible explanation. The regular tribal or household punishment may have been a downright blow on the skull with a thick club, a punishment selected because it precludes resistance to the decree on the part of the victim. It is still regularly inflicted among Australians, the victim being stunned by a cracking blow downward on the skull with the short club known as the "waddy." As the strikers did not intend death, and as it was inconvenient that a mere secondary punishment should produce either death or idiocy, a practice of cutting and raising the fractured bones grew up and gradually became a known art, probably practised by the medicine-men, or priests, or other officials of the tribe. Whatever the motive, the fact is certain, and indicates that the savages who learned such an art were men who could pity—for no man can trephine his own skull—who could understand cause and effect, and who could learn from repeated experience almost as well as we can. A mental chasm, the bridge over which is nearly inconceivable, separated them from the animals.

It is quite possible, of course, that the knowledge of this art of trephining, and of many others, was confined to a very few. In spite of much that we see around us every day—kill out a picked ten per cent of Englishmen, and where would English civilization be?—we all are accustomed to doubt, or perhaps forget, how easily a comparatively cultured clan may arise amid a nearly complete savagery around. We know this to have been the case in civilizations like the Egyptian and the Mexican, and it is the only presumption which reconciles the otherwise conflicting facts of the earlier history of Ireland and Western Scotland, where great ecclesiastics

and scholars went out from the midst of kerns as savage as the Maories of to-day. It is at least as possible that a caste knew the mystery of trephining as that a tribe did. That is a point which will probably never be determined, for it is one where we encounter the grand difficulty of early history,—the imperfection of its means of record. Until writing was invented, the record of an idea was almost a physical impossibility, except so far as subsequent observers may deduce it from a fact. If, for instance, we find sacrificial stone, knives, and relics of victims, we may safely infer that those who built the altars, made the knives, and slew the victims, believed in invisible beings or forces who would be either revered or propitiated by offerings. But that deduction gives us scarcely a clew to the idea entertained by that tribe of what we call religion. Its God may have been Jehovah, as he appeared to Abraham, or Huitzilopochtli, as he appeared to Mexicans; and they may have believed in a future state, as all Red Indians do, or have disbelieved in it, as up to the Captivity all but the higher Israelitish minds probably did. Or the sacrifices may have had nothing to do with the people at all, but have belonged exclusively to a minute caste, embedded among them as Englishmen are embedded among Indians. All deductions as to the religion of Calcutta from Calcutta Cathedral made two thousand years hence would be essentially wrong. Of laws or civil polity it is nearly impossible that any trace should survive, or of any knowledge not requiring imperishable instruments. We may deduce a knowledge of commerce from certain things discovered,—for instance, we know from coins found in tombs that very early Norsemen traded with Rome; but without writing, we could not have a record of the knowledge of medicine as distinguished from surgery. There is evidence of a sort that the early Scandinavian fighters understood the brain-maddening power of hemp, and used it before going into battle; but they may have known fifty other potent drugs, and their knowledge could not be recorded. The Stone-Age savages may have observed astronomical facts as closely as the Chaldeans; but all record of their knowledge, if they pos-

seduced any, has passed away as completely as all knowledge of the Chaldean processes, or of the extraordinary accident, or series of accidents, or induction which led to the discovery by the lowest of savages of the most scientific and unexpected of all weapons, the Australian boomerang. As Mr. Horsley says, we know that the savages of France possessed caves, because there they are; but if they had possessed also perishable houses, they would have passed away. Extinguish writing, and if the English quitted India, there would in five thousand years be no evidence whatever that they were ever there, except, indeed, imperishable fragments of broken beer-bottles. Nothing that they have built would resist natural forces for a century; and how would their distinctive

ideas of justice, mercy, and the supremacy of law, be made visible to their successors? The truth is, evidence as to a long-past cycle must, in the absence of writing, be hopelessly imperfect; and we may, as regards any particular tribe, unfairly depreciate its mental standpoint through our own ignorance. If we examined the "traces" of the monks of the Thebaid as we examine those of savages, what should we deduce? That certain persons, sex unknown, probably pagans, and certainly uncivilized, constructed certain cells, and probably lived in them. The theory that they were fishers in the river, about as high in the mental scale as Aleutians, would explain the visible facts just as completely as the truth.—*Spectator*.

ROSSETTI IN PROSE AND VERSE.*

BY WILLIAM SHARP.

THE most objective author is certain, somewhere or other throughout his writings, to afford at least a glimpse of self-portraiture to the reader—some illuminative "aside" which, whether as from the writer himself or uttered by some fictitious personage, is all-revealing. In a sense, certain poets are independent of biographies, which in some instances merely serve the purpose of anecdotal narratives. Shelley, Byron, Alfred de Musset, Leopardi, Omar Khayyam, Horace—in a lesser degree Keats, Heine, and Victor Hugo—stand revealed to us in their own writings. And pre-eminently to this order of poets does Rossetti belong. Not one of his biographers will lead us so deeply into his secret as he does himself. What any appreciative friend or critic may say of this writer's nature and temperament, we are fairly sure to find already plainly manifest in his own words. Herein lies one of the most attractive characteristics of the poetry of the author of *The House of Life*. In it we are brought face to

face with a fascinating personality, a man who is not of the common order, a visionary yet no mere dreamer, a man born out of due time, and yet on the fore-front of one of the chief intellectual movements of latter days; an observer with exceptional capacities for action; a recluse, yet "a force of central fire descending consciously and unconsciously on many altars." His weaknesses, his shortcomings, as a poet, are as emphatic revelations as are his powers and excellences. Natures that run to excess are the richest.

While the poetry of Rossetti everywhere more or less strikingly reveals the man behind it, here and there we come across lines peculiarly suggestive. One such utterance is to be found among the hitherto unpublished matter brought together in the collected works. The prose sketch for a poem to be called "The Orchard Pit" commences thus: "Men tell me that sleep has many dreams; but all my life I have dreamed one dream alone." This is as directly personal a statement as if it had occurred in an autobiography. Veritably, all his life Rossetti dreamed one dream. He was from the days of his boyhood onward haunted by the vision of Beauty;

* *The Collected Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti*. Edited, with preface and notes, by William Michael Rossetti. In two volumes. (Ellis and Scrutton, New Bond St.)

the love of Beauty became a passion ;
this passion became his very being.

This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise
Thy voice and hand spake still—long known
to thee
By flying hair and fluttering hem,—the
beat
Following her daily of thy heart and feet,
How passionately and irretrievably,
In what fond flight, how many ways and days !

And like all lovers—those lovers, above all, who in the words of Mérimée, *se passionnent pour la passion*—he became a slave to this tyrant Love, this wonderful abstract Beauty, and in his enthralled, and even bewildering bondage, he again and again gropes vainly toward the living sunshine of reality, at times even losing himself in phantasmal obscurities. It is not that he can be accused of vagueness, mere nebulousity. Even when most subject to the poetic *mania*, his lines vibrate with the passionate emotion which inspires them ; but his inspiration is not unfrequently so remote from those emotional resources which affect the generality of mankind that he seems to have hearkened at the portals of some house of dreams, rather than to the more urgent whispers of the world of reality. And yet no greater injustice can be done—alike to the man and to the poet—than to say that he was a dreamer only. His was a nature too keenly susceptible to the urgency of life to surrender itself in brooding inaction. He dreamed one dream—he lived one dream—he worked with the pen of the poet and the brush of the painter toward the realization of one dream ; but, more than most men, life was to him a thing of ceaseless wonder and absorbing attraction. He had pre-eminently that wonder-faculty which is a characteristic of great poets. An eminent critic has written of him that where his true importance in the history of literature lies is in the fact that (or with Coleridge) Rossetti is the chief exponent of that renascence of wonder—the renascence of the temper of wonder, mystery, and awe—which is the most thrilling and momentous thing in the history of latter-day civilization. But more than thirty years before Mr. Theodore Watts wrote to this effect, Rossetti himself had written of “that indefinable sense of rest and wonder which, when

childhood is once gone, poetry alone can recall.” To those minds, indeed, to whom Rossetti appeals most, just because of his exponents of this temper of wonder and mystery, he must take rank as one of the greatest English poets since Coleridge and Keats. With both the latter he had sympathies arising from sources deeper than appreciative admiration simply : he was at one with them in their power, their instinctive faculty rather, of looking at the qualities and apparent unrealities of life through the purely poetic atmosphere. Those possessed by the mania of poetry look forth upon the world through a transmuting mist : an indefinable glamour glorifies their vision. But with this supremely poetic temper, with this mystic glamour, Rossetti had certain faults of so radical a nature that no inconsiderable portion of his poetry suffered irremediably. The greatest colorist of modern times, he at one period of his artistic career found his color-sense intoxicated, or, perhaps, he believed with Blake that “exuberance is beauty :” and so in verse we find him at times revelling in an extravagant luxuriousness of diction calculated to cloy rather than to gratify. His verse became overloaded with gorgeous images, with ingenious combinations, with mere resonances. He delighted in the roll of a line, in the rhythmic strength of a decasyllabic verse, in the sonorous music of polysyllabic words, with an intensity of enjoyment which occasionally blinded him to the fact that the line had no essential relevancy, the verse naught save sound, the words more sonority than suitability. He regarded Lord Tennyson as the greatest artist in verse in modern times, but he failed to see that one reason of this was the Laureate’s simplicity of diction, his instinctive as well as cultivated preference for Saxon over Anglo-Latin words. There are poems of his, particularly certain sonnets, which contain lines almost in mongrel English : one sonnet, for example, commences with “Like multiform circumfluence manifold.”

Again, through having—in his own words—long mentally cartooned a poem before committing it to paper, and through much brooding upon it, he frequently made his meaning obscure to

his readers when to him it was as manifest as daylight. Partly from this, partly from an occasionally exaggerated æsthetic sense, he imprisoned the spirit of poetry in a network of words; and this defect becomes most noticeable when he is dealing with facts of nature. It is a relief, after reading such poetic phraseology as

The embowered throstle's urgent wood-notes
soar,

to turn to the unlabored and impulsive strain of the Scottish singer—

The mavis sings fu blithely
On ilka leafy bough;

or to the English poet's—

Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the
hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's
edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song
twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture.

This inability to approach nature as a lover is in curious contradistinction to Rossetti's instinctive faculty for the apprehension of the beautiful. Scattered throughout his poetry there are many most exquisite descriptions, but these are scenic glimpses described by the painter rather than the poet. It is, of course, difficult to realize this when we come across some beautiful lines here and there in a poem; fascinating, haunting, suggestive lines, such as those, for instance, to be found in *Rose Mary*. But whenever we discover Rossetti making a direct transcript or study from nature, for its own sake, we are almost certain to discern the difference between the purely literary method and that of the nature-lover. Take, for example, the fine sonnet on Spring. The octave is admirable, and might have been written by Mr. Burroughs or Mr. Jefferies in so far as vivid portrayal of nature is concerned; but let us read the sestet—

Chill are the gusts to which the pastures cower,
And chill the current where the young reeds
stand
As green and close as the young wheat on
land:

Yet here the cuckoo and the cuckoo-flower
Plight to the heart spring's perfect imminent
hour

Whose breath shall soothe you like your dear
one's hand.

In the second tercet the poet lapses from nature into literary effect; can we imagine Wordsworth or Burns, Keats or Shelley or Chaucer having written these lines? Even the simplicity of form and diction incidental to the ballad did not restrain Rossetti from passing in a single line from energetic and vivid directness to a remote and subtle conception entirely foreign to his artistic aim. In the stirring ballad of "The White Ship"—the personal record, it must be borne in mind, of Berold, a butcher of Rouen—we encounter at least one extraordinary incongruity—

The king was 'ware
Of a little boy with golden hair,
As bright as the golden poppy is
That the beach breeds for the surf to kiss.

It is certainly not the Rouen butcher who speaks in this italicized line; but Rossetti, and Rossetti not at his best.

But if Rossetti has not magically interpreted external nature, if the literary instinct in him occasionally too markedly dominates the purely poetic, there is one point wherein he excels any contemporary writer. In the domain of the supernatural he is the sole worthy inheritor of Coleridge. This note of what is known as supernaturalism—this note of the mysterious, of the weird—is of modern emphasis; it is the sign of the projection of the soul, stifled with the conventionalities and growing materialism of civilization, into the region of romance. The romantic spirit is the wind that unfolds the loveliest efflorescence of the human mind. The *great* poets are of necessity romanticists, for they are as Æolian harps to the breath of Poetry, which is sublimated romance. Lesser men are writers of poems, of verse. A man is not an artist because he paints pictures, a poet because he writes poems; the maker, the inventor, the seer, he and he only is the poet, the artist. A wider gulf divides Pope and Keats than separates the pure Saxon and the pure Celt. And it is because Rossetti is the foremost figure in the latest renaissance of romanticism that he ranks

so high, that he is placed by many on a pedestal which to the majority of people, perhaps, seems a blasphemous usurpation of the high places of the popular gods. This wind of romance blew through every day of his life, whether in his hand he held the brush or the pen—

To him bringing
Shapes from the invisible world, unearthly
singing
From out the middle air.

But it was the vital essence of romance which permeated his nature, and no merely skin-deep or spurious romantic sentimentalism. I do not think that Rossetti (whose love for Keats equalled if it did not exceed that which he felt for Shakespeare and Coleridge) at all agreed with his favorite poet that—

They shall be accounted poet-kings
Who simply tell the most heart-easing things.

And he certainly used to indulge in kindly mockery of Keats' boyish and immature outcry—

O for an age so sheltered from annoy,
That I may never know how change the moons,
Or hear the voice of busy common-sense.

In a word, Rossetti—so it invariably seemed to the present writer, at any rate—had too robust an intellect to imagine that science and poetry were fundamentally antagonistic. As an artist—in the narrow and common sense of the word—he was, however, at the opposite pole to that of Science: a fact which he at once admitted and approved. No poet was ever more anti-scientific than himself, but he had that deeper vision which recognized, even while it perhaps did not sympathize with, the greatness of the idea of unity underlying all things. With Keats, he would have preferred the world not to have known the woof and texture of the rainbow, so that when the wondrous bow appeared in the heavens it might be with all the mystery and awe of ancient days; yet, withal, he would not have it relegated to "the dull catalogue of common things." The woof, the texture, might be explicable; the beauty, even the mystery of it, might be different in effect from that produced of old; but, nevertheless, mysterious and beautiful it must ever remain. Some accounts of Rossetti have represented the poet-painter as a

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XLV., No. 5

morbid dreamer, a curse to himself and a burden to his friends; a hater of the common interests of mankind, a selfish devotee at the shrine of abstract Beauty, an enemy to the widening of man's intellectual horizon. Others, who knew him intimately, and saw him continuously through several years of his least propitious period—can only say that they found him none of these things. In sweetness of temper, in graciousness of manner, in healthy and energetic, if not very comprehensive sympathy with the little things of life, in ready interest in everything intellectual, in quick willingness to see the humorous aspect of things, in urgent sympathy with and desire to share vicariously the troubles of his friends, in deep and broad insight into the fundamental principles and subtlest beauties of art and poetry—in one and all of these they found him the opposite of what he has sometimes been portrayed. Of course, it is not to be denied that he dwelt in the shadow of a great melancholy; that on occasions, when suffering from nervous prostration, and other effects of insomnia, he spoke, and even acted, like a man bereft of absolute moral control, and that a certain morbid sensitiveness created difficulties not always easy of explanation; but these were the incidental, and not the prevailing, aspects of his later life. The profound sadness which cast its gloom over him did not make itself perpetually evident. Melancholy, moreover, is the invariable shadow of high genius. Again, much of this extreme despondency was due to purely physical causes; insomnia, unwitting excess in the use of chloral, the habits of a recluse, all conduced toward emphasizing and perpetuating the inborn and poetic sentiment of melancholy. This was evident in the rapid transition whereby he would frequently pass from a mood of dire despondency into one of alert interest, his eyes glistening with keen appreciation, his mouth twitching sensitively. Friends would arrive some afternoon (it would not "heighten the effect" to say "some dull," or "gloomy," or "wintry" afternoon, for to summer and winter, gloomy and bright days, Rossetti was—save in so far as these interfered with or assisted him in the prosecution of his painting—

mostly indifferent) and find him in the depths of fathomless despair. By dinner-time he would be in shallower seas of despondency; an hour or so later he would be on the high-tide of conversational cheerfulness; and between the hours of ten and three—when he was at his best—many a jest and hearty laugh, keen criticism and pungent remark, recondite reminiscence and poetic quotation, would make the lurking blue devils depart altogether from the studio—to await their victim when, in the sleepless morning-hours, he should be alone once more with his sufferings and unquiet thoughts. Even in the last year of his life, when his resolute and dominant nature had become emasculated through the use of chloral, he would, not infrequently—by an imperious effort of the will—rally from a very hell of despairful despondency. In the fire-lit studio—from the walls of which gleamed fitfully the strange brooding eyes of some of those mystically beautiful women to whom he gave the names of Mnemosyne, Astarte Syriaca, Cassandra, Pandora, Proserpine: in the large gloomy bed-chamber, with its heavy hangings and haunting shadows, in the panelled sitting-room at Birchington, with the sea-wind moaning and shrieking round the house—in each, the present writer has seen Rossetti struggle like a drowning mariner with an overwhelming tide of deepest dejection, struggle manfully, and triumph. Again, though he was no poet of nature, Nature at times had for him, too, her message, her solace.

One day, not very long before his death, we stood together on the cliff at Birchington, looking seaward. The sky was a cloudless blue, and the emulation and exultation of at least a score of larks was something wonderful to listen to; the sweet scents of early spring everywhere prevailed, blent with the odor of the sea-wrack from below; the sea, of purple-shaded azure, was beautiful beyond words. At first I thought Rossetti was as heedless of his environment as he was in general; * but in re-

ply to some remark of mine he replied: "It is beautiful—the world, and life itself. I am glad I have lived; I am glad I yet shall live." Insensibly thereafter his dejection lifted from off his spirit, and for the rest of that day and evening he was almost his old self again. Yet the shadow of death was even then upon him, and a weakness nigh intolerable. Those who knew him well have ever been convinced that his genius (which up to the end grew more intense and dominant, instead of diminishing) would have produced poems and pictures—poems more especially—equal to, if not surpassing, his highest published achievements. I always think of him as having died young.

Der Aberglaube ist die Poesie des Lebens, said Goethe; and if we translate this "over-belief," this "superstition," into "supernatural," we proclaim a fundamental truth. At the base of the highest imaginative poetry lies what we call the supernatural element. Among the poets of the Victorian era, there is none who has touched a higher note of imaginative supernaturalism than Rossetti. It is this quality which raises to its supreme level of imagination *The King's Tragedy*, a poem surcharged with the supernatural, as a thunder-cloud with electricity.

More than any poet of our generation, Rossetti carried personification to excess. This particularity affords the most striking index to his spiritual nature, but it is often a source of weakness. Instances will crowd upon all students of his poems:—Memory, Death, Sleep, Oblivion, Youth, Love's Hour, Dead Hours, Vain Virtues, Lost Days, and so forth.

Nay, why
Name the dead hours? I mind them well;
Their ghosts in many darkened doorways dwell
With desolate eyes to know them by.

* * * * *

Here doth memory sit . . .
While hopes and aims, long lost with her,
Stand round her image side by side.

* * * * *

One flame-winged brought a white-winged
harp-player;

* The previous evening, Miss Christina Rossetti—who was staying with her brother—drew my attention to a subdued but very beautiful sunset. While we were gazing at it, Rossetti, having overheard what was said, walked feebly to the window and looked out upon the dove-

tones and pale amethyst of the west. He looked long and earnestly, and then turned away indifferently with the remark that he could not see what it was we admired so much. He projected his moods upon nature; nature did not induce them in him.

Then said my lady: "Thou art Passion of
Love,
And this Love's worship."

* * * * *

Song, whose hair

Blew like a flame, and blossomed like a
wreath.

* * * * *

There the dreams are multitudes:
Some that will not wait for sleep
Deep within the August woods.

* * * * *

Then, too, let all hopes of mine,
All vain hopes by night and day,
Slowly at thy summoning sign
Rise up pallid and obey.

In the two bulky volumes recently published by Messrs. Ellis and Scrutton—comprising in all more than a thousand pages—we have, to all intents, the complete life-work of Rossetti in literature. With his great and steadily-growing fame and influence as a painter we have here nothing to do; but I may quote the emphatic opinion of an eminent critic: "These moral qualities, guiding an artistic temperament as exquisite as was ever bestowed on man, made him what he was, the greatest inventor of abstract beauty, both in form and color, perhaps that the world has ever seen." No one, admiring the genius of this writer, but will desire to possess these two volumes, which Mr. William Michael Rossetti has ably edited and prefaced with an interesting introduction. Poems, translations, prose pieces, critical papers, and various highly-interesting memoranda—all are here. It is not an easy task for a brother to write critically and judicially of a brother, and no small credit is due to Mr. W. M. Rossetti for his prefatory remarks, at once impartial and adequate, reserved and appreciative. The additions which go to make these two volumes the "complete works" are variously valuable and are all interesting, though no one of them seems to the present writer so pre-eminently fine as to add materially to Rossetti's reputation.

Before referring with some detail to the more important of these additions to what the author himself published in his two books of poetry, it will be as well to note the interesting and useful arrangement of the contents. In the first volume come the principal poems, in chronological sequence, beginning

with "Dante at Verona," "A Last Confession," and "The Bride's Prelude," and ending with "Rose Mary" and "The King's Tragedy;" then succeeds *The House of Life*, in Rossetti's own arrangement, that marvellous series of a hundred sonnets, unlike anything else in our literature; then come the Miscellaneous Poems, nearly fourscore in number, also chronologically arranged, commencing with "My Sister's Sleep" and "The Blessed Damozel," and closing with "The Last Three from Trafalgar," and "Czar Alexander the Second;" thereafter follow the well-known Sonnets on Pictures, including that supreme example on Giorgione's "Venetian Pastoral," and fourteen sonnets and verses written by Rossetti for paintings and drawings of his own, a number of short poems in Italian, and a dozen or more versicles and fragments. From page 383 the volume is occupied with the stories "Hand and Soul" and "Saint Agnes of Intercession," and with six more or less finished prose schemes for projected poems; with five short critical papers; with various "Sentences and Notes;" and with Mr. W. M. Rossetti's editorial comments. The second volume comprises all that was published in the book entitled *Dante and his Circle*, including the unequalled translation of the *Vita Nuova*; various translations from the Italian and French, among which nothing surpasses in beauty the already familiar rendering of François Villon's "Ballad of Dead Ladies," but also among which is the long and important translation of Hartmann Von Auë's *Der Arme Heinrich*, now for the first time published; and a number of fragmentary papers dealing with art and artists.

Hand and Soul is already familiar to most students of Rossetti. This beautiful prose fantasy or prose-poem appeared first in that exceedingly scarce magazine *The Germ*; it was afterward reprinted in *The Fortnightly Review*, and finally had a limited private circulation in pamphlet form. Rossetti valued it highly, regarding it as as important an imaginative achievement as any of his poems, with a few super-excellent exceptions. It was written at white heat between the hours of 2 A.M. and 7, one winter night (or morning) in December

1849—that is, when the author was only in his twenty-first year. It bears the evidence of this fervid emotional impulse in its absolutely sustained impressiveness, and its exquisite diction seems to have gained rather than to have lost by the breathless haste of the young visionary. But fine and nobly suggestive as *Hand and Soul* is, it is surpassed by the strange tale *Saint Agnes of Intercession*, to which so many readers will turn with vivid interest. The latter is more concrete, and thus more surely captivates the imaginative sympathy of the reader. Although a fragment in the sense that it is unfinished, it is not difficult to forecast the conclusion it would have reached had the author been enabled to complete it. Mr. William Rossetti thinks that it must have been begun before *Hand and Soul*, and worked upon at intervals. When making a transcript of it in 1870, Rossetti gave it its present title, but he does not seem, then or later, to have added much to the original reading. As it stands, the tale constitutes less than half of the projected whole. It is inferior to *Hand and Soul* in imperative spiritual significance, nor in style has it the same subtlety and curious beauty as the mystic record of Chiaro dell' Erma, but it is not less characteristically or ably written, and has—to use an expressive term—more *grip*. Apart from its literary, it has something of an autobiographical value—in the opening passages, at any rate.

The story is of a young artist upon whom is strangely forced the conviction of ante-natal existence. Four hundred years ago he and the girl whom he loves—as Buccio Angiolieri and Blanziflore dall' Ambra, lived and suffered! Henceforward his life is as a dream. The tale ends abruptly, but we have a clew to the intended *finale* in an etching by Millais made in or about 1850, an etching which would have appeared in *The Germ* had that magazine not come to an untimely end. As Angiolieri painted his beloved Blanziflore (as “Saint Agnes”) during her mortal illness, so—in this etching—we see the hero of the story painting the portrait of his betrothed when upon her is the shadow of imminent death. It cannot, of course, be claimed that the central idea of this

story is original: in its evolution it is entirely so. Both it and *Hand and Soul* owed something in point of style to Charles Wells's *Stories after Nature*. Wells had always a great attraction for Rossetti, and I have often wondered why the latter never painted a picture founded on some passage in these practically unknown tales. “The Maid of Provence” was, I think, his favorite, and there are at least two scenes therein especially calculated to fascinate the poet-painter's imagination—one where the disguised heroine holds the torch for her own slaying; another as outlined in the following eminently Keatsian sentence, “as a wizard sitteth at a moonlight casement by a magic torch, knitting a vexed brow, and sweating at the discovery of some webbed problem of enchantment.”

“The Orchard Pit” is nominally the prose-projection of a long poem; it is, in fact, a complete and impressive prose-poem. It is short, yet not only is it entitled to rank among the positive creative efforts of its author, but has, it may prove, a permanent impressiveness superior to either *St. Agnes* or *Hand and Soul*. “The Doom of the Sirens,” a finished outline-sketch for a lyrical tragedy, is of no literary value; but “The Cup of Water” and “Michael Scott's Wooing,” contain the living germs of poetry, and we realize how much we have lost from the non-fruitition of these schemes. Of the literary papers—all more or less *pièces d'occasion*—the longest is the collective one on Blake; the most literary, those on Dr. Gordon Hake's poems; the most biographically interesting, that on “The Stealthy School of Criticism.” The last is a reprint of Rossetti's reply in *The Athenæum* (1871) to the criticism on him by Mr. Robert Buchanan; its republication, at this date, seems to me a mistake. No man has ever made a franker admission of having been in the wrong, than has Mr. Buchanan—in whose latest volume, it may be added, there is a paper upon Rossetti full of the warmest appreciation and of generous praise. No sane critic, no reasonable reader of his poems, would now discern anything in the poetry of Rossetti calculated to support the charge of sensuality. Sensuous in the best sense Rossetti as a

poet is ; so in art are Titian and Tintoretto and Turner ; so in poetry are Shakespeare and Milton. However, the honorableness of the word "sensual" is likely to remain as enigmatic to our countrymen in general as the idea of republican fraternity. It would have been more dignified, and more politic, to have omitted from the Collected Works this wrathful and not very potent diatribe against the wanton but powerful attack of one who has long since laid down the lance and made loyal obeisance.

Among the "Sentences and Notes," "picked out *passim* from my brother's note-book"—ranging from 1866 till toward the close of Rossetti's life—are various interesting and suggestive *dicta* ; sometimes more interesting and suggestive than strictly original. This of poetry is good—"Poetry should seem to the hearer to have been always present to his thought, but never before heard ;" and of great interest is this note concerning colors. "Thinking in what order I love colors, found the following :—

"1. Pure light warm green. 2. Deep gold-color. 3. Certain tints of gray. 4. Shadowy, or steel-blue. 5. Brown, with crimson tinge. 6. Scarlet."

To Volume II., that containing all Rossetti's admirable work in translation, the main addition, as already stated, is *Henry the Leper*—the English version of the Suabian miracle-play *Der Arme Heinrich*. It was while still in his teens that he translated (besides Burger's *Lenore*, and a portion of the *Nibelungenlied* ; neither, unfortunately, extant) Hartmann Von Auë's famous poem ; so that those who might be inclined to think he had followed the lead of Longfellow, who readapted the original in his *Golden Legend*, will find that Rossetti had the start of the American poet by four or five years.

It is needless, at this late date, to emphasize the beauty and value of Rossetti's translations. None has surpassed him as an interpreter of Dante and the early Italian poets. In his versions not a breath of the volatile spirit of poetry escapes ; and for exquisite subtlety and ingenuity, there is nothing to excel his rendering of Villon's "Dead Ladies." At times, when as a poet greatly su-

perior to the writer whom he sought to interpret, he does the fortunate singer too much honor.

Concerning the poetical additions to the first volume a few words must be said. Several of these miscellaneous poems have "already appeared in some outlying form ;" of some others it must be admitted that they do not tend to add to the author's reputation ; while, again, there are a few which no lover of Rossetti's poetry would willingly lose. The longest of these new poems is "A Trip to Belgium and France,"—in decasyllabic blank-verse as inefficiently as that of "A Last Confession" is worthily sustained. It is a traveller's diary in verse, somewhat in the manner of a wearied Wordsworth. There are one or two noteworthy lines, some good descriptive passages, occasional bathos, and a fair amount of execrable prose such as the passage beginning (p. 228), "Now, very likely he who did the job."

Among the several beautiful short pieces,* mention should be made of "During Music," lines which Shelley might have written ; "Near Brussels ;" and the haunting melancholy "Autumn Song"—

Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf
How the heart feels a languid grief
Laid on it for a covering,
And how sleep seems a goodly thing
In autumn at the fall of the leaf ?

* One of these may now be quoted with exceptional propriety. Since this article was written, Mr. Philip Bourke Marston—a well-known poet and Rossetti's most ardent disciple—died suddenly, though after prolonged ill-health, at the early age of thirty-six. As many will know, Mr. Marston was afflicted from childhood with blindness. Rossetti had for him a sincere regard : and in the collected works appears the following sonnet, which has hitherto been printed only in a critical biography of the older poet. The names of Mr. Marston's three books of poetry are *Song-tide*, *All-in-All*, and *Wind Voices*.

TO PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON,
Inciting me to poetic work.

Sweet poet, thou of whom these years that roll
Must one day, yet, the burdened birthright learn
And by the darkness of thine eyes discern
How piercing was the sight within thy soul,
Gifted, apart, thou goest to the great goal,
A cloud-bound, radiant spirit, strong to earn,
Light-rest, that prize for which fond myriads yearn
Vainly, light-blest—the seer's aureole.

And doth thine ear, divinely dowered to catch
All spherical sounds, in thy song blent so well,
Still hearken for my voice's slumbering spell
With wistful love ? ah ! let the muse now snatch
My wreath for thy young brows, and bend to watch
Thy veiled, transfiguring sense's miracle.

And how the swift beat of the brain
Falters because it is in vain,
In autumn at the fall of the leaf
Knowest thou not? And how the chief
Of joys seems—not to suffer pain?

Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf
How the soul feels like a dried sheaf
Bound up at length for harvesting,
And how death seems a comely thing
In autumn at the fall of the leaf?

For the rest, they are neither potent to add to, nor to detract from, any estimate of the value of Rossetti's work in poetry.

When all is said for and against the poetry of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, there remains this substantial basis for a permanent fame; he has written the *House of Life*, one of the three great sonnet-sequences in our language; *The Blessed Damsel*, the most spiritual, most imaginative, most exquisitely beautiful sustained-lyric of our time; and *The King's Tragedy*, a poem of imaginative force and sheer poetic power, in itself sufficient to insure for its author a lasting reputation. No one can read the last-named—for it is of the universal order of poetry—without realizing the high position of Rossetti as a poet.

Of Rossetti may be aptly quoted that fine phrase in *Cain*: "Sorrow seems

half of his immortality." And much as we may welcome the poets of the joy and the beauty of the world, it is not questionable that sorrow has been a motive influence of incalculable value in the literature of all countries. But in Rossetti there is no mere wailing of grief. His is that serious sorrow, almost indefinite when hidden behind the laughter of children and the first beauty of spring, sternly grand when visible in the presence of death and in the winter of our fair hopes. In his noblest poems, in the words of Mr. Walter Pater, "one seems to hear a really new kind of poetic utterance, with effects which have nothing else like them; as there is nothing else, for instance, like the narrative of Jacob's Dream, or Blake's design of the Singing of the Morning Stars, or Addison's Nineteenth Psalm."

The treasure of our English poetry suffered irremediable loss in that comparatively early death, think of Rossetti as we will. Howsoever this may be, we may well adventure the saying of him that which Shelley wrote of Keats—He wakes, or sleeps, with the enduring dead.

—*National Review*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MARGARET OF ANGOULÊME, QUEEN OF NAVARRE. By A. Mary F. Robinson. (*Famous Women Series*.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Margaret of Angoulême, the subject of this descriptive memoir, was a princess of singularly striking personality and of interesting relation to remarkable events, without being in any essential way a great woman. To the world of literature she is known as the author of the "Heptameron," a collection of tales modelled on the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, and fully as flagrant in their coarseness. To history she is best known as the friend and protector of the French and Swiss reformers, who were even at that early time beginning to feel the weight of the secular arm of the Church. Her little court at Nérac, in Béarn, was frequented by poets and scholars, religious enthusiasts and gay knights and gallants whose hands were as familiar with the lute as with the sword-hilt. It was a singular gathering, and one which curiously re-

flected the inconsistencies in Margaret's character. The title to admiration which this royal lady, however, most securely holds is found in that pure and touching sisterly devotion which she displayed toward her brother Francis, the unsuccessful rival of Charles V. of Germany, and first of the Valois kings of France. This tie was the overruling passion of her life. In her marriages she found no peace or comfort; children she never had; and so all the wealth of her heart was lavished on her brother Francis, whom she idealized, after the manner of fond women, far out of the compass of his true worth. The most interesting portions of Miss Robinson's biography are those in which she describes the acts of devotion to the interests of her brother and his crown, which signalized her career. How far Margaret was a genuine political force it is difficult to say; probably her influence directly in this way was not great. But that her advice to her brother during the greatest crises of his life was sound

and most valuable to him is well known. The casuistry of her counsel during his captivity in Spain, that he should accept the harsh terms exacted by his captor Charles as a price of liberation, an alternative most bitter to the haughty spirit of Francis, on the ground that he would not be bound, free, by the conditions wrung from him in prison, is hardly to be justified in ethics; but, as a matter of statecraft, measured by the standards of the age, it was wise advice. So we never find Margaret hampered by any very strict notions of morals or conduct, but governed entirely by her sensibilities, and the Machiavellian rule that the end justifies the means. The tales of the "Heptameron" Margaret composed to beguile the hours of her brother in his captivity, and she spared nothing to make the tales attractive to please the taste of one of the most licentious of French monarchs. Though herself a woman of the purest conduct, unstained by any taint of suspicion, in an age which easily condoned sexual vice, she did not hesitate to pander fully to the gross passions of her royal brother. Miss Robinson suggests the key of the enigma in this criticism: "The peculiarity of the 'Heptameron' is its union of an ideal of chivalry, honor and religion, with an entire absence of the moral sense. Piety is an affair of the thoughts, the opinions, the ideas, possibly a matter for one's own personal life and soul. That it should attempt to regulate the lives of others would be to fall into the deadly sin of pride. Mystical as Margaret ever is, she is naturally lenient to the grosser sins, for all her esoteric dogmas go to prove—firstly, that the sins of the body are of small account compared with the sins of the soul, such as pride and deadness of spirit; and, secondly, that the soul exists only in its relations to the idea of God, and that it has no duties and no relations to the external world. The militant and responsible side of virtue is dead in such a soul."

Applying the same measure to her life in Béarn, where such austere and ascetic religionists as Calvin, Farel, and Lambert were found among her courtiers, with gay and loose living poets and scholars, we can easily understand how she gave sympathy to all who represented the liberal and progressive spirit of the age on its intellectual side, without seeking to draw a fine line in ethics or the practical sides of living.

The charm of Miss Robinson's book lies essentially in its value as a picture of the period in which her heroine lived. Margaret

of Angoulême was in many respects one of its best embodiments. She represented the keen, far-reaching intellectual cravings of the age, the new epoch of culture, inquiry, and impatience of tradition. She also embodied her times in her utter indifference to personal responsibility in morals, her inability to recognize that private purity, honor, and uprightness had anything to do with the public welfare. The picture which our author gives of the age of the first Valois, wherein the seeds were sown which in the three succeeding reigns deluged France with the blood of her best and bravest, kept busy in cutting each other's throats, is vivid, and painted *con amore*.

It is very probable that Miss Robinson's judgments are sometimes over-enthusiastic, or that she fails to perceive the true drift of events in her keen sympathy with one side or the other. But in the main the reader of history will find her judgments sound, judicial, and well studied, and presented in a graphic and attractive style.

THE HISTORICAL ATLAS AND GENERAL HISTORY. By Robert H. Labborton. New York: Townsend MacCoun.

The study of general history, covering as it does so many countries and ages, and abounding with the most perplexing details, which cross each other in a network as fine as a spider's web, is difficult to pursue in an intelligent and methodical way. If it is not easy for the professional student, it is more difficult for the casual reader, and still more so for the young pupil at school. Any aid which can help to relieve the tangle should be gladly welcomed. Mr. Labborton's historical atlas is one of the most skilfully devised plans to introduce order into chaos, and to illuminate the perplexed mind of the historical reader which we have ever seen. In the first place the digest of historical events is made with no little insight into the true relation of facts, both externally and internally, and so lucidly classified as to fix each period in the memory. In the second place the text is accompanied by maps printed in different colors and clearly showing the changes made in political geography as rapidly as they occur, and fixing in the mind the relations of the different nations to each other during these changes. There are some sixty-nine of these maps, and they cover the history of the world down to the close of our late Civil War. It can be readily seen how useful a guide this book may be to the historical student. The charts go hand-in-hand with

the printed text, and give a very clear and connected outline of general history. The way, however, to use such a work is not by itself, unless purely as a text-book, but as one would use any other atlas, in connection with his special historical reading, being helped thereby to connect the national development of each people with that of every other people in a way to avoid confusion. Such a work as this, we believe, will be widely welcomed as it becomes more and more widely known, and serve an important purpose. In the enormous production of books, but few of which have any substantial reason for being, it is pleasant to note one now and then like the one under our notice, which is alike fresh in its conception and useful in its purpose. The only fault which the most captious can find with the book is one appertaining to the mechanical execution, which, on the whole, however, is excellent. The key showing the colors used in each map does not define them with enough sharpness to identify them in all cases. This fault, however, can be easily rectified. Mr. Labborton's atlas shows the results of very careful and thorough work in all the details of its plan.

VILLAGE PHOTOGRAPHS. By Augusta Larned.
New York: Henry Holt & Company.

These sketches of New England life, originally published in the *New York Evening Post*, are so fresh and vigorous, so true and juicy with the true flavor of their subject as to make their preservation in a permanent form a source of genuine pleasure to the lovers of good literature. Nowhere in the country can there be found, in spite of the hard, prosaic character of it, more quaintness and individuality of character and life than in New England. Nowhere is village life more *sui generis*, for in village life in New England the finest essence and quality of race, influences, and tendencies get expression. In truth, no one can be said to know New England till he has lived in a large New England village. Miss Larned, then, in localizing her charming and lively sketches of New England character properly makes them village photographs. It is the misfortune of dealing with a book like this that it is difficult to convey any adequate notion of its spirit and method by any general description. The attraction of the book is made up of a thousand little touches which are indescribable, and the sketches, which are brief, cover such a wide variety of topics, that reading the book furnishes the only means of

receiving any impression of it. The numberless queer characters and types which have crystallized during three centuries of life in New England, Miss Larned has studied with the eye of an artist, and she paints them with a loving hand, as all artists must when they do good work. The joys and sorrows, the asperities and the amenities, the various functions and functionaries, the peculiar ideals and the characteristic meannesses, the quaint humors and oddities which our author deals with she knows thoroughly and at first hand. In its way, there are few things better than this book in recent literature.

It is impossible to open the book anywhere without finding something delightful which at once commands the attention. A casual quotation from one of the earlier sketches, entitled "The Domestic Ideal," will show how true Miss Larned is to the life:

"The village man most honored and beloved is the man very good to his women folks, which means that the women run over him, and have their own unbridled way. He is a man regular at his meals, who doesn't complain of his food and talk of the dishes his mother use to have when he was a boy, even if the steak is burned and the coffee is a trifle muddy. If he would be truly popular he must be easy about money with his wife and girls, and not draw his purse-strings too tightly. He doesn't make any unnecessary work about the house, but is nice and cat-like in his customs. He will go in his stocking feet to prevent waking his wife when she has a headache, and he thinks of the extra washing when he takes out a clean handkerchief. He must, above all things, be a good provider, with not the slightest taint of slowness or shiftlessness clinging to his skirts. He must have a nice square pile of wood all split and seasoned, and a fine bin of coal provided against the cold weather. His ten commandments are written all around on his fence, his garden-patch, his roof and his chimneys. He must get in provisions freely by the bag and barrel and see that everything is done to make the life of the women less laborious. Then, if he is willing to rise at night and walk the floor several hours with a fretful, teething child, he is considered truly angelic. In the household where there is no servant employed, the man who will allow his wife to get up and build the kitchen fire is not looked on as much of a Christian. He may write fine poetry and entertain the most beautiful moral sentiments, he may even pray well at the evening meetings, but this thing is always spoken disparagingly of at the 'tea'-fights and in the Dorcas Society where the women put their heads together and talk low and confidentially. A selfish man can never hide himself from censure in the village. He is known and marked for condemnation. A shiftless or unpractical woman who neglects her family is also open to severe criticism. But I do not know that I ever heard a woman called selfish who made her husband wait on her and the children to an unreasonable degree. It would be dangerous to admit the possibility of that form of feminine selfishness, and it never has been admitted."

We cordially commend "Village Photographs" to the public as racy and entertaining reading, and full of the truth of the subject.

A HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE. By C. A. Fyffe, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, Fellow of University College, Oxford, Vice-President of the Royal Society. Vol. III. From 1814 to 1848. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

The first volume of this history was published some half dozen years since, and its continuation will be cordially welcomed by the readers of the first volume. Mr. Fyffe informs us in his preface that the public may expect the third volume at a much earlier relative period than that which has terminated their waiting for the present one. Volume II. opens with the restoration of the monarchy after the downfall of Napoleon in 1814, and carries the history of Europe to the downfall of the Orleans Monarchy in 1848. This stretches across one of the most interesting periods in Europe, and is most closely related to our own times and to the political questions which now agitate European peace. Mr. Fyffe has written from the standpoint of the statesman and diplomatist. It is rather the great public questions—the exterior and political manifestations of national life—than the record of the internal revolutionary forces, the evolution of peoples, which engage his attention. He belongs to the old school of historians rather than to that represented by Macaulay, Taine, Green, and McMaster. Each purpose is, of course, perfectly legitimate by itself, and however much we may prefer the one or the other, it is only just to criticise the historian from the attitude which he himself deliberately assumes. Measured within these limitations Mr. Fyffe's historical studies have resulted in sound and satisfactory results. We learn from his preface that he has spared no pains to consult every State authority, published and unpublished, to which he could get access in the libraries and State archives of Europe. Slovenly and unconscientious writing of history the public of to-day will not have, and our author appears to have been animated by the keenest spirit of investigation sustained by unwearied industry. Perhaps the most satisfactory feature of the book is the skill in generalization and grouping with which he has considered history less as a matter of individual nations than as a record of great movements. Much insight is indicated in the elimination of unnecessary details, and the power to bring together essentials in their proper relation. Many, indeed, may object that there is too much of this, and that a far more lively and graphic presentation

might have been made by dwelling more on substance and fact. But to have accomplished this would have called for much greater space than the author's plan demanded. Mr. Fyffe's history may be looked on as an admirable brief of European history, drawn with consummate skill, and to be read to the best advantage with other histories which enter more largely into the details of national life. The style is simple, lucid, compact, a model of judicious compression, as a history written with such a purpose needs be. We have no doubt that it will receive a worthy welcome with the largely growing public which is becoming more and more interested in foreign history and politics.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE *Athenaeum* says of the publication of Thackeray's Letters in *Scribner's Magazine*: "The collection will afterward be published in a volume by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. The Americans are not to be outdone in evidence of their admiration for Thackeray, in spite of the recent criticisms on his art by some of their own writers. They are preparing a little volume of unpublished sketches and drawings, mostly contributed by Thackeray to the albums of friends during his stay in America. The volume will, however, include reproductions of some early drawings prepared for, but not published in, *Fraser's Magazine*. These have recently been discovered in the late Mr. James Fraser's own copy of the magazine, and comprise an interesting drawing in pen-and-ink of the immortal Charles Yellowplush, signed 'Y' obeajnt Servnt, Cha' Yellowplush,' and an engraving intended for 'Catherine,' called 'The Interview of Mr. Billings with his Father,' which, so far as is known, though actually engraved, was not issued in the magazine. This volume will be published by Messrs. Benjamin & Bell, of New York, under the title of 'Thackeray as an Artist.'"

THE Treasury has cut down the grants to the various departments of the British Museum by some £10,000. This is the second time a Conservative Government has resorted to this short-sighted piece of economy. The purchasing power of the Department of Printed Books has been seriously crippled, the allowance being reduced by £4000.

MR. STANLEY, it is understood, before setting out on his expedition to relieve Emin Pasha, made arrangements for publishing a book describing his adventures.

THE death is announced, at the early age of thirty-nine, of M. Olivier Rayet, Professor of Archaeology at the Bibliothèque Nationale. While a member of the École d'Athènes he was one of the first to appreciate and make known the then new discovery of terra-cotta statuettes at Tanagra. Later, he received a commission from two members of the Rothschild family to excavate the site of the temple of Apollo at Miletus, the results of which are to be seen in the fine series of architectural fragments now at the Louvre. His most important published work (in which MM. Maspero, Collignon, Martha, and others collaborated with him) was the series entitled *Monuments de l'Art Antique* (Quantin), of which the sixth and last part appeared in 1884. This work is valuable not only for the combined learning and ingenuity of the text, but also for the unusual excellence of the illustrations, several of which are from objects in the British Museum. For the last two years M. Rayet has been incapacitated for work by a disorder of the brain.

ARMENIAN education in the Russian provinces, after a short respite, has received another check. The Minister of Public Instruction has forbidden the teaching of the Catechism in Armenian by Armenian priests to Armenian children, and the priests are dismissed. It is ordered that Armenian children shall undergo such instruction in the Russian tongue.

THE French journals write with much satisfaction of the purchase by the Musée Carnavalet, for the small sum of 704 fr., of a fine collection of MSS. and printed pieces, nearly three hundred in number, relating to the marriage of Louis XV. with Marie Leczinska, and comprising many curious illustrations of manners and customs, the importance of which can hardly be overestimated. This collection was formed at Nancy by Conseiller Nicolas Menin, of Metz, an eye-witness of the ceremonies in which he took the warmest interest. The same museum has received the order signed by Louis XVI. on the 10th of August, 1792, to the commandant of his Swiss Guards, that he should cease to fire on the mob and evacuate the Tuileries. This document has been shown to be the last order signed by the king; its issue was the last exercise of his prerogative. In the evening of the same day Louis was transferred to the Feuillants, thence to the Temple, and from that place to the scaffold.

SOME very rare old books were recently sold by Messrs. Stierby in London. Among

these were the Plantine Polyglot of 1569-72; Schoiffer's Latin Bible of 1472, stated to be quite complete; Tindale's New Testament of 1536, "with the mole;" the Rhemish New Testament of 1582; the Great, or Cromwell's Bible of 1539; three copies of the Bishop's Bible of 1568; Baskerville's Bible of 1763. Among other noticeable lots were the rare Elzevir *De Imitatione*, which is undated; the "Chronica van der Hilliger Stat Coellen" of 1499; six volumes of Bewick's choicest works, on imperial paper; a complete series of the publications of the Maitland Club; and a valuable collection of MS. despatches of Venetian ambassadors, from the Greystoke library.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN has in the press an original series of prose and verse compositions issued under the general title of "Latter Day Leaves." Each portion will be complete in itself, and published at a low price, with illustrations. The first "leaf" is called *Thro' the Dark City*, and is illustrated by Mr. Peter Macnab.

THE University of Bologna, which may justly claim the distinction of being the "madre alma" of all European universities, though the precise date of its foundation remains unknown, has decided to celebrate its eight hundredth anniversary in the spring of next year. An Executive Committee has been formed with Giovanni Capellini, the rector of the university, for its president, and Dr. Corrado Ricci for its secretary.

THE *Deutsche Literaturzeitung* does not share the view of the Bulgarian question that prevails in official circles in Germany. For in a review of Herr von Hahn's *Aus Bulgarischer Sturmzeit*, it describes the book as a crushing criticism of the dealings of the Russian Government and its brutal representatives.

THE book about Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, by his chaplain, Dr. Koch, which was announced some time ago, will be published shortly in London. It will contain the Prince's own explanation of the submissive telegram he sent to the Czar after his return to Sofia, showing that he thus personally humbled himself in order, if possible, to save Bulgaria from the further consequences of the Czar's anger.

THE Society of Authors, says the *Athenæum*, have certainly succeeded in making themselves talked about, and, at any rate, interested the public in their case. One charge, however, has been made by them which is hardly fair to their hereditary foes. We believe no publisher

of standing refuses to show his books to an author who has a joint interest in any work he has published. Of course, it would be rash to make a general statement when the contrary has been confidently asserted; there may be firms of high reputation who decline to permit an inspection of their accounts; but we can positively say that Mr. Murray, Messrs. Macmillan, and some others who might be named, have never made any difficulty in opening their books.

THE *Frankfurter Zeitung* says that the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar has sent to the administrative committee of the "Goethe-Haus" at Frankfort a series of documents which will be of great service to them in their "restoration" of the poet's house, or more strictly of his "Vaterhaus." They were found among the collections at Weimar, and consist of a complete set of bills relating to the rebuilding of the house by the poet's father, an account of which is given by his son Wolfgang in the "Wahrheit und Dichtung." These bills reach as far as the year 1755, and throw the fullest light upon every little detail of the construction of the house, from the color-washing of the ceiling and the hanging of the walls "mit Tapeeten" down to the simplest door-latches. The rooms can thus be "restored" to their exact appearance at the time in which Goethe's parents lived in them.

THAT very useful body in the United States, the "Library Committee," have addressed a strong recommendation to Congress to set apart a sum (estimated at £20,000) for the completion and publication of Mr. B. F. Stevens's catalogue of documents relating to America in the various libraries of Europe.

THE Minister of Public Instruction has authorized a selection from the writings of Victor Hugo to be circulated in the school libraries in France.

MISCELLANY.

RURAL LIFE IN RUSSIA.—Usury is the great nightmare of rural Russia at present, an evil which seems to dog the peasant proprietor in all countries alike. The "Gombeen Man" is fast getting possession of the little Irish owners. A man who hires land cannot borrow on it; the little owner is tempted always to mortgage it at a pinch. In Russia he borrows to the outside of its value, to pay the taxes and get in his crop. The "bondage laborers," *i.e.*,

men bound to work on their creditor's land as interest for money lent, receive no wages and are in fact a sort of slaves. They repay their extortioners by working as badly as they can—a "level worst," far inferior to that of the serfs of old, they harvest three and a half or four stacks of corn where the other peasants get five. The Koulaks and Mir-eaters, and other usurers, often of peasant origin, exhaust the peasant in every way; they then foreclose the mortgages, unite the small pieces of land once more, and reconstitute large estates. A Koulak is not to be trifled with; he finds a thousand occasions for revenge; the peasant cannot cheat the Jew as he does the landlord, and is being starved out—the mortality is enormous. In the rural districts of England the death rate is 18 per 1,000. In the whole of Central Russia it reached 62 per 1,000 at the last revision in 1882. "The famine, now so frightfully common, is not owing to barrenness of the soil, for the mortality is greatest where the land is best. The birth rate in these provinces is 45." "The usurers are able to oppress the peasants by the help of the tax-gatherer, *e.g.*, they are obliged to sell their corn in September, when it is cheap, in order to pay the tax, and buy it again in winter, when it is dear, to live." The tax-gatherer knows that if he sells up the peasant he becomes a beggar and can pay no more; flogging, therefore, is resorted to, and insolvent peasants are flogged in a body. Last winter an inspector of Novgorod reported that in one district 1,500 peasants had been condemned to be flogged for non-payment of taxes. Five hundred and fifty had already suffered, and the Ministry was interceded with to procure a respite for the rest. "One third of our peasants have become homeless, down-trodden, beggarly batraks." "The area of cultivated land has diminished by one fifth and in some places by a quarter of its former amount." "Land yields nothing," is the general outcry. "It is abandoned to the wasteful cultivation of the cottiers," says Stepniak—no prejudiced witness against them. The Nihilist remedy is to give the peasants more land, *i.e.*, to enable them to mortgage further, and to divide still more as population increases. The other remedy proposed is to reconstitute large estates, which is being done already, but in the worst manner and by the worst men in the country; "a wage-receiving class would then be possible," it is said. The artificial creation of a system of peasant pro-

prietors in order to increase their well-being, it is allowed now on all hands, has failed entirely in Russia.—*Nineteenth Century*.

HAILSTONES AS LARGE AS CRICKET BALLS.

—The storm that swept over Brisbane at the beginning of December was the most destructive experienced in the colony for very many years. From an account of the storm given by the *Australian Christian World* we learn that the phenomenal feature was the size of the hailstones, which did no little damage:—"About mid-day the first signs were perceptible in the heavens, and until three o'clock in the afternoon heavy banks of clouds were rapidly rising at an unusual height in the air. Some idea as to the nature of the storm may be gathered when it is mentioned that though the hail only lasted about thirty minutes, yet hardly a house in Brisbane but what suffered more or less; while in the outlying districts the damage done to fruit and vegetable crops was very serious. Some of the hailstones were as large as cricket balls, though the more common size was that of a hen's egg. These fell with such great force that both the plate glass and galvanized roofing of many houses were cut through as though they were thin tissue. One man while closing his office door received a nasty cut on the forehead. Another person narrowly escaped a serious accident with his horse and cart; he had to lie down in the cart with his head under the seat, and though escaping serious injury was badly bruised; a horse at Woolloongabba broke out of the yard and was killed; the tops of some of the 'buses were so 'riddled' that bags had to be used to protect the passengers; several men were severely cut after the hail had forced its way through their hard felt hats; one man, who was driving, got struck on the side of the head and had to be carried home." Another remarkable fact is that in one district the hail was said to be lying twelve and eighteen inches deep in some parts. One result of the storm was a sudden rise in the price of glass, which by the next morning was at a very high premium. In some cases the price rose 250 per cent. in less than twenty-four hours.

WILD ELECTRICAL PROJECTS.—When will scientific education be sufficiently diffused to enable inventors to understand that electricity is but one of the forces of nature, like heat and light and gravitation, and no more capable of working miracles than these are? According to quite a multitude of dreamers electricity is the power of the future, which will supply

us with light, heat, mechanical power, and even with life itself. The monster gooseberries of the "stupid season" are now supplanted by new applications of electricity. In spite of the sad warning presented by the failure of the late Sir C. W. Siemens's sensationally heralded marvels in promoting horticulture by means of the electric light, we have further accounts of galvanizing the soil to stimulate its productiveness. Another inventor on the other side of the Atlantic ripens whiskey by placing incandescent lamps inside the barrel. Long ago, when patents were very costly, a dreamer of electrical dreams secured for himself the monopoly of an improved steam boiler, which was to be worked without coal or other fuel by simply passing platinum wires through the water, making them red hot by means of a galvanic current, and thus getting up and keeping up the steam. A similar device has been more recently proposed for warming railway carriages, and seriously and approvingly described in one or more of our engineering journals. The inventor is described as "M. Tommasi, the French electrician," who proposes to keep up the temperature of railway carriage foot-warmers "by means of the heat due to an electric current traversing a high resistance." The platinum wire was neither more nor less than this, but the foot-warmers are to obtain their resisted current "by a dynamo driven off an axle of the train, and the circuit passes through all the warmers; a simple device allows of the foot-warmer being thrown out of circuit should it become unbearably hot." The electric current is to be applied to the foot-warmers charged with acetate of soda, which, by present arrangements, are so readily heated by immersion in hot water, and retain their heat for so many hours. Instead of such direct heating we are to first heat a boiler, losing heat in the production of steam, losing more in working the steam engine, very much more in the dynamo, and more again in transmission. The cost of such electric heating would be at least twenty times as great as the direct heating, not to mention cost of apparatus.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

A "FREE LANCE" ON HIS LEADER.—What impressed me most about Garibaldi was the immense triceps, or shoulder muscles, he had. They were just like two half cocoanuts sticking up underneath his white Mexican mantle. From Heenan and Morrissey to Mace (Sayers had a remarkably small arm) I never saw any-

thing like it. It would have made two of theirs. And the sabre he used! Two of the Life Guards' blades forged into one would just have made it. Many a time have I seen that awful sabre sweeping right, left, right, left, like clockwork, as he mowed down the enemy like grass, seated on his old white charger, leaving "a lane" (that is the only word) for us who followed him closely. "*Avanti! avanti!*" rang from his lips all the while, and his trumpet voice rose high above the loudest artillery fire. His strength was simply Herculean, and was only surpassed by General Dunne. As an instance of Garibaldi's enormous strength, I remember late one night leaving the Caffè di Europa, in Naples, with some brother officers, and seeing the General just passing on foot with only one attendant. We followed him, as he was going toward an unlighted and dangerous part of the city, which swarmed with Borboni—ex-soldiers, sbirri, lazzaroni in the pay of Francis II. He was going to visit one of his dying soldiers, a boy of seventeen. We had not long to wait: like lightning two men sprang at him, right and left, simultaneously, knife in hand. Ere their blades, raised to strike, could fall, Garibaldi had each one by the throat, raised high in air to the full extent of his arms. He then knocked them together two or three times, and let them drop on the stones. You may guess that our swords were out. But no! The great hero said, "Leave them alone; the poor fools have had their lesson." That was the kind of man—the demigod—that he was; just as he was when the tyrant Rosas in South America hung him up by the thumbs in face of a blazing tropical sun for four mortal hours. That night Garibaldi escaped. In two days he had Rosas in his power, and when some of his men, many of whom were vaqueros and bull-fighters, drew their long navajas, and were actually—such is their brutified nature—proposing to skin Rosas alive, Garibaldi not only furnished him with an escort of his own bodyguard to the frontier, but even collected together every horse, bullock, and single article that had been looted from Rosas, amounting in specie and jewels alone to several thousands of pounds, and had him and his immense wealth conveyed to a place of safety. The Neapolitans realized this side of his character to such an extent that I have seen whole battalions of them actually kneel down in the dust as "The Liberator" passed. He had only one formula for them, roaring out, "Rise! that is the attitude of slaves, not of freemen!" They even carried

their worship to a blasphemous pitch; and of one occasion I have a very vivid recollection, and the only one on which I, or, I believe, any one else, ever saw Garibaldi lose his temper. There was a grand *fête* in his honor—processions, bands, banners, flowers—everything that makes an Italian *festa* so delightful. Garibaldi came out on the balcony of the hotel to address the people. Suddenly his eye caught the principal banner—a huge affair bearing the Latin inscription "*Josephus Nicæanus Redemptor Italia*," so arranged that at the first glance only the "*I.N.R.I.*" caught the eye. Garibaldi beckoned the bearers toward the balcony. They came with a proud smile of exultation, and held it higher for his inspection. The General seized it, tore it from its staves and, tearing it to tatters, flung them in the faces of the cheering crowd with one word which dominated all their united voices like a trumpet blast—"Ragazzi!" (*canaille*), and without vouchsafing another word, went inside. Not all their cheers, all their deputations, could get him to appear before them again. For concentrated scorn of tone, for the most intense contempt and fury expressed in his features, it might well have been his friend, the greatest orator of our time, the *facile princeps*—Gavazzi.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

WHAT IS LITERATURE?—In his eloquent address on Friday to the students of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, Mr. John Morley gave the following definition of literature: "Now I am going to deal with another question with which I ought to have started. That is, what is literature? Literature consists of all the books—and they are not so many—where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity, and attraction of form; and my notion of the literary student is one who through books explores the strange voyages of man's moral reason, the impulses of the human heart, the chances and changes that have overtaken human ideals of virtue and happiness, of conduct and manners, and the shifting fortunes of great conceptions of truth and virtue. Poets, dramatists, humorists, satirists, masters of fiction, the great preachers, the character writers, the maxim writers, the great political orators, they are all literature in so far as they teach us to know man and know human nature. This is what makes literature, rightly sifted and selected and rightly studied, not the mere elegant trifling that it is so often and erroneously supposed, but a proper in-

strument for a systematic training of the imagination and sympathies and of a genial and varied moral sensibility." Further on in his speech he made the following remarks on the literary style likely to prevail: "The probabilities are that we are now coming to an epoch, as it seems to me, of a quieter style. There have been—one of them, I am happy to think, still survives—in our generation three great giants of prose writing. There was, first of all, Carlyle, there was Macaulay, and there is Mr. Ruskin. Those are all giants, and they have the rights of giants. Few can bend the bow of Ulysses. We are now in progress to a quieter style; and I am not sorry for it, because truth is quiet. Milton's phrase always lingers in my mind as one of imperishable beauty where he regrets that he is drawn by I know not what from beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies. I think that truth in all its order and walks, that quiet moderation and judgment are more than the flash and the glitter even of the greatest genius. I hope that your professors of rhetoric will teach you to cultivate a language in which truth can be told—an eloquence without trick, without affectation, without mannerisms, and without any of that excessive ambition which overleaps itself as much in prose writing as it does in other walks. I have made it clear that we conceive the end of education on its literary side to be to make a man and not a cyclopædia, to make a citizen and not a book of elegant extracts. Literature does not act with knowledge of forms, with inventories of books and authors, with finding of the key of rhythm, with the varying measure of the stanza, or the changes from the involved and sonorous periods of the seventeenth century down to the staccato of the nineteenth century, or all the rest of the technicalities of scholarship. Do not think I condemn these. These are good things to know, but they are not ends in themselves. The intelligent man, says Plato, will prize those studies which result in his soul getting soberness, righteousness, and wisdom, and will less value the others."

LORD GEORGE GORDON'S CONVERSION TO JUDAISM.—The story of Lord George Gordon and his connection with the riots of 1780 has often formed a fruitful theme for writers. It has again been laid under contribution by Millicent Erskine Wemyss, who contributes an article on the subject to the March number of *Temple Bar*. The most remarkable inci-

dent in Lord George Gordon's career was his conversion to Judaism. The story, though oft told, will bear repeating. His lordship's attachment to Christianity doubtless received its deathblow in 1786 when he was excommunicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury for refusing to give evidence in the Ecclesiastical Court. From that time Christianity yielded to the superior attractions of Judaism and in due course he embraced the latter faith. By the Jews he was welcomed as "a second Moses." He was something more than a convert in name, for he conformed to all the ceremonies of the ancient fathers, and expected all who professed the same religion to do likewise. In the following year Lord George, after being let out on bail in a libel case, fled to Holland, whence he returned to England and hid himself for some time in Birmingham, consorting there entirely with Jews, and adopting their dress and manners. So thoroughly did he carry out these customs, that when he was again put on his trial at the Court of King's Bench, he was "attired in a Jewish garb and decked with a long and flowing beard," and when in Newgate "he fasted according to the rites of the Jewish Church." Lord George Gordon is generally regarded by posterity as having been mad, and his conversion to Judaism is adduced as an argument in favor of this assumption. The author of the article in *Temple Bar*, however, believes him to have been not mad, but extravagantly vain.—*Jewish Chronicle*.

ENGLISH OFFICERS AT POTSDAM.—German officers have fully returned the attention they received last autumn at Aldershot when a party of them in uniform, belonging to the 7th or Bismarck Cuirassiers, suddenly made their appearance one day at Aldershot for the purpose of inspecting the camp, and took the authorities by surprise. They went away with a most favorable impression of all they had seen, as we fully described at the time. The *Times* correspondent at Berlin states that the courtesies then shown these distinguished German soldiers by the commander at Aldershot were on Monday more than amply returned by Prince William of Prussia, who invited several English officers now staying in Berlin to go out to Potsdam and inspect the Hussars of the Guard, of which his Royal Highness is commander. The party, which was under the guidance of Colonel Swaine, C.B., British Military Attaché there, consisted of Colonel Talbot, 1st Life Guards, Major Ker Fox, and

Lieutenant Clementson, both of the 19th Hussars. At the Potsdam station these officers were met by Prince William's aide-de-camp and his regimental adjutant, who conducted them to the barracks of the Guard Hussars, at the entrance to which they were received and welcomed by his Royal Highness and the major of his regiment. They were then conducted to the riding school, where guards of troopers in various stages of their turn of service were paraded and drilled, and on emerging from the *manège* the party was saluted by a squadron on foot, drawn up in parade dress, which then displayed its proficiency in sabre and carbine exercises, etc., as well as infantry skirmishing practice and a march past. The English cavalry officers were loud in their praise of all they saw. The dismounted squadron included the recruits of last November, and all were as smart and steady as the older soldiers of two years' standing. Prince William then showed his English visitors the men's kitchen, the corporals' mess, and the quartermasters' stores, and after lunch the party attended an officers' ride, which was in every respect perfect of its kind. After then calling on the Commandant of Potsdam and the General of Cavalry, and visiting Sans Souci, Colonel Swaine and his companions repaired to the palace on the invitation of the Prince, who showed them his library and some of his wedding presents, graciously presenting to each officer a photograph of himself, with signature and date attached. They then dined with the Prince at the regimental mess, and returned to Berlin no less impressed with the soldierly qualities of the young Hohenzollern Prince, heir to the German Crown, than with the splendid efficiency of the crack Hussar regiment which it is his Royal Highness's pride to command.—*United Service Gazette*.

ATHLETES PAST AND PRESENT.—We are accustomed—at any rate in our more complacent moods—to repeat the Homeric boast that we “are much better men than our fathers.” Such self-glorifications form a pleasing variation of the complaint that “the country is going to the dogs,” or that “the young men of the present day” are absolutely deficient in this, that, or the other virtue of their ancestors. Even in Homer's time this graceful inconsistency appears to have been natural to mankind, since it is to be remarked that the same epic which, in the above-quoted passage, proclaims the superiority of the children to their progenitors, continually, and indeed offensively, re-

minds us that heroes of the type of Ajax could fling stones which three of their degenerate descendants would be unable to lift. Those who prefer to attach credit to the boast rather than to the self-depreciation will be apt to reply that in the time of Ajax the “record” was very imperfectly, and probably very inaccurately, kept, and that, whenever means have been forthcoming for the institution of a really trustworthy comparison between a present and a past generation, the past has always come off second-best. Satisfactory methods of comparison are from the nature of the case rarely available. There is no standard of moral stature, no gauge of intellectual calibre which can be conveniently applied first to the manners and minds of our forefathers and then to our own; and hence it is seldom possible to refute those who contend that our ancestors were superior in wisdom and virtue to ourselves. Ancient thews and sinews, however, have sometimes been comparable with their modern rivals by more than one unmistakable test. Accident may supply an index of inches, a modulus of muscles; and actual experiment proved as long ago as the Eglinton Tournament that the well-grown Englishman of that modern day was simply unable to get into the corselets and greaves of his mailed ancestors. The superiority thus demonstrated with respect to stature and dimensions has been in many ways attested also as regards strength and skill in the handling of the corporeal machine. The “record” is being continually beaten in every department of the exercise of man's physical powers. There is a progressive improvement in the “time” of the race in both senses of the word. Spaces lengthen and periods shorten under the flying feet of the pedestrian; the eye of the marksman grows quicker and truer; the cue of the billiard-player becomes an “arm of precision” so marvellous as to the finest of the bygone wielders of that weapon would have seemed incredible. On the whole, there can be no sort of doubt that the “crack” of to-day is at once more dexterous in the game of skill, more powerful in the athletic sport, a better “stayer” in the trial of endurance than the champions who have preceded him; and not only so, but that the general standard of human prowess in each one of these forms of its display is as far, if not farther, above the average capacity of the race at any time of which we have knowledge. Man, to descend to particulars, is a tougher walker, a fleetier runner, a stouter swimmer, a surer marksman, a better oarsman, a finer horse-

man, in this degenerate nineteenth century than he was either in the Europe of the middle ages or in the Athens of classical antiquity.—*Daily Telegraph*.

THE "STARS AND STRIPES."—Not many of our readers probably are aware that the famous "Stars and Stripes" of the United States are of English origin. The East and West Junction Railway Company have published a novel guide, illustrated by photographs, under the title of "Shakespeare's Country and the Ancestral Home of the Washingtons," which speaks of Sulgrave as "the ancestral home of the Washington family, from whom sprang the renowned 'Father of his Country,' George Washington, first President of the United States, and from whose coat-of-arms, still to be seen in the village, the American banner—the famous 'Stars and Stripes'—took its origin. . . . lies about three miles to the south-west of Morton Pinkney, in a secluded valley on the left-hand side of the road leading to Banbury. . . . Just outside the village, standing about two fields back from the road, is the ancient manor-house erected by Laurence Washington about the year 1560, still bearing on the spandrils of the outer porch his coat-of-arms, the 'Stars and Stripes,' inscribed on a shield, with his crest, a raven, above it."

THE TWO TEMPERAMENTS.—Marseilles is not the right place for studying the character of the southerner any more than Maubeuge is adapted for examining the peculiarities of the northerner. Their respective qualities and faults are only really to be adequately appreciated in such a centre as Paris. The idiosyncrasies of the *méridional* among his fellows, or of the northerner in his own land, are but dimly discerned. It is on the Boulevard des Italiens that the physiologist should level his lorgnette, and endeavor to detect among the passers-by the man born under the sun of Provence or the moon of Flanders. I will refrain from boring you with the information that the southern man is exuberant, demonstrative, swarthy of skin, swaggering of gait, mirthful, extravagant, noisy, and boastful; nor need I tell you that the man of the north is cold, reserved, formal, disdainful, and reticent. You have been told that over and over again. Let us penetrate a little deeper under their skin. The Parisian of the south is remarkable for an excessive love of self-advertisement. He must be talked about; he likes to be seen, to shine, to write letters to the newspapers, and to inform the public of everything he is thinking, plan-

ning, preparing, eating, drinking. He seeks to occupy attention even in the merest trifles, and if he refuses an invitation to dinner he will contrive to let all the world into the secret. Everybody's friend, all his equals are affectionately and familiarly addressed, and "old-fellowed" by him in the second person singular, and he shakes hands with every Parisian notability who will let him. Frequently he has managed to lose the accent he brought with him from Provence or Toulouse, but you are pretty sure to find it again in his gesticulations and gait. The man of the north, on the other hand, aims at distinction and correctness of bearing. He is a prig, and he poses. Generally affected, he endeavors to appear modest with his inferiors and scornful with his superiors. In society he keeps on the alert, refuses to talk, and seems to avoid self-assertion. The man of the south is somewhat a trifler; but, whether it be from ostentation or temperament, he is generous, cares not for money-grubbing, and for the most part does some good about him. If he have wit he scatters it lavishly; if he have money he spends royally. The northerner, on the other hand, is always a man of business, even when he is an artist or a man of letters. He reckons everything. A man of wealth, and he will scarcely be free from avarice; a wit, and he will sell his jokes. When the *méridional* comes up to Paris he does not lose his love for his native place, but is clannish and helps his own folk, and at one period France was in the hands of the Toulousains. The men of the south help and admire each other, and grow eloquent over each other's worth and talents, and hold banquets, at which they meet at fixed periods to *thée* and *thou* one another in the native dialect. The men of the north are more selfish. They do not know one another. When once the church steeple is abandoned under whose shadow they were born they mix with the people about them and with whom they assimilate. They have no national tongue. The man of the south is a *méridional* rather than a Frenchman. The man of the north is a Frenchman rather than a northerner, and becomes a Parisian, while the southerner always remains a Marseillais, Bordelais, or Toulousain. You can run down his own province to a man of the north as much as you like, but I wouldn't advise you to try on the same game with a Provençal. It was at Marseilles that the local patriot exclaimed: "Ah! if Paris only possessed the Canabière it would be nearly as imposing as Marseilles"—words scarcely likely to be heard elsewhere.—*Figaro*.

New